



THE BOYS OWN PAPER

Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.

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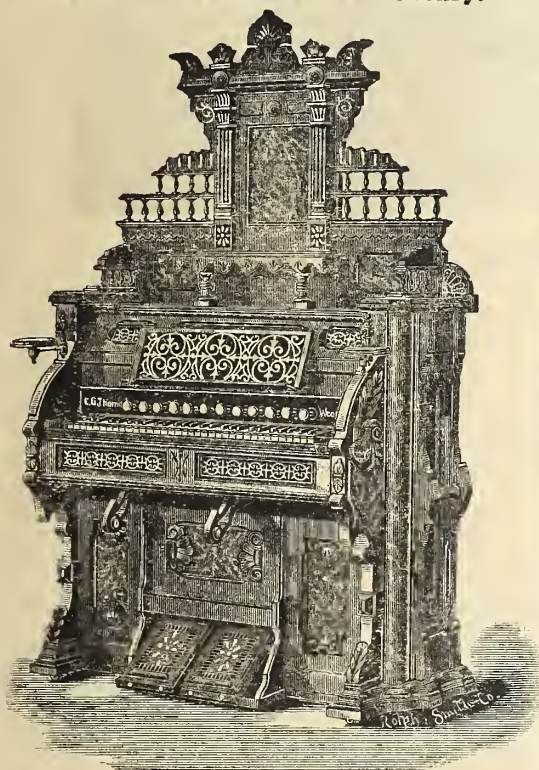
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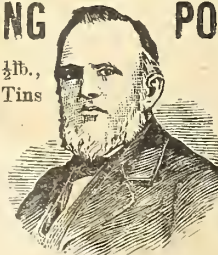
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(EXHIBITED AT THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, 1886)

Drawn by ANNETTE A. M. NATHAN.



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Drawn by W. WEEKES, R.I.



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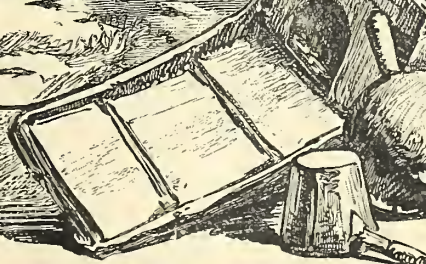
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Harry Treverton:

A STORY OF COLONIAL LIFE. BY
LADY BROOME



"We carried him up to the house."



CHAPTER I.—A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

IT is many years ago, now, since the old Sea Nymph let go her anchor at daylight one bright morning off a small seaport on the western coast of Australia.

We had been four months on the voyage from England, and the long-looked-for day had dawned at last. Instead, however, of green pastures, sleek cattle, and flocks of sheep, I only saw a few white buildings standing amid still whiter sand, with a background of miserable, stunted trees and scrub, which some one told me was called the "bush." However, the air felt delicious—mild and yet crisp, and the sky seemed like a wonderful blue dome with crimson and golden rays streaming up, rapidly from the eastern edge of the wide sea behind us.

Uninviting as the place looked, I longed as anxiously to feel the blessed earth once more beneath my feet as though it were indeed the Eden I had grown to fancy it must prove, during those long weeks of sea and sky-gazing. The moment I could venture to speak to the captain, which was not until we were safely riding at anchor, I bade him and his crew a kindly farewell and jumped into the very first shore-boat.

I am bound to say "Sandtown" did not improve on closer inspection, but the delight of finding myself on land was great. The hotel seemed luxuriously large and comfortable to me, and the pleasure of a fresh-water bath and change of clothes was great, as all sea-travellers well know. Feeling thoroughly clean and happy, I descended to the parlour just as the landlord of the Raven entered the room.

"Beg pardon, sir, but is your name Treverton?"

"Yes," I replied, "my name is Harry Treverton, the only passenger by the Sea Nymph, just arrived."

"Well, sir, there's an old man outside wishes to speak to you."

"Indeed! What sort of an old man?" I asked, feeling rather surprised at being inquired for so promptly.

"He seems a decent sort of fellow, sir; a working man by the look of him."

"All right, show him in;" and in another moment a grey-headed man, dressed in moleskin trousers and blue shirt, with a belt round his waist, stood at the door, hat in hand.

"Come in, my man. Do you wish to see me?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, if you're Mr. Harry Treverton."

"Yes, my name is Treverton. What do you wish to see me about? Are you one of Mr. Remison's servants?"

"Well, I was, sir, and I'm sorry to say I've got bad news for you."

"I hope not. Is Mr. Remison ill?"

"Mr. Remison, sir," said the old man, looking very hard at me, "is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; been dead and buried more than a month."

"What is your name?" I asked; "and how is it you bring me this dreadful news?"

"Well, sir, my name is James Ramshaw, better known as Old Jimmy, and for some years past I've been Mr.

Remison's head man on the farm. Many's the time he's told me about a Mister Treverton as he used to go to college with, and how his son Harry was coming out to live with him and learn farming. Being a bachelor, I know he was a lonesome sort of a gentleman and had but few friends."

"Did he leave any letter or message for me?" I asked.

"There was no time for that, sir; the Lord called him very sudden," said old Jimmy, solemnly. "We was workin' in the same field together, when all at once I see him stagger and fall on his face. I ran to him, quick as my legs'd take me, but he only give two or three gasps like, and was gone afore I could turn him over. Some on us carried him to the house, and we sent to the highest p'lice station. Something they calls a hinqwest was held on him, poor old chap, and we was told as he'd died of heart disease. Mr. Perks, his lawyer, took charge of the place, put his own men in possession, paid us all off, and then, for the poor old master's sake, I came right on down here, knowing you was to arrive in the fust ship."

Jimmy's voice had broken more than once as he told his story, and when it was ended he fairly turned his back on me, and I saw him draw his sleeve across his eyes. I felt quite stunned, and all the bright hopes which I had brought into the dingy parlour with me ten minutes before had vanished utterly, leaving me a bewildered, homeless, friendless boy, a stranger, indeed, in a strange land. My own voice was far from steady as I tried to say, bravely,

"Well, Jimmy, although you have brought me very bad news, it was uncommonly kind and thoughtful of you to look me up so soon, and I thank you heartily. Now, the next question is, what on earth am I to do?"

"Ah, sir, that depends a good deal on how you are sittivated," said Jimmy, scratching his head. "Of course, if you've money, you could buy a share in a sheep or cattle station, or take a farm."

"But I have no money at all, Jimmy, nor do I know a soul in the colony who would lend me a shilling."

"Dear, dear," murmured the old fellow; "that's very bad for a young chap like you. How old may you be, sir? Not more nor eighteen, I should guess."

"Not so much; seventeen last birthday."

"You see, sir, it's just this way: if you was a poor man's son you might go behind a bar, turn ostler, or drive a cart. There's lots of things to be done hereabouts, in the way of getting a living, but as a young gentleman, now—"

Here Jimmy paused, and looked extremely shy and uncomfortable.

"I know what you are thinking, old man; that a young gentleman thrown on his own resources in a strange country is about the most useless animal on the face of the earth. Isn't that so?"

"Well, Mr. Treverton, you've put it a deal plainer than I'd like to have done, but you're not far out, sir, and that's a fact."

Jimmy's frankness, although I had brought it on myself, was so disconcert-

ing that I had to take a turn about the room before I could pull myself together sufficiently to be able to say, cheerfully,

"Of course I'm not. I know nothing about business; never did a stroke of work in my life; have very little money, and certainly not a friend—excepting yourself, Jimmy—nearer than fourteen thousand miles off. I've had a tolerably good education, but I don't know that I've learnt anything that would be of any use to me at a pinch."

"Bless you, sir! what's the good of talkin' about eddication in this place?" cried Jimmy. "I know a man as lives up country, and who shows me a penny one day, and says he to me, 'Look here, Jimmy, that's all the money I had in the world when I landed in the colony, and now I'm worth thousands! But if you was to double my capital on conditions as I wrote out the amount fair and square like, I couldn't do it.' After a while the old chap did learn to sign his cheques, but the bankers was the only people as could read the name, and I did hear one of 'em say it would take a mighty smart man to forge that same signature."

"And how did your friend manage to become so rich, Jimmy?" I asked, with some natural interest and curiosity.

"Well, sir, he just took off his coat to it, at the rate of twenty-five shillings a month at first. Bein' a sober, hard-working chap, he soon had his wages doubled. All the while he was saving every penny, till he saw his chance, and when he *did* get that chance he took it—bought sheep when they was cheap, sold 'em when they was dear; speculated, in a small way, in bits of land—'grants,' they call 'em—and so forth. Yet it took even him years of hard work to make his pile, but now there ain't a more comfortable man in the whole colony. A gentleman as was stayin' at his place asked him t'other day how he'd managed to get along so well. 'It's not much of a secret,' he says; 'I just kep' sober, worked hard, and watched my chances.' That's how he put it, sir."

"A very good way, too, Jimmy," I said, heartily, as I held out my hand, for I saw the old man wanted to go about his own affairs; "and I must only see if I can't manage to do something like it. Thank you very much for your kindness in coming, and good-bye for the present."

"Good-bye, sir; and if I can be any mossel of use, don't be above asking me," said the garrulous old fellow, shaking my hand cordially, and then stumping out of the room.

Now what was I to do? The position I found myself in, though I mercifully did not realise at the moment its utter desolation, was by no means pleasant. I found myself saying aloud, "A stranger in a strange land," as if the words had cast a spell over me. I was young and healthy, indeed, but utterly inexperienced, ignorant of all practically useful knowledge, friendless, and well-nigh penniless. Well, I'm thankful to remember, as I look back on that dark hour, that I made one resolution on the spot, and that was nothing more or less than that, with God's help, I would try to earn an honest living somehow, and, as Jimmy had put it, "take off my

coat" to any work at any wages I could get. That very night I dreamed—for I ate a good supper, and fell asleep as though I had not a care in the world—that old Jimmy and I were playing pitch-and-toss with pennies, and that mine all turned into sovereigns. Part of that dream came true enough, as to the pitching and tossing ahead of me, but it may be confessed at once that the sovereigns which have as yet fallen to my share have been, indeed, few and far between.

CHAPTER II.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

NEXT morning I was up and dressed betimes, and as the dusty roads about Sandtown did not look very inviting, I rambled off down to the smooth white beach. The old Sea Nymph lay perfectly still and motionless on the glass-like blue water, as though she were resting after her rough and weary passage. As I gazed at her I almost wished I were going home to old England in her, so forlorn and lonely did I feel. But no! I must not look back, unless to reflect how my parents had spent every spare shilling—and spare shillings were scarce at home, I very well knew—in providing the necessary passage money and my modest outfit.

I travelled along the pleasant shore with a confused jumble of high and heroic resolves, a sinking feeling of friendlessness, and a strong dash of home-sickness, all struggling to get the upper hand of each other in my poor seventeen-years-old mind, when, in turning round a low, sandy promontory, I came quite suddenly on a young man standing on a flat rock at the water's edge. He was using only a primitive sort of hand-line, but he appeared to be having splendid sport, and hauled in every other moment a beautiful whiting. I sat down on some dry sea-weed to watch him. He turned his head for an instant, but a fresh tug at his line prevented his looking at me, whilst he said, in a pleasant cheery voice, "Good morning, Mr. Treverton."

I jumped to my feet in bewildered surprise and returned his greeting, expressing at the same time my natural astonishment at his knowledge of my name.

"Oh, there's nothing very wonderful about that," he replied, with the backward glance and nod which was all the rapidity of his sport permitted, "I happen to have the honour of being a clerk—the clerk in point of fact—in her Majesty's Custom House here, and when the old Sea Nymph's papers were handed in yesterday I saw your name down as the only passenger, and as you are also the only new chum in Sandtown, I presumed you to be that identical individual."

"Yes, my name is Harry Treverton, and I have come out to see what Australia is like, and so far I must say I have been disappointed," I said, dolefully.

"But, my dear young friend, you have not yet seen anything whatever of even this one colony, much less of Australia! It's a big place, I can tell you, and you just wait till you go up country and see something of bush life. I only wish I

was there now instead of being stuck in this beastly hole, shut up in an office all day, and only getting a solitary hundred a year for grinding away at it all!"

"I suppose you don't see many strangers here?" I asked, anxious to continue the conversation, and yet doubtful of the best way of getting this lively young man to go on talking to me.

"No, indeed," he answered, with a merry laugh at a question whose absurdity I very soon came to see myself. "You know the colony is but young yet, and we don't get more than half a dozen ships a year, so that we are not overburdened with work in my department, though the chief keeps me at my desk all day, 'just for the look of the thing,' he says, confound him!"

"Well from what I've seen as yet," I sagely remarked, trying to speak as though I were an old traveller of wide and varied experience, and failing dismally in the attempt, "it does not appear to me that any one can have anything to do. A couple of public-houses, two or three shops—stores you call them, don't you?—and a few small houses appear to make up your town. I don't know where the inhabitants can be, for I have scarcely seen a soul since I landed yesterday."

"Ah! you must wait till Sunday to see the people, especially the ladies, when they troop to church, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow!" And as he said this, he had got up, as though weary of his sport, and gathered his shining heap of fish into a rude basket. I rose too, and we strolled about, walking at the water's edge and talking eagerly of pretty nearly every subject under the sun.

At last my new friend remarked that he "really must be off," as he had to be at his office at nine o'clock. We walked back to the town together, and before we parted I begged him to come and see me at the Raven that same evening, and have another chat, which he readily promised to do.

My spirits rose very much after meeting this young man, who had not even told me his name, but he seemed so bright and cheerful and self-reliant, that I quite looked forward to our next meeting.

After breakfast I set out for a stroll through the town, but I soon found the sun had become much too hot to be pleasant out of doors, so there was nothing for it but to return to the coffee-room of the hotel (as the Raven public-house called itself) and get through the time as best I could, by reading the local newspaper and watching the customers. I must say these appeared to be a very thirsty lot, and I noticed one man particularly, who must have swallowed at least a dozen nobblers of brandy-and-water during the day without becoming, as far as I could judge, at all tipsy.

About eight o'clock in the evening a gentleman entered the dingy room, glanced round its guests, and then, walking up to me, held out his hand, saying, "Good evening, Mr. Treverton, allow me to introduce myself; my name is William Summers. Look well at me, young man, and see if you

recognise the humble fisherman you condescended to make friends with this morning."

"Mr. Summers!" I exclaimed, "I am very pleased to meet you again, but I really did not know you just at first."

"Of course not," he said, with his pleasant smile; "this morning I was the rather disreputable-looking fisherman; this evening I am a highly respectable, though underpaid, Government clerk—an example of the truism about clothes making the man. And how have you been getting on all day?"

"Well, I think my principal occupation has consisted of watching people drink, and very poor fun it has been."

"Ah, yes; they do 'imbibe considerable,' as the Yankees say; just touch the bell, and we'll have a beer each, as a matter of form."

The beer was brought, and we settled ourselves comfortably near an open window, and began to chat pleasantly enough.

"Yes," continued Summers, "it really is wonderful what quantities of liquor some people consume. I knew one man (he's dead now, poor fellow) who used to put one of these pound notes regularly every morning in his pocket, just for drinks, and if a champagne spree or anything of that sort chanced to be on, he'd spend three or four times that amount at the bar."

"But that must run away with a lot of money," I remarked.

"Yes, and not only money, but it runs away with a man's constitution as well. I remember suggesting to that same man as delicately as I could that unless he 'put the peg in' he would very soon 'peg out.' The poor fellow quite agreed with me, and even volunteered to tell me that his grandfather and his father had both died of nothing whatever but drink, and added, sadly enough, that he supposed the brandy-bottle would make an end of him, too. 'Why should it, my dear fellow?' I asked him, very naturally; and I never can forget the look he gave me, like a wild hunted creature, as he cried, 'Why should it? You don't suppose for a minute I can help myself, do you? Haven't I just been telling you it runs in the family?' And within twelve months of our talk he was a dead man."

"Horrible!" I cried; "but surely there can't be many men like that?"

"Oh yes, there are, I'm sorry to say, lots of them; everywhere, I suppose, but you seem to run across them more in a colony."

We both sat silent for a little while, and at last Summers went on in a low voice, and still staring out of the window into the quiet street,

"I know another man who had been a great drunkard, and, suddenly turned into a total abstainer, becoming a most respectable member of society. However, he fell ill, and as he ran down very low the doctor ordered him stimulants, which the patient steadily refused to touch. Of course the doctor got very angry, and asked the sick man whether he meant to take what he, the doctor, ordered him, or not. 'I'll take anything you like, doctor,' the poor fellow answered, 'so long as it's not intoxicating liquor.' 'But, my good

man,' said the doctor, 'if you don't take this stimulant you'll certainly die.' 'Very well, sir,' he said, 'I'll have the satisfaction of dying a teetotaler, thank you all the same.' And die he did, although his clergyman tried to show him that no pledge held good in such an extremity, and his wife and children implored him with tears to give way. The doctor vowed that the next total abstainer might doctor himself, and stoutly declared the man had as completely committed suicide as though he had cut his throat. For my own part I believe in the happy medium, and it must be very medium indeed when a man has to live, and live like a gentleman, too, on a hundred a year."

"Well," I replied, "I should think myself uncommonly lucky if I could see my way towards earning even half that sum," and I seized, rather adroitly, on the chance this turn in the conversation gave me to acquaint my friend with my real position.

"So it just comes to this, that you've been kicked out into the cold with only five pounds in your pocket, and not a friend in the place," said Summers, somewhat roughly. "Why, how long do you think that is going to last you?"

My heart was sinking within me, partly at my new friend's tone, and partly because I seemed to realise my position more vividly when I heard my own voice. I could not help wondering

a little at its calmness—telling my own story boldly enough, Heaven knows. However, I gulped down a certain lumpy feeling in my throat, and said, almost gaily, "About ten days, I suppose; but it must last as long as ever I can make it do."

"We'll say the ten, or twelve days, if you like, are over; what then?"

"That's exactly the question I've been asking myself ever since old Jimmy left this room yesterday, and I don't feel any nearer answering it," I acknowledged. And then I added, desperately, feeling as if I were a gambler playing my last card, "Can you give me any advice?" One does not forget such moments as I was then passing through, especially if they are a first experience, and I remember now how the thought flashed through my brain of what would become of me if he answered, as I half expected, that he had no advice to offer. But instead of the dreaded words Summers looked kindly at me (I dare say I was pale enough), and said, in the most friendly voice,

"Yes, my boy, I'll advise you to the best of my ability, and the first thing I have to suggest is that you settle up with the landlord of this hotel at once."

"But where can I possibly go then?" I asked, with a vision of a night on the door step suddenly rising up before my boyish mind, only to be chased from it

by a swiftly succeeding picture of a forlorn figure lying under a bush on the sandhills.

"You must just come and stop for a bit with me," Summers said, firmly, holding up his hand to stop me, as I tried to protest, for after all, was he not very nearly as badly off as I was? "Now, don't make any objection. It will cost me next to nothing to give you a shake down and a share of what grub is going. It won't be very grand, I can promise you, but such as it is you'll be heartily welcome to it, and I shall be glad of your company; so come along and get your box packed and we'll swag it down between us to my crib."

This was, indeed, a most unexpected and friendly offer, and as I could see it was meant to be taken in the same spirit, I accepted joyfully, stammering out my thanks, which were, indeed, heartfelt. Summers cut short my broken sentences with a cheery, "Oh, that's all right! When you become a bloated member of the squatocracy you can ask me up to your station, you know, and I'll come like a shot. Let's see about getting that box down at once; it's close upon ten o'clock I declare."

The box was packed, the landlord paid, and my second night in Australia was spent under the roof of this chance acquaintance, who had thus in my great need proved himself to be a friend indeed.

(To be continued.)

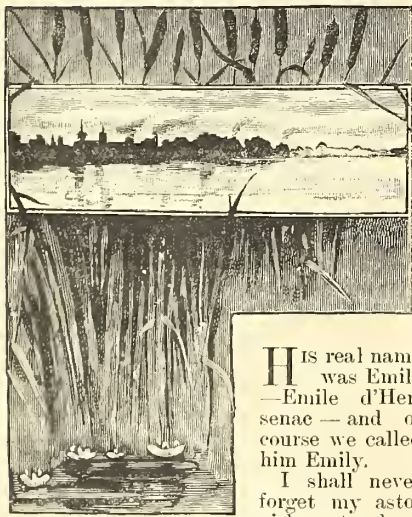
EMILY:

A STORY OF PUBLIC-SCHOOL LIFE.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "Bobby Bounce," "A Strange Trip Abroad," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.



HIS real name was Emile—Emile d'Herseneac—and of course we called him Emily.

I shall never forget my astonishment when,

on returning to school after the Christmas holidays, I found a group of boys gathered round a new fellow with patent-leather boots, long hair, a sallow complexion, and other signs that he was some kind of rare bird among us self-satisfied young Britons.

"Parlez-vous Français, I say?" one was bawling in his ear.

"There won't be any frogs for dinner

here, you know!" said another, mockingly.

"How about Waterloo?" cried a third.

Meanwhile the young foreigner stood among them in helpless bewilderment, his eyes flashing the indignation which he could not utter, though he only half understood those jovial taunts that were hurled upon him so freely.

"Here's a joke!" I was told; "a froggy Frenchman come to school! Did you ever hear of such a thing in your life? Why, he can't speak English!"

But as we went on teasing him one of the masters came up and hotly rebuked us.

"For shame, you fellows! This is not like gentlemen! On the other side of the Channel you would be the strangers; and what would you say to being welcomed with vulgar insults? It isn't even funny to be rude, you know. What will this boy think of an English school if you disgrace it by showing yourselves such ill-conditioned louts?"

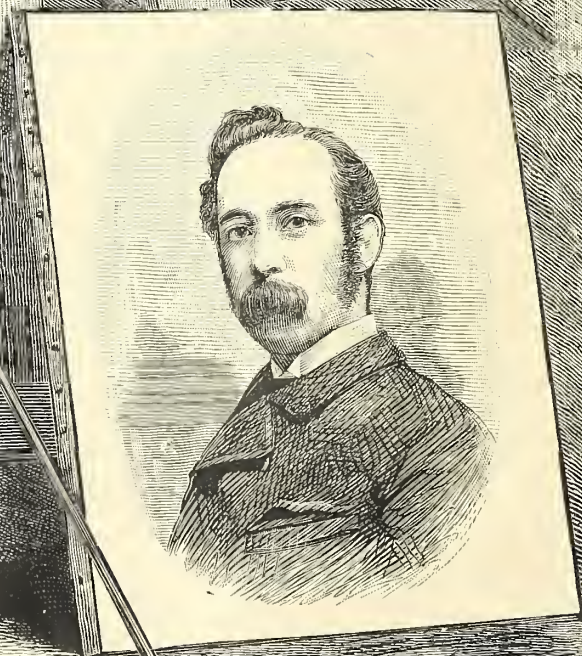
Such an appeal to our pride did not go altogether disregarded, and the prefects took the same line, so that we saw well to leave our new companion in peace. He asked nothing better, being even quieter and more shy than most new boys. And no wonder, when he feared to open his lips in English without as yet making some ludicrous mistake. So we were content with christening him Froggy to begin with, but dropped that *scubriquet* for "Emily,"

when we found out what seemed the excellent joke of his name being so like a girl's.

There was not much of the girl about him, however, as we soon came to know, except perhaps his slender figure and refined features. When his hair had been cut, and his Parisian clothes exchanged for those in fashion among us, he looked just like an English youngster, but for his dark eyes set in an olive face and a certain trick of leopard-like gracefulness in attitude and gesture not common among us. Some of the big fellows, critics in such matters, were good enough to pronounce that there could be no mistake about his being a thoroughbred; then he rose vastly in our estimation when it came out, almost by accident, that he was a count in his own country and the son of a duke, yet seemed to have thought this fact hardly worth mentioning. We even heard it rumoured that he was a marquis by right, but his letters came addressed to him as simply "M. le Comte d'Herseneac," either to save ink, or, so some asserted, for purposes of disguise, his family having been driven out of their native land as high-class conspirators, another circumstance that went far to enlist our sympathies in his favour. Those were the days before dynamite, when Englishmen, young and old, rather approved of conspiring, so long as the plot went off at a safe distance.

Already he could read English—a very different thing from being able to speak it; but now he learned this fast, and faster

SOME
B.O.P.
ARTISTS.



still, having a quick ear to understand what was said to him. And the more easily we came to communicate with each other, the more we found Emily to be not a bad fellow; while his first dread of us as a set of young hostile barbarians wore off every day with better acquaintance. He had plenty of spirit and fun, this Frenchman—qualities which naturally do not come into evidence in the case of a down-trodden new boy; but, that ordeal once over, he was made free of our rough-and-tumble society, and seemed sincerely anxious to adapt himself to the novel environment. The first time he played football he took to it quite kindly, and indeed threw himself into the game with such vigour that next day, as he remarked, he “felt stiff over his whole *corpe*”—a joke which he never heard the end of. Of course, it was long before he ceased to make such blunders, but he took the laugh good-naturedly, and we ought to have been duly grateful to him for giving us something to laugh at.

“But ven you vill speak French, den I mocks myself of you!” was his only retort, and of course we laughed louder than ever, taking care to give him no chance of criticising our attainments in a foreign language, of which perhaps the less said the better.

He could not, indeed, at once adapt himself to all the peculiar customs and discipline to which he was now introduced. There is always something to get accustomed to in a new country, as the Italian organ-grinder could tell us who was seen on his knees in Holborn before a dentist's show-case, under the impression that its contents were the relics of some saint! It was a matter of wonder to Emily that at certain hours we might walk out where we pleased—not two-and-two, like a Noah's Ark of French schoolboys—and that there were no troublesome ushers poking after us at every turn. Such freedom seemed to him too good to be true. He was astonished to find that when boys fought here, as they sometimes did, it would be considered unfair to kick or to butt with the head. He was scandalised by the institution of flogging which still flourished among us then. But an even greater stumbling-block to d'Hersenac was one upon which I may be allowed a few words of digression for the information of boys who do not know what it was to be at school in those good old days.

You must know that our school vaunted itself a stronghold of juvenile Toryism, not yet broken down by the irruptions of modern demagoguery. It was our boast that if the British Constitution fell to ruins in every other part of the universe, it could be restored from the doctrine and practice of this ancient shrine, where for centuries a votive lamp had been kept ceaselessly burning to the wisdom of our ancestors.

Now, of all good old customs, that which is euphemistically termed corporal punishment, was held by us in high honour. At common and unrenowned schools boys might object to be whipped; but we were given to glorying in it as a very right and privilege of the cream of British youth. There were various forms of castigation in use, of which an enterprising offender, it was calculated, might come in for nearly half a dozen on a single day; and we submitted patiently, nay, even as cheerfully as might be, to every such customary infliction; though, by a freak of sentiment, any master who so far forgot himself as to cuff the smallest of us, would have raised the whole school upon him. The head master alone used the rod, that unique instrument of peculiar application, such as was familiar to no other school, a distinction of which we were duly proud, and praised its very terrors to less favoured pupils. The under

masters all canted at their discretion in those Saturnian days. The prefects went armed with ash sticks as a mark of office, and were seldom chary in using them. The big boys thrashed the small ones, *passim* and promiscuously, when so minded and not anywise prevented. The small boys sometimes thrashed each other as a game, trying to see who would hold out longest. It was a point of honour to bear stoutly, and, if possible, to grin under all strokes of fortune that fell on one's shoulders or elsewhere. So, if we learned nothing else at that school, we at least learned to stand being hurt without crying over it—not a bad lesson in its way, the worst of it being that such rough training is apt to produce a greater indifference to other people's sufferings than to one's own.

Our archdidaskolos is a bishop now, thus promoted, as wags said, because so well accustomed to the “laying on of hands.” When my juniors ask me if I have ever heard the celebrated and Right Reverend preacher, Dr. —, it is my little joke to answer, “I have *felt* him. *Forsan et hæc*, etc. There was an oral tradition in the school that a boy had once refused to take his flogging on some irrelevant grounds of not having deserved it, or the like, and that the head master had simply said “Indeed!” and bade him begone from the fatal block untouched, to a punishment worse than all the Furies' scourges, for that boy's life was made such a misery to him by the contempt of his schoolfellows, that he pined away, and either ran off to sea or died of a broken heart—accounts vary. We had another story of a martyr to public opinion, who objected on principle to being caned, because the instrument was produced by slave labour! A still more apocryphal legend I should like to relate here; but we have gone too far astray already from our main theme; so for the present I must omit this “tedious brief tale of very tragical mirth,” and in the language of Chancer—

“Now will I speake forth of Emily.”

I am told that our present rising generation look on the rod with a gloomier eye; and by all accounts I think boys must be on the whole better than they used to be, so I do not blame them for tastes which after all are their business and no more of mine; but we, at all events, had no notion of being ashamed or seeming to be afraid of such ordinary chances of school life as those were in my time. You may fancy our surprise, then, when Emile d'Hersenac uttered the most revolutionary sentiments on this question of flogging, declaring that he for one would never “agree” to it, and that the meanest urchin in his country would scorn to be so brutally abused.

“And what would you do if the doctor wanted to swish you?” we asked, half-shocked and half-amused by his bold heresy.

“*Massackree* him!” cried the young Frenchman, in the heat of argument, no doubt availing himself of that turn for rhetorical exaggeration which has caused it to be said that one can't open one's lips in French without telling some fib or other.

“Oh, I say!”

“Hallo! that sort of thing won't do here.”

“You would be hanged for it, you know—‘suspended in the atmosphere,’ as you called it the other day.”

“Nevare mind!” exclaimed Emily, with an excited wave of his arm. “Death (he called it *deat*) rather than dishonour—dat is de motto of my race!”

But we only laughed at his heroics, and told him not to make a fool of himself, even though he was a Frenchman.

Soon afterwards Emily and I came to be caught by our form master snugly amusing

ourselves behind a great Latin dictionary, under cover of which I was trying to teach him the game of noughts and crosses, when we ought to have been deep in Virgil, or some such uninteresting task. As we had to expect on detection, we were both haled forth for summary execution; then I, as not inexperienced in such matters, showed myself forward to get it over as soon as possible; and I took my half dozen cuts or so with, I trust, becoming fortitude. But when it came to Emily's turn, and that elegant and athletic scholar beckoned to him, “Stand round!” he folded his arms, looked the tormentor proudly in the face, and hissed between his teeth, “Sir, I am no Cossack to be beaten like a *cur-r-r-r*! Send me to de dungeon—chase me away—do vat you please—but you vill lie 'ands above me nevere!”

The master was fairly taken aback by such an unexampled defiance; but he could make allowances for this stranger, and did not press the matter.

“You don't understand our ways yet,” he said. “We will have a talk about it afterwards. Go both to your seats for the present. And you,” he remarked to me, “don't let me catch you again teaching new boys these idle tricks of yours, or I shall have to thrash you for both, my fine fellow.”

Of course I smiled pleasantly, but I had an idea he was not altogether joking, so, for the time at least, I thought it as well to attend to his warning.

This scene caused great sensation in the school. Emily was presently invited to a private interview with the head master. What there was said to him never quite transpired; but we understood that his strange outbreak would be looked over on the score of his being a foreigner, with the peculiar notions natural to such creatures.

We, for our part, reasoned with him after our own manner, and were astonished to hear that, at his Paris school, he had been used to all sorts of what seemed to us far more formidable and degrading punishment—being shut up in a cell for so many hours—being made to stand like a post in the playground, while the other boys were at their games—being put on bread and water, and so forth. Thank you for nothing! was our sincere opinion, if he proposed to introduce those outlandish penalties of his in exchange for the wholesome pains to which custom had somewhat hardened us in mind and body.

By-and-by, such is the force of circumstances, Emily himself began to veer round to the views of the rest of us. He saw other boys thrashed every day, and not so very much the worse for it; then by degrees his horror of such inflictions wore off somewhat, as may be understood from the next episode I have to relate of his career as an English schoolboy.

“It's all my eye, putting your back up about being licked,” no less a personage than the captain of the school had condescended to explain to him. “Coxys chaps like you, that think no end of a lot of yourselves, are all the better for a jolly good hiding to take the cheek out of you.”

There was no replying to such a diguinary; but an hour afterwards I found Emily still puzzling over this oracular statement, with the unavailing help of his pocket dictionary.

“How puts one de back up—leap-sheep—vat you call leap frog? and vat is for to say *coxichap*?—he finds herself not in dis dictionary. And for vy is he better to be good *hidden*?”

From which it appears that the English language, as spoken by public-school boys, has delicacies and fine shades of meaning not to be traced out in any dictionary.

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH SOLDIER'S BLOTTING-PAPER.

BY DAVID KER,

Author of "Ilderin the Afghan," etc., etc.

"Hot work—eh, Pierre? but we've got the *Kaiserliks* (Austrians) hard and fast now. They're like the fish we used to catch at home; flounce about as they may, they can't get out when once the net's fairly round them."

So spoke a French grenadier to his comrade, as the enemy's shot came crashing into the earthen face of the battery, while the grim faces of the Austrian gunners loomed out in fitful glimpses through the rolling smoke that billowed around the walls of besieged Mantua.

"True," answered the other, "but they'll make it warm for us in the meantime. I suppose that's what brings 'the Salamander' here—they always like the warmest places, you know!"

"And who's the Salamander, pray?" asked a harsh voice from behind.

At the first sound of that voice both men started and turned round. Beside them stood a little man in a well-worn grey coat and high boots—still young, but with many a deep line in his dark Italian face, framed in long flowing hair. At that time the world knew him only as "a rather clever young fellow called Bonaparte;" for no one could yet foresee how soon he was to make all Europe tremble at the name of NAPOLEON.

"Who is it that you call Salamander?" asked he again.

"It is I, general," replied a stalwart young grenadier, advancing and saluting.

"Ha!" said the general, running his keen grey eye over the speaker's long limbs and gaunt, bony frame; "I should rather have called thee 'the camel.'"

A general laugh from the soldiers greeted their leader's pleasantry.

"However," resumed the latter, "if you like warm places, I'll give you your liking. Can you write?"

"Yes, my general."

"Come along, then."

And away they went together, the general walking at a leisurely pace through rolling smoke and crashing shot, and looking keenly at his companion from time to time, to see if he quickened his step. But the soldier was not to be outdone, and tramped along over the deadly space as coolly as if he were only on parade.

Presently one of the enemy's shells burst with a deafening crash only a few feet above their heads, the fragments flying in every direction. Bonaparte's keen eye was instantly upon the face of his comrade, who appeared quite unconscious of this hair-breadth escape.

"You're a head and shoulders taller than I am," said the general, "so you stand a good chance of being killed first."

"In that case, general," answered the young giant, ~~boldly~~, "I hope you'll forgive me for presuming to be killed before my superior officer."

Bonaparte laughed grimly.

A few minutes later they entered a battery which, being the nearest of all to the enemy's works, was, as the general had promised, a very hot place indeed just then. Shell and shot were pelting into it like hail, and men lying dead in all directions, though the few that were left still worked away as manfully as ever.

"Now," said Bonaparte, deliberately seating himself upon an overturned gun-carriage, "sit down and write a despatch for me, as I dictate."

The soldier quickly obeyed, and copied his leader's words almost as quickly as the latter could utter them. Strange enough it seemed to see those two men so calmly at work, with fire flashing and shot flying all around

them, and the thunder of the cannonade shaking the very ground under their feet; but although men were dropping on every side, they remained as cool and composed as ever.

Suddenly a cannon-ball came whizzing right between them (so close as almost to knock them down with the wind of its rush), and buried itself in the earth a few feet off, covering them both with dust from head to foot.

Bonaparte shot a lightning glance at his new secretary, expecting that *now*, at least, this unshakable man would show some sign of fear. But he looked in vain. So far from seeming frightened, the young hero leaped lightly up on to the nearest gun, and waving the despatch (the ink of which was quite dried up by the spattering dust) toward the Austrian batteries, cried, laughing,

"Thanks, my good fellows—you've saved us some blotting-paper!"

"So!" muttered the general between his teeth, "you deserve your title, I see, after all. What's your other name beside 'Salamander'?"

"Private Junot, of the 7th Foot," answered the young grenadier.

"Sergeant Junot, you mean," said Bonaparte, clapping him on the shoulder; "fellows of your sort don't remain privates very long in *my* army, I promise you! Tell your comrades what I've said to you, and if you only go on as you've begun, I shouldn't wonder if we see you at the head of an army of your own some day."

And he spoke truly; for eight years later, when "Citizen Bonaparte" had become the Emperor Napoleon, one of the first things he did was to give the Cross of the Legion of Honour to a fine-looking general who was a great favourite of his, and whose name was Marshal Junot.

FOOTNOTES ON FOOTBALL.

BY A REFEREE.

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

THE Football Association first met in 1863, so that the coming season of 1887-88 will be the twenty-fifth of its existence. It is not too much to say that with the 1863 meeting modern football began. Previous to then football was a game of many rules and practices, played differently in almost every school and county in Britain. The best code of rules then current was in use at Rugby, and these allowed, among other things, running with the ball, hacking, and tripping. In the Association code these practices, as tending to make the game rougher than was desirable, were put a stop to, and the innovation caused what at the time was thought to be a serious split in the Association. The clubs playing under the Rugby rules withdrew. Some years afterwards they formed an Association of their own (still flourishing

as the Rugby Union), one of whose most important achievements has, strangely enough, been to abolish the very tripping and hacking which formed the excuse for their first secession.

The Association after the first check began to grow with unexpected vigour, and its supremacy is now unchallenged. The Code of Rules it introduced and elaborated have already been given in our last volume. Concerning them we may have a few words to say presently, but we must first find space for a few words as to the Association itself.

All clubs adopting its rules are eligible for membership, each club paying a guinea subscription and a guinea entrance fee. As officers, there are president, two vice-presidents, a treasurer, and secretary, all of whom are amateurs, for one of the knotty questions it has had to deal with in these later days has been the rise of the profes-

sional player. The committee consists of the officers and sixteen other amateur members, in addition to an amateur representative from each of the various affiliated Associations, no club having more than one representative on the committee.

Each year the Association holds two general meetings, one in March for the consideration of rules and laws, the other in August for the election of officers and business generally. Any proposed alteration in rules or laws has to be sent in to the secretary on or before the 1st of March in each year, and must be supported by two-thirds of the members present at the March meeting before it can be adopted. Each club belonging to the Association must have distinguishing colours or costume, and the members of these clubs must have the same qualification as county cricketers before they are allowed to play for their county in Association matches. Where the clubs

belong to a district association, the qualification is by birth, residence, or business occupation within the district, whose frontiers have to be carefully defined by the committee. As in cricket, no one can play for more than one county or one district in a season, the season being taken as lasting from the 1st of September to the 30th of April.

The referee in each match is practically the representative of the Association. He it is who has to decide in all cases between the umpires, and he has to keep the record of the game, and act as timekeeper. Should any objectionable behaviour be indulged in, it is his duty to caution the offenders in the presence of the umpires, and should the conduct to which he has called attention be seriously wrong, he has the power to order the offenders out of play. Should he do so, he reports the matter to the Association committee, and to them, not to him, the offenders have to apologise if they wish for reinstatement. Should the player appeal against the decision, a sum of £2 has to be deposited as guarantee money, and should the club to which the offender belongs decide to fight the battle for him, the caution money that has to be put down is £5. Should the referee's decision be upheld, the Association funds are increased by the forfeit of the sums so deposited.

Any member of any club belonging to the Association who receives any remuneration or consideration other than his necessary hotel and travelling expenses is branded as a "professional." Professionals are not allowed to compete in cup matches unless they are qualified by birth or residence for two years within six miles of the ground or headquarters of the club for which they play; they cannot compete in county matches unless they hold the county qualification; they cannot compete in inter-Association matches unless they have been members of their club for two years; and for international contests the only qualification allowed them is that of birth. In order to guard against personation, every professional has to obtain a certificate from the Association, and he is not allowed to play for more than one club in any one season without special permission. In short, the Association draws a good broad line between the amateur and professional, and the many disputes in connection therewith keep the committee somewhat busy.

THE CHALLENGE CUP.

In October, 1871, the Association introduced the Challenge Cup, the competition for which has evoked so much interest in football among the general public, and with some harm has done a great deal of good for the game. The clubs that joined the first contest for the cup have most of them either disappeared or gone very much down in the world. Their names are worth mentioning. They were Donnington School, Barnes, Maidenhead, Clapham Rovers, Hampstead Heathens, Hitchin, Harrow

Chequers, Upton Park, Reigate Priory, Great Marlow, and Civil Service—all of whom were beaten out in the early stages—and Crystal Palace and Queen's Park—beaten in the last round but one—and Royal Engineers and Wanderers left in at the last, the Wanderers being the winning team. In those days the Wanderers were all old public school men, and this the first cup eleven was a singularly representative one. The "cup fathers" were four of them old Harrovians—C. W. Alcock (the present secretary of the Association, and the author of the treatise on the game in our fifth volume), M. P. Betts, W. P. Crake, and R. C. Welch. Three of them were old Etonians—E. G. Bonsor, E. Lubbock, and A. C. Thomson. One, now the Rev. R. W. S. Vidal, was an old Westminster. Another, T. C. Hoonan, was an old Carthusian; another, E. E. Bowen, was a Cambridge student; and the eleventh was the Oxonian, C. H. Wollaston. Major Marindin, the present president of the Association, was in the Engineers team.

In 1873 the Wanderers again won the cup, the runners-up being Oxford University. In 1874 the Wanderers failed to reach the final, and a desperate struggle between Oxford and the Royal Engineers resulted in a win for the University by two goals to none. Next year, 1875, the final was again fought out between the two powerful teams, and the soldiers beat the students by one goal to nothing. In 1876 the Wanderers again came to the front with a win over Old Etonians; next year the Wanderers again secured the cup with a victory over Oxford University; next year the Wanderers won the cup for the third time in succession, their final competitors being their old friends the Engineers. In 1879 the Old Etonians came to the front, just winning a goal from the Clapham Rovers; and next year the Clapham Rovers took championship honours after a single goal victory over Oxford University. In 1881 the Old Carthusians won the cup from the Old Etonians by three goals to none; and 1882 saw the first appearance of a Lancashire team in the final. The Blackburn Rovers came to conquer—with a ballad of victory ready printed for the occasion—but the Old Etonians were on their mettle and meant having another look in, and the Lancashire lads had to return in dismay with their premature ballad most painfully popular. Lancashire has been luckier since.

Any club intending to compete for the cup has to send in notice to the secretary of the Association on or before the 1st day of September; and none of the eleven it puts in the field must have been on its list of members for less than a month before the first match. With the notice the club has to forward a fee of ten shillings, and an alphabetical list of its playing members for registration, no one being allowed to play in a cup match unless he is duly registered; and the names of all new members have to be sent in within three days of election.

The team representing the club need not, however, be the same through the series of matches. The competing clubs are divided by the committee into eight groups as nearly equal in number as possible, and these groups are divided by lot into couples or ties. The winners of the ties are divided into other ties, and so on until only two clubs are left in each group, thus completing what is known as "the first series." These ties are then allotted off, and at each round the number is halved, by defeat, until the final tie gives the cup winner for the year. When a bye is drawn the club becomes the first on the next list, and a competitor is drawn for it, so that it cannot stand out twice running. The ties have to be played off on or before a certain date fixed by the committee, the club first drawn having the choice of ground, there being a right of appeal for neutral territory in case of an objection on the other side. After the first series of ties, the committee of the Association appoint the referee and umpires for each match, and these must be neither past nor present members of either of the competing clubs. Should a club decline the contest, it has to give notice of its intention five days before the date fixed or else pay the expenses incurred by the other side. Should the meeting take place, the match has to be continued, on another day if necessary, until victory inclines to one or the other, the duration of each match being the ordinary hour and a half in addition to any time the referee may consider to have been wasted. Should the clubs fail to play off the tie they are both struck out of the competition. Should gate money be taken in a match, the balance, after paying expenses, is divided between the clubs, except in the semi-final and final ties, when it goes to the funds of the Association. But any club or player competing for money or prizes in any competition, the proceeds of which are not devoted to a football club or association, or an approved charitable institution, becomes debarred from further competition for the challenge cup.

These are the chief rules of the competition, and fully explain the principle on which it is worked. In addition to them are two, Nos. 26 and 27, which might well be included in the current laws. No. 27 is to the effect that "the centre of the ground shall be indicated by a suitable mark, and a circle with a ten yards radius shall be marked round it, inside which no player of the side kicking off may stand; and a line defining the six yards from the goal-posts shall also be marked out." If this were done in all matches how many disputes would be avoided! And No. 26 is equally excellent in its way: "If bars or studs on the soles of boots are used they shall not project more than half an inch, and shall have all their fastenings driven in flush with the leather, and in no case shall they be conical or pointed," any infringement leading to instant disqualification.

(To be continued.)

Confidential.

THERE you are, I think you'll do,
Sad am I to part with you,
Though but for a season.
But the year is growing old,
And the woods have turned to gold,
Keen-toothed winds come o'er the wold,
That's the only reason.

Cricket now must yield its place,
So I've oiled your well-lined face
'Gainst the dull cold weather.
And within your bag of baize,
Through the Winter you can laze,
Dreaming of the sunny days
We have spent together.

Sunny days and full of fun,
Hard it seems that they are done,
Good things end so quickly.
Sunny days when you and I
Made the balls for "fourers" fly,
Fielders' clutches skimming by,
Piling runs up thickly.

Clixby Parva won't forget
That hot morning when, well set,
Ninety notches made we.
Blimby, too, recalls your pow'rs;
Hearts were sore at Belton Tow'rs,
When for three long blazing hours
At the wickets stayed we.

Grainthorpe recollects you well,
Fenwick Deeping, too, can tell
Tales of "cutting" certain.
Limby—ah, well, there we failed,
Frampton—Duck your powers veiled,
Barholm—need not be detailed—
Better draw the curtain.

Never mind! But now good-bye,
No—I'll not say that, not I,
That would be heart-breaking.
Au revoir's a better phrase,
For we look for merry days
After Winter's cold delays,
When Spring's joys are waking
SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

EDRIC THE NORSEMAN :

A TALE OF ADVENTURE AND DISCOVERY.

By J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Professor and Crown Examiner at Moscow, Author of 'Harold the Boy-Earl,' 'Ivan Dobroff,' 'Kormak the Viking,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—GREENDALE.



"An arrow flew over the boat, urging the mandate."

IN a wide and fertile valley full of luxuriant vegetation, singularly contrasting with the desolation around, there stood at the close of the tenth century a large and handsome house, which, by its wide hall and spacious outbuildings, reproduced in the remote island of Iceland some of the grander features of a Norwegian homestead.

The late and sudden spring had called into life and verdure the whole surface of the valley. The open doors of the

house showed that Northern hospitality was one of the virtues of the owner, while the size and disposition of the various buildings forming the house, or home, proclaimed him a man of wealth.

But the reanimation of the vegetable world after the long torpor of an Icelandic winter was not the only sign of life exhibited in Greendale, for a little troop of half a dozen boys burst from one of the side outhouses with a sudden-

ness quite in keeping with the precipitate spring. They raced at full speed in the direction of what was in the summer-time a narrow rivulet, but which, by the melting of the masses of ice and snow on the hills, had assumed the proportions of a mighty river.

The race had commenced with too great vigour, and one of the younger boys, a little chap of some ten years old or less, was seen to flag before the roaring stream was reached.

"Push along, Edric, man! 'Little legs never lag,' says the proverb. What! art thou done up, lad?"

"No, not done up, but breathless," was the reply, whereat there was a laugh.

Good-naturedly the elders waited for Edric to come up, and then, with pace slackened to a walk, continued their journey to the river's side.

"That is fine!" said Osric, the elder of the band, a youth of nearly thirteen winters old, and very tall for his age—"that is fine! See how the water bounds like a war-horse that has been too long in the stable, glad at last to be free! See how it leaps over rocks and fallen trees and lumps of lava in its course!"

"Yes," said Oleg, a lad of about eleven. "And see, just as a war-horse shakes his mane so does the river toss the spray on high. See the white foam!"

"See rather our boat! There she lies ready for us to launch. No snow is left upon the planks that cover her. We shall have no trouble to set her free."

"Hurrah!" shouted the youngsters as they made for the "boat."

This was a long, light vessel, shaped something like a modern pleasure-boat, only sharp at each extremity. It was regularly built with a keel, but at each end a stem rose like that of a New Zealand canoe.

"All the oars are right and ready!" cried Osric. "We will launch her, boys, and dance down with the waves to the sea, then row to Odin's Fiord [frith], and thence walk back to Greendale. Bear a hand, my hearties!"

In full short space the boat is launched, the oars are in their places, the steering-oar carefully fixed to the steer-board on the right-hand side of the boat looking forward.

"Now, Osric," cried Oleg, "mind how thou steerest! Rowing is not wanted, lads, only we must steer clear of the lava and rocks. How she shoots along!"

"Nothing in the world so good as a boat," said Edric.

"Except a ship," responded Oleg.

"A horse is still better!" was Osric's opinion.

"I would prefer my father's sword to either," exclaimed a little fair-haired, blue-eyed viking of a boy about twelve years old, named Knut.

"Nay," quoth Nils the Fleet-footed. "I would not have my father's sword—at least not yet awhile."

"Why not?" asked Otto the Little; "art thou afraid to use it?"

"Who, I?" demanded Nils. "That is a baby's question and comes well from little Otto. No, I am not afraid. I am a Norseman, I; and fear was frozen long ago to death among the mountains, and so we know her no more. She is forgotten!"

"Why wilt thou then refuse thy father's sword?"

"Because for me to have that sword my father must be dead. Alive he parts not from it, and I would not lose my father even to gain his sword!"

A low murmur of pleasure not unlike a growl followed this speech, and then the whole attention of these amphibious youths was concentrated in the navigation of their boat, which had become

what, in modern phrase, would be described as "ticklish," inasmuch as great masses of lava borne down by the torrent in its course had struck against the trunks of trees and other obstacles, and there becoming partly fixed were doubly dangerous.

But the young Icelanders were equal to the occasion, and the frail barque was safely piloted to the sea, where the tossing of the billows was a source of mad delight to all the boys on board. So wildly excited were they that they never noticed how strong a current was produced by the rush of the long pent-up water in its effort to regain the sea.

Osric at last exclaimed, "Look here, lads! We shall not get back the way we have determined on. We must find out some other channel which may lead us on to Reykiavik, where there will not be such a mighty current bearing us out to sea."

"Let us row straight to Reykiavik," said Edric. "There is a little bay where we can land, and men will lend us horses to ride back to Greendale. The current will assist us and the tide is in our favour."

"Pull away!"

And away flew the light boat over the tops of the curling waves, exulting, as it seemed, in her boyish crew, as they exulted in her. Wind and tide and current were in her favour, and so she sped like a swallow over the waves to Reykiavik.

They were not long in finding the bay near the town of Reykiavik, which indeed was little more than a creek or smaller inlet in the larger bay which gave its name to the town, and the boys, singing a Northern song to which they kept time with their oars, rowed to this smaller inlet.

But before they could enter the creek a sight met the eyes of the juvenile crew that stirred their boyish hearts and made them beat with pleasure. A noble war-ship with its dragon head well carved and richly gilded, its tail curved high above the steering ærn, its sides well guarded with a row of shields hung on the right and left to guard the warriors from arrows as they rowed, came round the headland full upon them. One stalwart champion, standing in the stern, steered the proud dragon on her forward course. The full round sail, "without a wrinkle or a fold," bore the war-ship proudly. On the deck a band of champions stood whose lances flashed the sunbeams redly back as the descending orb approached the western waves. Armour of bright chain-mail, well-polished helmet-rings, bronze ornaments on shields and weapons, gold bracelets, golden brooches, and other ornaments of costly price, glittered and blazed so that the coming ship looked like a furnace on the waters.

Delighted with this splendid object, the boys now backed their oars, and putting their little craft about, watched as the dragon ship came on.

"What ho, there! boat ahoy! What boat is that?"

"The Sea Snake," answered Osric, as the ship approached. "What ship is that?"

There was a laugh on board the dragon, and the reply was sent in a

hoarse voice across the water, "Rolf Krake from Norway; come ye at once on board."

But little time was there "for council or debate," for an arrow flew over the boat urging the mandate. So the boys quickly pulled alongside of Rolf Krake and were shortly afterwards all standing on her deck, delighted with the array that graced the mast and inner portion of the bulwarks. Swords, battle-axes, spears and javelins, slings, bows and arrows, were arranged in tempting order everywhere. How the boys' eyes glistened! Young Edric was especially attracted by a tremendous battle-axe on the mast. And when the champion in command, who steered the dragon, asked Edric where the house of Sigvald, the son of Erik, was situated, he asked, with eyes still fixed upon the axe: "And canst thou wield it with one hand?"

The Norseman laughed.

"Well, not exactly! I might if we were foes destroy and pull it down with this right hand, but as to wielding a house like that, why, I am not a giant."

"Art thou a Christian? Thou hast the cross upon thy breast?"

"They say I am. But answer me my question. Where lives Yarl Sigvald Erikson?"

"He lives at Greendale, not far off from hence. I meant the axe. Canst thou use such an axe in fight?"

"Ay, that I can, as many foes have felt. Who is the eldest of thy band?"

"Why, that am I?" said Osric.

"Then thou shouldst answer."

"I answer if men ask me questions: not unless they do."

"Ye are bold boys, and daring. Know ye Yarl Sigvald?"

"Edric, who answered the just now, is Sigvald's son."

"Then he is my kinsman, for I am Leif, the son of Erik Thorwaldson, and Sigvald is my brother."

"Art thou Leif?" said Edric. "I have heard my father speak of thee. I thought thou wert in Greenland with old Erik Thorwaldson."

"Now I am here, and ye shall lead me to my brother."

By this time they had taken in the sail, and, by sheer force of rowing, had reached the larger bay where Reykiavik is built. The little boat was towed astern; the boys were all excitement when they saw the perfect discipline on board the dragon, and quite enjoyed the fright which her appearance in the bay had evidently caused the people of the small town.

White shields, however, were hung over round the vessel's sides to show the peaceful nature of the visit, and soon some thirty boats were launched from Reykiavik, to offer welcome to the dragon's crew.

Without confusion all were brought to land, and, after a rest, the march commenced. At early dawn Osric and the other boys marched first, to show the way, Leif holding fast his nephew's hand; the champions, thirty-six in all, followed in due order, marching to the sound of their own martial voices.

At last they reached the hall, where Sigvald gladly met his brother and his men, the more so as his coming eased

his mind and calmed his household's fears touching the safety of the boys. There was high feasting at the hall in Greendale during that day, then on the next Sigvald and Leif held public conference concerning their designs.

"Thou wilt make Christians of us all, Leif. What will our father say to that, I wonder?"

"Another ship is with us; she will soon arrive, bearing on board two holy men sent by King Olaf Tryggvason to preach these doctrines in the settlement. The priests will talk my father over, and when he has been baptized the rest must shortly follow, or, if not, beware the old man's anger!"

"But suppose he will not listen to the priests!"

"I did not think of that. However, we must chance it. The ladies and the other women with us are all staunch Christians. They will help us not a little."

Sigvald shook his head.

"Eirik the Red is not to be 'talked over,' however he may still respect the king's desires and listen to his teachers. But, brother, much I marvel, as thou art a convert, why *thou* wilt not explain these doctrines to the Yarl! Surely his son would have a better chance than any priest, or priestess either."

"Nay, brother, I am not the man for it. There may be knotty points which I could never settle, therefore I bring these teachers, learned men, who are prepared to answer every difficulty. As to my having more success with Eirik, that is wrong, he would not listen to me. He has too much sense of what is due to him as father to care for my opinions. He bent his head in all humility to Thorward, and requires the same respect in us to him."

"Of course he does, and my respect he has, for sure a better father never lived, Christian or son of Odin."

"There thou art right, but for all that I know him well enough to feel the folly of attempting to argue with him. I shall go thither, bring him over in the summer, and he shall see the Christian service in our temple, shall talk to those who are not bound by every tie, as we are, to show respect to his opinions."

Then spoke a noble Norseman, Thorfinn Karlsefni, or Thorfinn, the accomplished in every manly art—a trusty friend of Sigvald. He spoke as follows:

"Tell me, friend Sigvald, is thy father's time not yet expired? He was, as I remember, banished for three years' space to Greenland. Surely that time has long since passed away?"

"True, Thorfinn, the three years are long since ended, but his stubborn soul would never condescend to seek a land whence he was sent an exile. He slew his man in anger, for which paltry crime he (as his father was before him) was banished house and home. But Eirik, during those three years and more has formed a thriving colony at Eirik's Fiord. And therefore was it that when my brother Leif went to the King of Norway, Olof Tryggvason, and begged from him our father's pardon, Olof not only gave it, but sent these warlike champions with my brother, with presents for Yarl Eirik and an invitation to

attend the court and become a leader of Norwegian ships; or if he pleases he may stop in Greenland, using these champions to assist him there should he prefer remaining."

"A noble king is Olaf; let us drink his health," cried Leif, and horns were filled with wine and mead and emptied to this toast.

The noise of this proceeding was at its highest, when a loud blast was heard proceeding from a watchman on the heights.

"That is old Halvar's horn," said Sigvald. "He brings us tidings; and I well believe thy other ship must be in sight. Canst thou not hear him? Ha, that means a ship—three notes together on the horn. He loves not talking, and his signals are so known he has no need to speak."

"Speaker or not, here comes old Halvar," said young Thorfinn, and as the words were spoken an old man appeared, clad as a better sort of freeman, but having so grave and solemn a deportment that he looked like a priest from some old temple sacred to heathen gods.

"A ship in sight, Yarl Sigvald. Give me my reward!"

It was the custom in that out-of-the-way place to bestow a silver ring and a horn of mead upon him who should bring first tidings of the approach of a merchant ship to the Bay of Reykiavik. These presents were therefore quickly given, and then old Halvar vouchsafed the following information.

"A ship, Yarl—no viking, but a peaceful merchant; so I have earned my mead and ring. Farewell!"

With these words he drank off the full horn at a draught and stalked away with neither uttered thanks nor mute obeisance. He had received his payment for his news, so he and Sigvald were now quits.

The hall was full of champions sitting at the huge deal tables that passed along the sides of the apartment. They sat in such a manner that all could see the blazing fire in the centre of the hall, to which no back was turned, for on the inner side of these long tables, towards the centre of the room, there was no seat at all. The dais or platform for the honoured guests was in the centre of the western wall, just opposite the rising sun, and on this dais the brothers and Thorfinn the Accomplished had their seats.

Much pleasant conversation now ensued between the brothers and the accomplished Thorfinn, so called because excelling in all manly virtues. Like Yarl Sigvald, he was a Christian, having, like many on the island, left the paganism of their race to seek that peace which only Christians know, though, truth to tell, full many of these Christians, like Leif himself, were ignorant of much that forms the basis of the creed.

The midday meal was served. Again the horns went round, and still the warriors—pagan men and Christians—sat lovingly together, drinking mead until the evening came, and brought with it a train of persons disembarked from the new-come vessel.

They came into the hall before the brothers. First there marched a stal-

wart warrior, clad in mail and followed by ten champions; then came a venerable priest, whose hair and beard, white as the driven snow, fell down upon his shoulders and his breast; then came the ladies, who had braved the deep and all its perils for their husbands' sake; and others who, seeing their parents leave their dear Norwegian land, had prayed to be partakers of their toil, and so had joined the train whose object was to turn the pagan hearts in Eirik's colony, and on the barren isle which just a hundred years ago had been discovered and called Iceland. The train was closed by ten more warriors from the ship, and a second priest much younger than the first.

Amongst the ladies there were two fair girls, like meteors in a northern sky, so bright, so dazzling in their Northern beauty of bright blue eyes—forget-me-nots in colour and in deed—their golden hair, waving as when a breeze before the harvest waves a field of corn, and pure white skins on which the hue of health played with a ruddy glow, just like the rosy North light tinging a snow-clad plain.

They were two sisters, Guthrida and Hallfrida, come with their parents to do missionary work—two Christian maidens of that time, so long since passed away, but of a depth of love and purity of heart that still abides among us.

Thorfrida, Sigvald's wife, received the maids and matrons heartily, and with her women bore them to her "bower." The warriors settled down in vacant seats, and food and mead and boasting soon became the order of the day. But Thorfinn did not speak or drink, he gazed still at the door through which the vision of the ladies vanished.

(To be continued.)

Our New Volume.

THE whistle sounds, our decks are clear,
Our trusty crew is all aboard;
Our voyage, we trust, will last a year,
With novelties our hold is stored.

The tide and wind are serving well,
The promise of our trip is bright;
Hope sits aloft and weaves her spell:
No wonder that our hearts are light.

We've no sad partings to give pain,
The friends we've won with us we take;
And new ones we shall hope to gain
At each port where a call we make.

And they will join us on our trip,
A merry party we shall be;
Since discord sails not in our ship,
No sulcen faces we shall see.

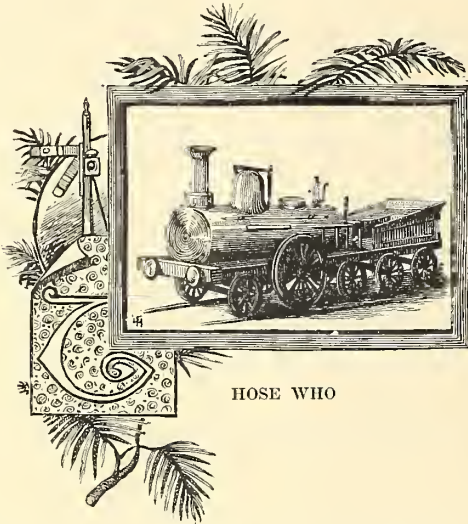
So may we when our voyage shall end
Be able this success to score,
"We have not lost a single friend,
But doubled those we had before."

But time's up, lads; the anchor weigh,
Our good ship bounds across the sea.
No longer idle can we stay,
Success attend the B.O.P.!

THE BOY'S OWN MODEL LOCOMOTIVE, AND HOW TO BUILD IT.

By H. F. HOBDEN,

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Launch Engine," etc., etc.



HOSE WHO

class model engines as mere toys, and fit only to amuse the very youngest members of the human family, entirely forget the important place they hold in the estimation of inventors and those interested in mechanism as a means by which they can practically carry out their ideas, because models not only have the advantage of cheapness in construction as compared with the full-sized machine, but also the still greater advantage of being, from the small size and light weights of their parts, capable of construction by the inventor himself without having to employ strangers.

I suppose there is no taste more universal amongst boys, old as well as young, than that for mechanism and engineering. What boy does not feel interested in the models displayed in the various shop windows in our large towns, and what lad with any mechanical bent but has a longing to make one for himself and feels an intense pleasure in being able to do so? And it is with the intention of helping those who would like to build one, but have not the necessary knowledge, that I purpose to explain, as simply as possible, the best method of building model locomotives.

In previous volumes of this well-known paper, practical instructions have appeared at various times on model stationary engines of a simple make, and also on engines for steamboats, but of all models the locomotive has the greatest charm for most boys, and not unjustly so, as when well finished and carefully painted it has a very handsome appearance, and moreover has the additional charm of its locomotive power.

Those of my readers who have practically carried out the instructions in the previous articles just referred to, have become, I have no doubt, by this time quite *au fait* in handling their tools and feel at home in their workshop, but for the benefit of those boys who have had no practical experience let me give a word or two of advice before we begin our locomotive.

First then, with all engineering work, either large or small, great care must be taken to get the measurements perfectly correct in spacing out the various parts to be joined together, and do not think, because it is only a model you are making, that any off-hand way will do, because you will find before the engine is half finished

that great accuracy is necessary if you wish your model to be a working one.

A slight mistake in the measurements of a large engine will cause so much friction as to take half its power to overcome, and the same thing occurring in a model would stop it entirely.

Then with respect to any part you may require to solder, be careful always to make the brass or other metal you wish to unite quite hot. You will then get a good firm joint.

Do not just touch the metal with the soldering-iron and then take it away. You might certainly stick the parts together slightly in that way, but they would be sure to come apart the first time they received a blow or any pressure was put on them.

Soldering on the best work should be used very seldom, and all the fastening should be either done by riveting, screwing, or brazing; and I need hardly remark that no part of a boiler should be soldered which comes in direct contact with the flame of the lamp or furnace.

Brazing, with the exception of very small articles, is beyond the ordinary powers of an amateur.

Even to braze the seams of a model boiler requires a forge fire or very powerful gas-blast, which is too expensive for most boys to get; but small things, such as a broken slide, valve rod, etc., can be easily brazed by using a gas blowpipe, and as it will cost you very little to make and will prove a useful tool for sweating in solder as well as brazing, I will briefly explain.

Fig. 1 is a section of the blowpipe complete.

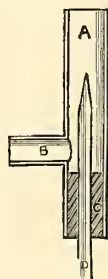


Fig. 1.

To make it, first get a small piece of brass tube (A) of about half an inch diameter and five inches long; drill a hole at two inches from one end, and insert a piece of gas tube (B) and solder it in place.

Then take a piece of glass tubing a quarter of an inch diameter and about seven inches long, hold one end in a gas flame, and when red-hot draw it out to a fine point, then file round and break off the tip, leaving a small hole.

Next squeeze a sound cork into the tube A as at C, and drill a quarter of an inch hole through its centre and insert the glass tube D, and the blowpipe is finished. To use it you connect the pipe B with a gas bracket by a rubber tube, and the glass tube D must be fastened to a pair of bellows by means of another piece of rubber tubing; the bellows should have an airbag attached to enable you to keep a constant pressure up and prevent having a jerky flame.

When requiring to braze any article, bind the parts together with some very fine brass wire and cover it up with a little powdered borax and water, then lay the article on a piece of charcoal, and if it is necessary to preserve the temper of the steel you are about brazing, cut a potato in half and push each end of the steel rod into the halves, which will prevent the temperature of the rod getting too high.

When you have it all nicely fixed, turn on the gas and light your blowpipe, immediately work the bellows with your foot, and by either pushing in the glass tube D, or drawing it slightly out, you can regulate the shape of the flame as required.

Then bring the flame to bear on the joint well supplied with the borax, and soon you will find the brass wire melt and run into the joint like water. It must then be neatly filed up and the join will be scarcely visible.

Having made this useful tool, I will mention a few others you should get before commencing work; they will not cost much.

A centre punch or pointed steel spike for marking metal for drilling, etc., and a small riveting hammer, three or four files of different degrees of fineness, a screw plate and taps, and also a small hand-drill with a set of drills to fit, will be most useful, and of course very little can be done without a good firm vice.

If you have a lathe, so much the better; it will enable you to save lots of odd coppers for turning various parts. Curves for bending metal on you can easily make from pieces of bar iron, holding them in the vice when working on them.

When you have your tools ready, the materials are required you intend working on, which will consist of several sheets of brass and copper, the castings and various sized screws and bolts; and having got these all together, we can set to work on our locomotive.

I think it would be better to first give you directions for making a simple one of about fifteen inches, and then to proceed to a more perfect model after.

(To be continued.)

PENCE PUZZLES.

No. I.

IN our last volume we showed how a card could be flipped away from under a penny in a somewhat unexpected manner, and we explained that the simple juggling trick afforded a capital example of the great principle of inertia.

Here we have another striking example of physics made pleasant. How can we

demonstrate the effect of inertia on this shilling'sworth of pence? We have the

and they must not be dropped from too great a height or they will jump and be



pence on the plate and we offer to deposit them on the table in the same order as they stand in the pile, and yet not touch them. How is it done? Simply by holding the plate some eighteen inches above the table, dropping the plate with the coins for some twelve inches, and then drawing it away from beneath them so that they fall flat. The pence must be held horizontally or they will fall on their edge and the pile be upset,

scattered. The secret of the trick is the slipping away of the plate about an inch above the table, and with a very little practice this can be done successfully. When the pile of pence can be dropped on the table without disturbance, the experiment should be tried with halfpence, which are much more difficult to deal with. Any coins, in fact, will do, but much of the success depends upon their weight and proportion.

the time of Columbus, and that documents relating to these discoveries are still preserved in the North. These are, it is true, only copies of earlier manuscripts, but they are themselves of the period between 1387 and 1395, already a hundred years before the time of Columbus, so that they could not have been 'got up' on information obtained through him. They are evidently only copies of more ancient documents. These two manuscripts, called respectively the 'Saga of Eirik the Red' and the 'Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefni,' have served as the basis of my story."

The following letter, addressed to us from the British Museum by Mr. Birch, whose high authority is widely recognised, will doubtless prove of much interest to at least our older and more educated readers:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"My friend, Professor J. F. Hodgetts, has asked me to say a few words about his work on the Scandinavian discoveries in America, which I am glad to find he is desirous of making familiar to the English public through the medium of your paper. As far as I am able to gather, the account of these discoveries is contained in Icelandic sagas; and as Mr. Hodgetts, from his known familiarity with the Scandinavian family of languages, is well able to consult them in the original tongue, and is happy in making such learning agreeable to English minds, I believe the work could not have been in better hands. His researches in the Museum, to which I know he is a constant visitor, have probably materially advanced the comprehensive knowledge of these subjects which he now possesses. Since Mr. Blackwell's work in 1847, consisting of a supplementary part of Bohn's edition of Mallet's 'Northern Antiquities,' in which the adventures of Leif, son of Eirik the Red, and of Thorfinn Karlsefni, are treated of, special study of this branch of literature seems to have lain dormant. Even Blackwell writes somewhat meagrely, and the superabundance of his controversial matter detracts in some degree from the interest of the narrative. Mr. Hodgetts does not, however, oppose the writer's relation of facts. Books of solid worth on the habits, manners and customs, and mythology of our forefathers should be many; but, strange to say, they are still few, hence it is fortunate to find a man thoroughly interested in his subject and quite at home in it, trying to bring the result of lengthy research to the capacity of the general mind. The MSS. relating to Eirik and Thorfinn, which have been published by the learned Danish philologist Rafn, were probably first committed to writing in the twelfth century. Rafn apparently uses a later than tenth century copy of the saga of the latter, and of the former a copy in the Codex Flateyensis, a collection of ancient sagas transcribed between the years 1387-1395. The sagas relating to America were first made use of by Torfæus for his 'Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ,' 1705, which contains an account of the discoveries made by the Norsemen in the Western world; and more or less ample information on the subject has been furnished by several eminent writers of the last century, but nevertheless the literary world seemed unwilling to admit the fact that a people supposed to have been outside the pale of European civilisation should have crossed the Atlantic and trodden the shores of the new continent long before its name came associated with the later discovery. It was with a view to remove any doubt on this point that Professor Rafn undertook the labour of publishing the original account of the voyages, and it is difficult to believe that any impartial reader of the documentary evidences contained in the 'Antiquitates Americane' will any longer hesitate to acknowledge the claims of the Scandinavians to priority of discovery.

"Yours, very truly,

"WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH."

"G. A. Hutchison, Esq."



Professor Hodgetts.



"EDRIC THE NORSEMAN."

IN regard to the stirring story of heroism and discovery, by Professor Hodgetts, which we commence this week on page 9, the author writes:—

"When a boy is asked, 'Who first discovered America?' he will (if he should happen to know) reply 'Christopher Columbus.' And if (which is very unlikely) the same boy should have a taste for more accurate knowledge, he may be induced to add, 'But he had only discovered some of the Ame-

rican islands before John Cabot, at the instance of our Henry VII., took command of an expedition and discovered the mainland, beginning his discoveries at Newfoundland—which he called *Prima Vista*, or first seen—and extending them as far as Virginia."

"We should be very glad to hear a boy come out with this information, as it would show that he liked and understood the subject upon which the extraordinary story we are about to relate hinges; but, while admitting the accuracy of the statements made by our young friend so far, we must inform him that America had been discovered by Scandinavians from Iceland at the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh centuries, five hundred years before

"HARRY TREVERTON."

This story of life in the colonies is one that should have peculiar interest for all our readers. It is not only of special attraction, considered merely as a story, but inasmuch as the materials of which it is so skilfully

constructed were supplied by actual fact, it will serve to explain to those innumerable correspondents who are continually writing to us for information as to life and work and prospects in the various colonies what are the qualifications most needed to ensure success in new countries. The author,

Lady Broome, made her mark in the literary world as Lady Barker; and latterly, as the wife of the Governor of Western Australia, she has had peculiar facilities for gathering the needful materials for such a realistic narrative as that which we commence in this week's number.

"ALEXAMENOS WORSHIPS HIS GOD."

BY THE REV. E. I. HARDY, M.A., *Chaplain to the Forces.*

IT is eight years since I visited Rome, but I vividly remember the impression made upon my mind by one of the many evidences that exist of the social persecution and irritating ridicule that had to be endured by the early Christians in that fearful and wonderful city.

Joining a party of sight-seeing innocents, into whose heads—or rather note-books—the eminent archaeologist, Mr. Shakespeare Wood, had undertaken to introduce a few of those antiquarian facts without which no tourist likes to leave Rome, we started to visit the Palace of the Cæsars. None of the Cæsars were at home—nor had been for several centuries. Accordingly Mr. Wood, mounting here and there the broken walls of frescoed dining-rooms and marble-fronted domestic chapels, preached to us antiquarian sermons from shapeless masses of concrete.

The series of edifices which constituted the Palace of the Cæsars once covered sixty-two and a half acres, or the entire of the Palatine hill. Augustus commenced the palace, which was altered and enlarged by most of his successors. What proofs of high civilisation and accompanying vice are to be seen in these palatial ruins! There is the corridor where Heliogabalus, maddened by excesses, used to walk about during sleepless nights, fancying himself pursued by the sea. Wearied of luxury—even of such refined extravagance as feeding his horse on golden oats—all he thinks of now is of the splendid tower he has designed in his palace, that, sick of himself through very selfishness, he may dash away his *blasé* existence by falling from the top of it. Human nature was in the time of the Roman emperors just what it is now. One man ridiculed the religion of another,

and the soldier who would have shrunk from no physical danger was tempted to become a moral coward. For look at that wall which once formed a portion of the guard-room of Roman soldiers. On it you may see rude scratchings made by imperial guardsmen and pages. They are eighteen centuries old, but as easily discernible as those on the walls of a guard-room in any existing barracks. The most celebrated one has been cut out and removed to the museum of the Roman College. It was a caricature of the crucifixion of a man with an ass's head, scratched apparently with a nail. Underneath is the inscription, in Greek, which was then very commonly spoken at Rome, *Ἀλεξάνδρεος σέβεται Θεόν* ("Alexamenos worships his God"). Alexamenos was a soldier who had been converted to Christ, and here is the evidence of how he was mocked by his fellow-soldiers for worshipping the Saviour who was crucified for him. Let us hope that Alexamenos, instead of being laughed out of his religion, after the manner of too many schoolboys and young soldiers of our day, considered the ridicule of foolish companions of no more importance than "the crackling of thorns under a pot."

But why, it may be asked, was there the head of an ass in the caricature? Because one of the calumnies invented to disparage the early Christians was that they worshipped an ass. Probably the heathen had got a hold of some scrap of Scripture which spoke of Jesus riding on an ass into Jerusalem, and this would by the trumpet-tongue of malicious gossip be made into the monstrous story that the despised Nazarene worshipped an ass. We know that even worse slander than this circulated among the Gentiles. It was said that the early Chris-

tians when they assembled together actually ate human flesh. Here again Satan, the accuser of the brethren, may have used Scripture, suggesting to Gentile calumniators as a slender basis for the terrible accusation such words as "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man," . . . "Jesus took bread, brake it, and said, 'Take, eat; this is my body,'" words which, being separated from their context, would be sure to be misunderstood, especially as there would be a desire to twist evil out of them. Have Christians never used Scripture to put a bad meaning on the opinions of their fellow-Christians who differed from them?

From these early calumnies we may see the evil of judging our opponents with insufficient evidence, and we can understand why St. Peter wrote as follows to those who were exposed to Gentile malice: "But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled: having a good conscience; that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evil doers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ. For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

That was good advice which a captain once gave a sailor-lad who had joined his ship: "Never let yourself be laughed out of your money or your religion." When young people are afraid of the "argument of a grin," and are in danger of being laughed out of their religion, let them think of Alexamenos, whom we like to remember as not fearing nor heeding the voices of his companions, but as fearing and heeding the voice of God only.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

PRACTICAL JOKING.

A LADY correspondent at Malacca, Straits Settlements, sends us the following true story of a practical joke:—"It seems a long time ago now since a party of us—all young people—were sitting around a cosy fire in the dining-room of the dear old home, telling ghost stories, and chatting about all the weird, uncanny things we could think of. I was not much troubled with nerves in those days, and when I saw the startled faces of some of the other girls a spirit of mischief took possession of me, and I began to think how I could play them a trick, and give them all a thorough good scare. Ah, I little thought how the tables would be turned upon me and the bitter bitten!"

"A short distance from the house stood the ruins of an old monastery, surrounded by gardens and fields. At various times skulls had been dug up in the latter, which were supposed to have been the burial-grounds of the monks. I suddenly remembered that one of these skulls—which was in an excellent state of preservation—had been given to my brother, who had it cleaned and put on a bracket; but my eldest sister, prophesying dire misfortune to the household as long as it remained there, it was banished to a lumber-room in an unused part of the house. Our house being too large for us, part of it had been partitioned off from the main building, and could now only be entered by a door

opening upon a small courtyard. I sat for some time concocting my mischievous plan, and then quietly left the room to fetch the skull. It was a brilliant moonlight night, cold, and rather frosty. As I did not wish to be seen leaving the house, I determined not to take a light, thinking the moonlight would answer my purpose. I got the key of the door, and throwing a white woollen 'cloud' over my head, hurried stealthily across the yard. Groping my way up the dark, dusty stairs, I at last reached the room where I knew the remnant of humanity had been placed. The moonlight shone brilliantly through the uncurtained window, making some parts of the room almost as light as day, but leaving dark, mysterious shadows in the corners. In one of these corners was a cupboard, where the skull had been put. I opened the door, but was obliged to feel about, it being too dark to see inside. It was not until I had groped about for some time, and had knocked down several articles, that I at length grasped the object of my search. I lifted it up, but at the same time a small stream of something cold poured over my hand and bare arm, causing a very unpleasant sensation, and I went into the moonlight to see what it was. A thrill of horror went through me as I saw my hand and arm stained with what appeared to be blood coming from the skull itself. All kinds of horrible, senseless, terrifying thoughts entered my mind, and old legends of victims whose dead wounds bled at the approach of their mur-

derers came back to my memory. A breath of cold, chill air from the open door unnerved me still more. Most people have experienced the disagreeable sensation which an unexpected cold draught will cause even in our bravest moments. I stood perfectly still, trying to summon up courage to dart down the dark stairs; but at this moment my heart almost ceased to beat, for suddenly I heard a wild unearthly shriek behind me; it thrilled through every nerve, almost paralysing me with terror, and it was with clenched hands and teeth that I turned to see from whence the dreadful cry had proceeded.

"The figure of a woman, which I immediately recognised as our housemaid, stood in the open doorway. She had a lamp in her hand, and was wildly staring at me with a look of extreme horror on her white face. I hurried thankfully towards her, but she threw her arms over her head, and, uttering shriek upon shriek, ran almost headlong down the stairs. At this I lost the last remnant of my self-control, and I dashed madly after her, the unfortunate skull, which I threw down in my flight, adding to my panic by tumbling, bump, bump, down the stairs after me. I scarcely know how I got into the house, but when I did so the poor girl was in violent hysterics, crying out that she had seen 'a ghost with its head in its hands.'

"It seems that, while standing at the kitchen door, she noticed my little dog (a great favourite of hers) enter the open door of the disused buildings, and, as

it refused to return at her call, she took a light to find the little animal and put it safely away for the night. Following the dog, she entered the room while I was standing in the moonlight looking at the skull. I wore a self-grey dress, which colour always looks indistinct and mysterious in the moonlight, and as my head was completely shrouded in the white woollen wrapper, no wonder the poor ignorant girl mistook me for a ghostly visitant—the skull in my hand adding to the weird effect.

"For several days the unfortunate girl suffered from the shock to her nerves, and never could be persuaded to cross the yard again at night. Next day I went to the room and examined the cupboard, to find out what was the meaning of the sanguinary-looking fluid. I found nothing but a bottle of red

ink, which I had overturned during my search in the dark.

"In conclusion, I must say that this little adventure completely cured me of indulging in that kind of practical joking, which is a most senseless and cruel form of mischief, and often leads to disastrous results.

"EILLEN."

[The writer of this narrative, in the course of her accompanying letter, remarks: "The volume of the B. O. P. I brought from England with me has been most highly appreciated by the Chinese and Malay boys—sons of Chinese and Malay princes—to whom I have lent it. I have now sent it to two young Malay rajas who were educated in this school, and they are delighted with it, and ask for other volumes."]

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER.



THE POULTRY RUN.—Those of our readers who wish to commence the breeding and rearing of poultry will first naturally ask themselves the much-asked question, "Do poultry pay?" We are sorry not to be able to give a more definite or encouraging reply than the following. Poultry farms have hitherto in this country proved a failure except in the hands of most careful breeders for stock and show purposes. Fowls in small quantities thrive and pay best where they have an unlimited run. They are very independent animals, and like to pick up their own living. Where, for example, you see a shoal of them about an inn-yard or farmstead, you may be sure there are cosy nests not far off, and plenty of eggs in them. On the contrary, if you pass fowl-runs closely confined, however pretty they may look, be sure they are more ornamental than anything else.

We do not discourage Our Boys, however, from trying their luck, only they must not be too ambitious.

There are many branches, too, in the Poultry Fancy: so one can pick and choose, keep birds for show, for flesh, for eggs, or for pleasure. Then some may be well situated for rearing turkeys, geese, or ducks, while others may go in heavily for bantams.

This month may especially be devoted by those already "in the swim" to preparing for show (shelter and feed well, separate, and take care of plumage), to general repairs and cleaning up, and thorough activity, getting ready for winter.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Boys in this department must be busy also. Next month winter weather may set in, or cold and damp, at all events. Be prepared, therefore. Thoroughly overhaul the loft in every direction—clean, scrape, scrub, wash, disinfect, and repair. By so doing you will make your birds both healthy and happy, disease will be prevented, and there will be fewer applicants for advice from our busy editor. (Such advice, we may remind our readers, cannot possibly reach them before six weeks, by which time the birds will be either dead or well.)

Perches should receive attention. This is a matter which is too little thought of, and the result is sore feet and cramp of limbs, perhaps extending even to the wings. We do well, therefore, to sound the note of alarm.

Do not forget lime-washing and disinfection. We often recommend Sanitas, but carbolic acid does well also in out-of-the-way corners. You may begin building a pigeon-loft or house this month. See some good one, and take notes. Only do not forget

that birds must have sunshine. Feed liberally, and put plenty of gravel down. The food may now be harder.

THE AVIARY.—Keep weeding. It is stupid to overstock and retain birds that have no good properties about them. Better by half give them away. Keep the cages very clean. Learn to attend to your birds every morning, immediately after or even before breakfast. Feed liberally, and, if you are giving cayenne, continue it. A nice amusement this month for idle hands is the manufacture of a bird-cage. We have in back numbers given a series of articles on this subject.

THE RABBITRY.—We may begin as in **THE AVIARY**, and say "keep weeding." But the rabbit-fancier has an advantage over the bird-man in this respect, because the former may make good market of his extra stock. Put these in pens by themselves, fatten, and sell or kill for the pot. Stewed rabbit is excellent eating. We trust you have laid in a large stock of bedding. If not, there is still time to gather it on sunny days. Be sure to stow it most carefully, so that it may neither get kicked about nor run among by fowls or mice. The bedding of rabbits is most essential to success.

Make repairs. Make new hutches. Beware of damp and bad smells, and take a sickly rabbit at once from among the flock. Remember the proverb about the sickly sheep.

THE KENNEL.—What you must beware of in this department is cold, which, especially if the dog be exposed to it while hungry, breeds inflammation. Look after the comfort of outdoor kennels particularly, therefore. It is a good time to make protection against winter snows; the dog's house may be so contrived as to baffle danger from any quarter. We are often applied to for a cure for mange. Now this may be caused by ill-health, when it is called eczema; or by a skin-burrowing insect, which causes the real mange. The safest and simplest plan in either case is to wash the dog well twice a week in the morning, using lukewarm water and carbolic soap, with a cold douch to follow, and, after he has been dried, to anoint with oil. Use plenty of this. Afterwards keep in a warm place. Feed extra well while the cure is going on.

THE BEE WORLD.—The chief work of the month is that of wintering. The most approved plan cannot be described in a brief paragraph. We refer you to our BEE series. Anyhow, you can contrive shelter, warmth, and protection from snow, and, we may add, errand mice.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Potato crops must now be all got up, also carrots, but parsnips like a touch of the frost. Plant cabbage and spring kale. Lay out new gardens, and keep the old ones everywhere tidy and free from weeds.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—The general work is that of planning and laying out beds and borders. Do this on paper first, but take a look at neatly-kept cottage gardens. Clear all borders of weeds, and rake and tidy in fine dry weather. Then about the middle of the month you may plant your spring flowers. You will thus be beforehand with the weather. Besides, they always do best planted early, because they have time to root and fairly establish themselves. On rainy days work in your tool-house at the manufacture of window-boxes. Take patterns from others you see in your walks, and, if you cannot afford Virginia cork, procure the bark of rough trees; it looks very nearly as well.

Correspondence.

* * * With this week's number of the B. O. P. a Coloured Plate, by W. WEEKES, R.I., is presented to every reader.

To Correspondents.

1. Answers cannot possibly appear under five or six weeks.

2. Answers are never sent by post, but only appear in this column, *pro bono publico*.

JERBOA.—1. To find the area of a mainsail, draw a line from the peak to the clew, dividing the trapezium into a couple of triangles. Then from the throat drop a perpendicular on to the line you have drawn. And from the opposite angle draw a perpendicular to the line. Measure the line and these perpendiculars, find the areas of the two triangles, and add them together. To find the area of a triangle you simply have to multiply the base by half the perpendicular height. 2. The mizen may be a lug, gaff, or leg-of-mutton; and the sheet is generally passed through a block or ring in the centre of the stern.

A LADY SUBSCRIBER.—The style in which we have seen it successful is that in which the letters are of luminous paint on a dark background, the other colours, oil or distemper, being used as ornamental only.

JOHN STUART.—1. See MacIse's picture in the Houses of Parliament of the Meeting of Wellington and Blücher, or get an Art Union engraving of it. 2. No. 3. We never issued such a prospectus, or promised any such plate. 4. There never was a 19th Lancers in the British Army.

C. RINK.—There is no such officer in the Navy. The duties are done by the sick-bay stewards, whose pay is two shillings and five pence a day, or sixpence a day on appointment.

F. J. P. JEFFREYS.—Gretna Green is a village in Dumfriesshire, just on the borders, to which people used to go to be married immediately under Scotch law, which made the tie binding if acknowledged before witnesses. In 1856 an Act of Parliament was passed making such marriages illegal unless one of the persons had been living in Scotland for three weeks. Since then no more has been heard of Gretna Green.

T. A. N.—We have done that at full length. See our articles in the third volume on "Fire Balloons, and How to Make Them."

L. (A Reader of the B. O. P.)—The crew of an Orient liner, or of any large passenger steamer, would be about the same as that of a P. and O. boat. On the Atlantic liners the number would perhaps be larger. All ships have their portraits taken, and a letter to the managing owners would ascertain for you to whom to apply for a copy.

A RUM 'UN.—1. Clean copper with soft soap and rotten stone. 2. In 1887 Spring commenced at ten o'clock on the night of the 20th of March. It is an astronomical fact and not a matter of opinion. Spring begins when the sun enters Aries, Summer begins when it enters Cancer, Autumn begins when it enters Libra, Winter begins when it enters Capricornus. When Spring and Autumn begin you get the Equinoxes, when Summer and Winter begin you get the Solstices. At the Solstices you get the longest day and the shortest day, at the Equinoxes day and night are equal.

CAPTAIN.—The regiment is the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, now stationed at Aldershot.

IGNORAMUS.—Read the "Dictionary of National Biography," now publishing by Smith, Elder, and Co., under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen. Read it volume by volume as it comes out. It will cover the whole ground for you. The most interesting of the text-books is "Shaw's English Literature" in Murray's Student's Manuals.

STAFF.—Schoolmasters are admitted to the Army by competitive examination. The subjects are English grammar, Scripture history, English history, geography, arithmetic to square root, and Euclid, books I. and II. Application must be made to the Director-General of Military Education.

A. F. G.—1. The British loss in the Crimea was 158 officers and 1,775 men killed in action, 51 officers and 1,870 men died of wounds, 2,873 men discharged as unfit from wounds and sickness, and 55 officers and 15,669 men died of disease and want of proper preparation, due to the popular policy of keeping down the estimates. Total, 22,451 men. The French lost 63,000 men; the Russians lost 500,000. 2. Do not know. No one knows. 3. Buy your varnish ready-made. 4. Try and improve on "Yours Respectively."

THE YOUNG PUBLICAN.—There is an "Educational Year Book," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., in which you will find a complete list.



COMPENSATION.

THERE is nothing without drawbacks; let's be thankful that it's true:
 There's no drawback you can mention but has compensations, too.
 If schooltime is not perfect bliss, 'tis not entirely bad;
 Some day, perhaps, you'll reckon it the pleasantest you've had.

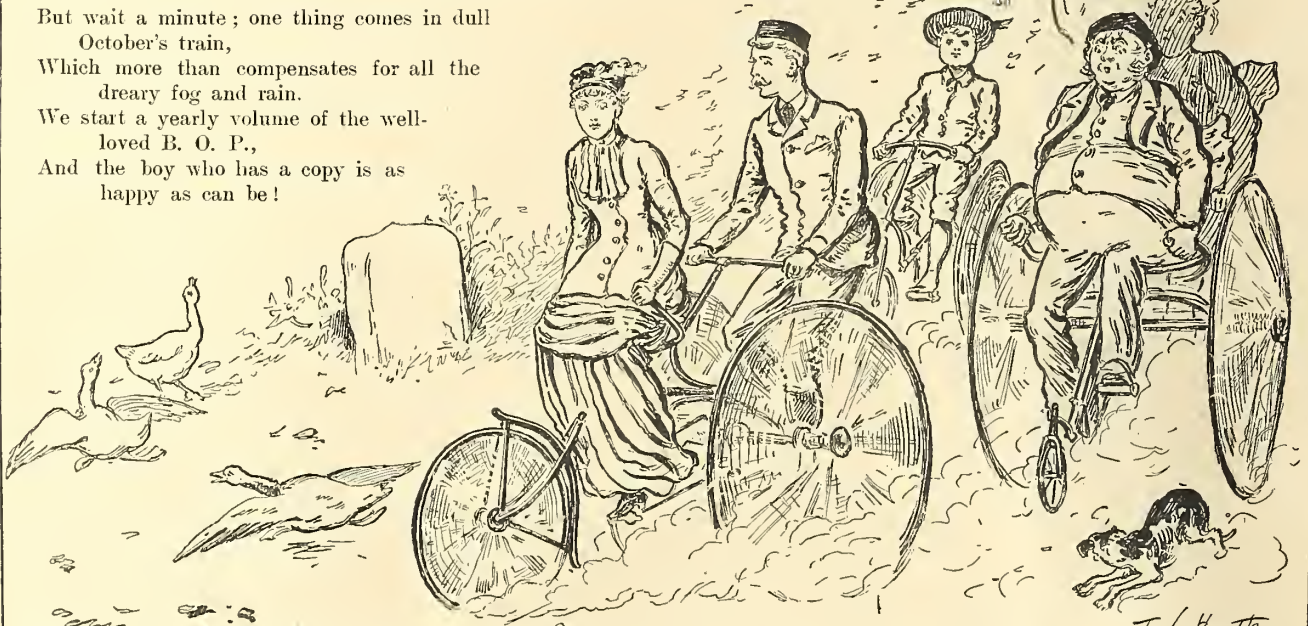
If the alphabet is hard and dry, there's pleasure in a book,
 A good old-fashioned story read beside a babbling brook:
 If you get a thorough swishing for not acting as you should,
 You are comforted by knowing that a caning does you good!

'Tis tough work getting prizes, but you gain yourself a name;
 You're badly stumped at cricket, but at least you've had your game.
 A bath is not too pleasant when thermometers are low,
 But there's the satisfaction of the jolly afterglow.

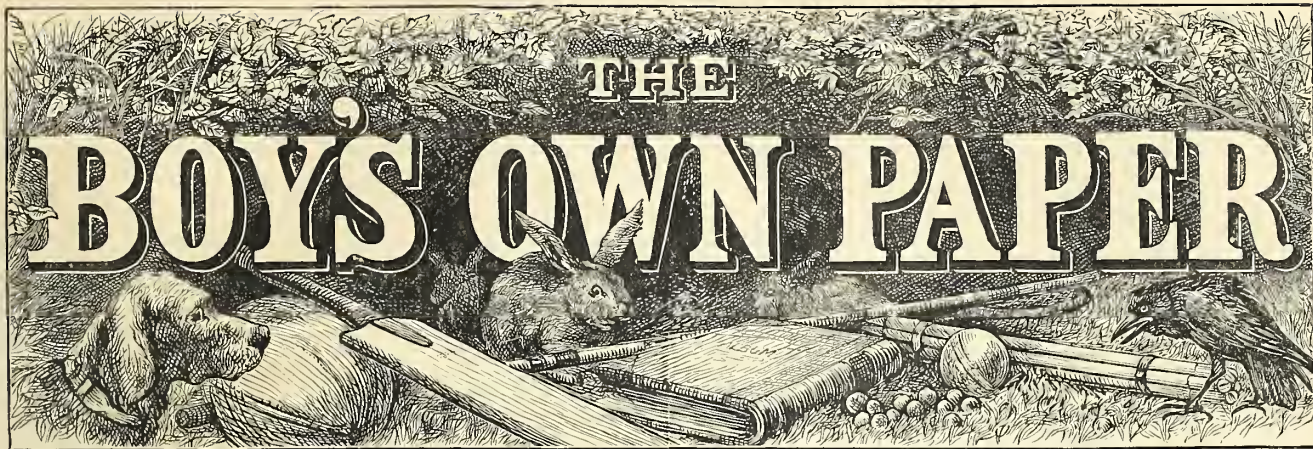
December is a trying month, the frost one's hands benumbs,
 But then it is the happy month when merry Christmas comes.
 Then August is a trying time, it really is too hot,
 But what a time for bathing in a cool secluded spot!

How can one, though, enjoy the month that we have just attained?
 October, chill and drear enough to make a saint cross-grained.
 Too cold for cricket, much too wet for sitting on the grass,
 What *can* a poor young fellow do to make the moments pass?

But wait a minute; one thing comes in dull
 October's train,
 Which more than compensates for all the
 dreary fog and rain.
 We start a yearly volume of the well-
 loved B. O. P.,
 And the boy who has a copy is as
 happy as can be!



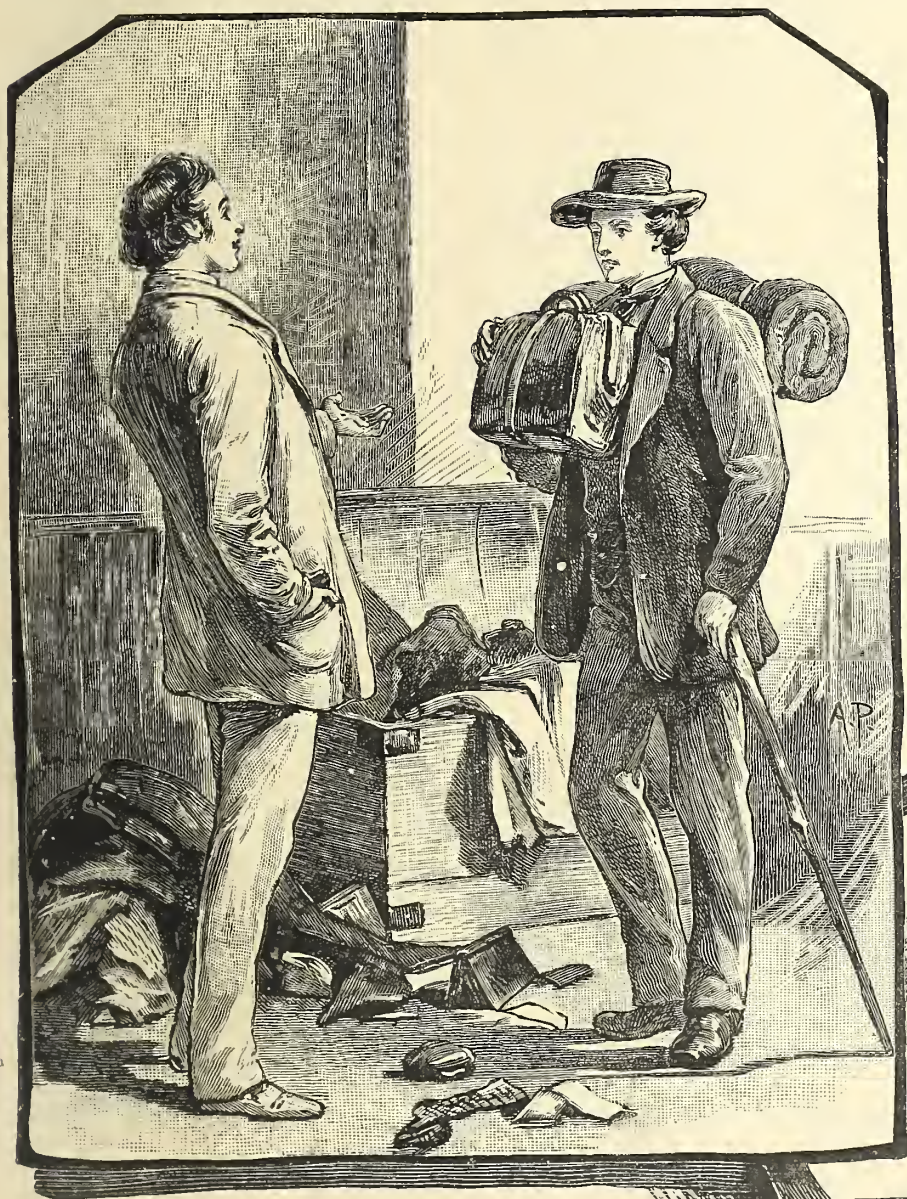
T. C. Heath



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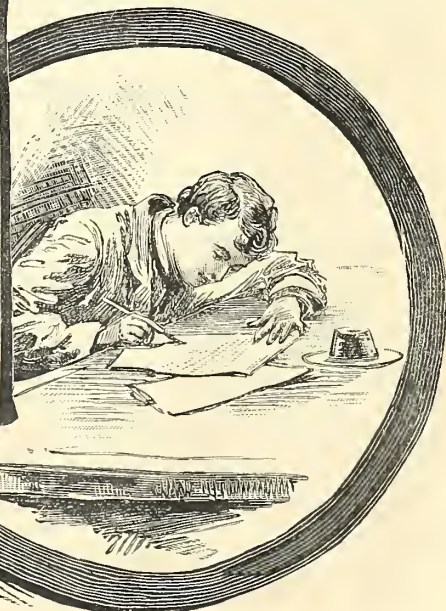
"An uncommonly neat 'swag.'"

HARRY TREVERTON: A STORY OF COLONIAL LIFE.

BY LADY BROOME.

CHAPTER III.—"OUT YOU GO!"

BEFORE going to his office next day Summers provided me with writing materials, and after he had left I sat down and wrote my father a long letter. This epistle was composed in a far different spirit and style from what it would have been twenty-four hours before. Of course I had to tell him of poor Mr. Remison's death, which I knew would be a shock to him, leaving me as it did absolutely friendless, with half the width of the globe between me and my home. But I wrote as hopefully and cheerfully as indeed I felt, dwelling on the kindness of my chance acquaintance, with whom I was then staying, and who had promised to help me to



find employment. I added, as all boys do, that I was in good health and spirits, and hoped soon to be able to tell him that I was earning a respectable living.

In spite of this occupation the day seemed a long one, for it was past four o'clock before I heard Summers's step outside, and his gay voice singing—

"Oh, never let your chances
Like sunbeams pass you by,
Or you'll never miss the water
Till the well runs dry."

"What do you think of that for a motto, old man?" he asked.

"Well," I answered, sagely, "it bears out what the skipper of our ship told me one evening—something about a settler in this very colony, I believe, who boasts of having landed with one penny only in his pocket, and has since become a rich squatter, all through watching and taking advantage of his chances."

"Oh, I know the old boy well!" Summers cried; "and by the same token, if you want a sample of real Australian hospitality, just ride up to his station some day. It does not matter a straw whether he knows you or not, the moment your foot is out of the stirrup your horse is led away and properly cared for, while you are cordially shaken by the hand, taken indoors, and treated like a prince. Nice house, comfortable rooms, plenty to eat and drink, and, above all, a genuine welcome. You are begged to tell any little news or gossip you may have heard, which you do as well as you can. Then when the ladies have gone on to bed the old man brings out some ancient-looking bottles, gets out his long clay pipe, and then starts off for an airing on his hobby-horse. You are shown the identical penny he brought to the colony, and are told about the first horse your host bought. Its price was ten shillings, and you learn how a saddle was made out of sheepskin and rope, how kangaroo was the only meat tasted from one year's end to the other, and how boiled wheat took the place of bread. It is all uncommonly interesting, but at last you begin to nod, and after more offers of hospitality (which you'll refuse if you are wise), you are shown into a splendid bedroom, where you sink into about three feet of down, and know nothing more till the sun is shining into your room, and the crowing of cocks and neighing of horses tells you your first night at Penny Place Farm is past and gone."

My boy readers may imagine how eagerly I drank in every word of this long but fascinating story, with eyes and ears equally on the alert. When it was ended I came back to real life with a sort of gasp, and just managed to ask, in order to show how practical I was, "And this man contrived to make his money just through sticking to work and making good bargains?"

"Yes, my boy, just through that; and, what's better, Old Pennypiece, as we call him, is by no means the only man who has made a comfortable home in this colony. Unfortunately there are some who act according to the saying, 'Make money, honestly if you can, but make it,' and are not particular how they carry out the command. I or

instance, I know one man who lives about a couple of hundred miles from here, on a line of road to the back country, and who has made quite a little pile of money by buying lean horses and fattening them up for the market."

"What!" I exclaimed, in horror; "you don't mean to say people eat horseflesh in Australia?"

Summers burst out laughing.

"No they don't, you greenhorn, unless they are precious hard up, and then they eat horses, saddles and bridles, and all they can get! As a rule Australians have plenty of beef and mutton, but the man I'm talking about found customers in the travellers who reached his station with knocked-up animals. His game was to sell one of his own horses for about twenty pounds and allow the traveller something like fifty shillings for his poor tired beast, which would immediately be turned into a good paddock, and in three months it would be rolling fat, and as fresh as paint. If ever you meet him he'll be sure to tell you his favourite yarn, and it'll be something like this."

Here Summers stuck a hat on one side of his head, put his thumbs in the arms of his waistcoat, and made himself in a moment, by a subtle change of voice and manner, into a capital imitation of an old farmer of the rough-and-ready type, and began thus:

"Yes, there's a bit o' money to be made in 'orseflesh, if you only knows how to set about it. One day a reg'lar new chum rides up to my station and says, says he, 'My 'orse is clean knocked up, and got a sore back besides. Can you sell me a hanimal?' 'In course I can.' So I sells him one for twenty pound, allowin' him five pound for his screw, and that was doin' the thing real 'ansom, I can tell you! Well, my hold 'orseman rides away, and in about three months' time back he comes with the same hanimal as I'd sold him. Poor beast, you wouldn't ha' known it; scarcely a leg to stand on, and a staring coat over ribs stickin' up like the timbers of a broken-up boat! In course he's wishful to buy another 'orse, and axes me, quite mournful-like, if I'd anything at a reasonable figger as 'un suit him. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'here be an extraordinary valuable hanimal, but I'm afeard the price 'll be summat 'igh for you.' 'Trot him out,' says he, 'and let's have a look at him.' So I had the saddle put on the 'orse, and he just looked splendid. 'Yes,' says the new chum, 'he's a very good stamp of a horse, that,' and he feels his legs, looks into his mouth; in fact, takes stock of him all over. 'Yes, I think he'll do. What's your figure?'

"'Well, sir,' says I, 'the price o' that there 'orse is thirty pound.'"

"'Come, come,' says he, 'you're laying it on rather thick, aren't you?'

"'Take the 'orse back to the stable, Jim,' says I; 'come in and 'ave a bit of dinner, sir.'"

"'Oh,' he says, 'business first and pleasure afterwards. Hold on a bit with that horse, my man.' Well, to make a long story short, he takes the horse at my price, and I don't doubt but that, by the time he got to his journey's end, he'd find out that he and

that hanimal was quite old friends; for you see, sir, it wor the verry same 'orse as I'd give him five pounds for three months previous, only he couldn't see through his fat. Bless your 'art, you can always sell a bad 'orse with lots of fat on him to a new chum, when he'd turn up his nose at a real good hanimal as was low in condition."

"Well, there's one comfort," I remarked, "that class of gentlemen won't be likely to make much out of *me*."

"That's all very well," Summers answered; "but I take it you would be more comfortable if your pockets were somewhat better lined than they are just at present, hey? What's the sum total, old man?"

"Take fifteen shillings paid to old Pewters from five pounds, and four pound five remain."

"Good boy! go up top. Now, what do you propose to do?"

"Hire a horse, and go to the city in search of a billet," I replied.

"That means throwing away ten shillings at the livery stables, and another ten at the hotels. No, we can save that pound, and I will give you my experience for nothing, which will pay much better. A pound saved is a pound gained. There now, we are making money already, hey?" And Summers had to pause and chuckle at his own wit before he could go on soberly, in true Mentor fashion.

"Now we will presume that you have ridden your fifteen miles, and that the ostler at the Royal Arms has taken your animal to the stables, and that you've refreshed yourself with a glass of beer and a biscuit. You then start for a tour round the Government offices, beginning, naturally, with the most important, and you send in your card to the Under-Secretary. After a few minutes' delay you are shown into a plain but comfortable and workman-like room. Very civil gentleman; he rises, bows, shakes hands, offers you a chair. 'Lately arrived, Mr. Treverton, I presume? Splendid climate, good opportunities for investment, beautiful country lately discovered, hope you intend to remain in the colony,' and so forth. At last he pulls up; then *you* make a little speech (which, however, he has heard before) about unfortunate and unforeseen circumstances having placed you in rather an awkward position, and you add that you have called to ascertain if there be any probability of obtaining a clerkship in the Government service.

"The friendly gentleman at once turns into the stern official, touches a hand-bell, and in walks a smart young man, weighing, as you find out afterwards, about seven stone nothing, and drawing seventy pounds a year salary."

"'Mr. Jones,' says the stern official, 'hand me down the candidates' book, please.' This is done in solemn silence, and it is politely opened by the smart clerk before handing it to his superior, who turns over the leaves rapidly, saying, 'Humph! humph!' to himself, and finally shuts it up with a bang."

"'Sorry to say, Mr. Tarrington (Treverton, you suggest)—Mr. Treverton, I mean—that I cannot hold out the slightest prospect of being able to give you any employment in the public ser-

vice for some years to come ; however, I shall be happy to take your name and address, if you wish me to do so.

"You remark that you fear such an entry in his book would, under the circumstances, be useless to you, and then you rise and bow with what civility you can muster up. 'Good morning, sir; good morning, sir.' And *out you go*. As you ramble along the street your eye falls on a brass plate with 'Perks and Perks, Solicitors' on it. Happy thought; try Perks. Ring at the bell. 'Is Mr. Perks in?' 'Yes, sir, but he's engaged just now; take a seat, please.' So you sit down and watch the clerks as they scribble away, wondering, perhaps, whether you'll ever be able to scribble at that rate. Presently a youth comes out of an inner room and shows you back into it. An old gentleman looks over his spectacles at you, says 'Good morning,' and points to a chair. You introduce yourself as Mr. Treverton, a friend of the late Mr. Remison's. 'Oh, indeed,' says Perks; 'any relation, hey?' 'No, but a friend of my father's; and his death has placed me in rather an awkward position, you see. In fact, Mr. Perks, I have called to ask if you can give me employment as a copying clerk, or something of that kind.

"Old Perks stares at you as though you had asked for his daughter, with ten thousand pounds as her marriage portion.

"'Copying clerk, hey!' he exclaims at last. 'No, indeed, sir; my copying clerks are all article'd, and have to pay me. I don't pay them! Sorry I'm not able to oblige you. Good morning.'

"'Good morning, sir.' And *out you go* again.

I could not help laughing at the vision of old Perks and his imaginary wrath, and Summers was obliged to pause, and let me have my laugh out; indeed, he so far descended from his dignity as a narrator to join in it; but as he clearly regarded this mirth as mere waste of time, he soon recovered his gravity, and set off again, to describe yet another stage of my imaginary quest to my dismayed ears.

"Perhaps your next move may be to try Draper and Treddle, the great merchants. By this time you are growing desperate, so you cast all shyness or modesty aside, walk boldly into the counting-house, as if the whole place belonged to you, and ask to see Mr. Draper. The clerk stares, and at once recognises you as a very new chum indeed by that same question. However, he looks quite grave, and tells you, in a sort of solemn whisper, that no one ever *can* see Mr. Draper, for he lives at his country house, and comes but rarely into the office; however, he adds that it is just within the bounds of possibility that you may be allowed to speak to the manager. In a sort of 'Lead on, Macbeth' frame of mind you follow him into a room where sits an uncommonly stout and florid gentleman, whose well-cut clothes and massive watch-chain point him out to you as your next victim. With as much courage as is left to you by this time you walk boldly up to him and ask permission to speak to him. He, too, stares at you, but only bows, without helping you by a word.

"'May I inquire, sir, if there is any possibility of obtaining employment in your house?'

"'As what?' he asks, abruptly.

"'Oh, I am not at all particular,' you say. 'I would take anything that would suit me.'

"'Well, now,' growls the stout gentleman, 'that is really very kind of you, young sir. May I ask what line of business you've been in?'

"You tell him that you have never been in business in your life, but would be willing and glad to learn. At this artless remark the big man laughs unpleasantly, and tells you shortly and gruffly that he has no vacancies for pupils, but when he has he'll let you know. And with another bow, *out you go* again.

"By this time you begin to feel rather small, and to imagine that the people in this part of the world must be very ungracious and unfeeling, but you go on doggedly trying at every door and at last get to the factories, determined to take a 'hand's' place if 'better may not be.' But it is always the same story—'No place for an ignorant beginner,' and ill-luck seems to follow you, go where you will. Want of experience or of any special knowledge, and lack of business qualifications, are thrown in your teeth; and *out you go*, again and again. You return to the hotel, have some dinner, and order your horse to be saddled with the air of a man worth five thousand a year and ride home. So here we are, with all the experience, minus the pains and cost of obtaining it!" And Summers leaned back in his chair, fairly out of breath, what between his eloquence and his haste to get his story through. In spite of my having had a fit of laughter in the middle, 'there is no doubt I felt *impressed* and *depressed* at such a prospect, yet I plucked up heart enough to say, deprecatingly, "But, my dear Summers, surely things can't be so bad as that! Haven't you put it all a little worse than you need?"

"No, I haven't, my dear boy; not a bit of it, for I've been through the mill myself. It's true I did not come out ground quite to powder, but I felt uncommon flat, not to say crushed; and it's just to save you from that same process that I've painted matters in their true colours to you."

"Delightful colours, I must say!" I remarked, rather bitterly. "Where I am to go or what to do I know not."

"I do, though!" cried Summers, cheerfully; "you'll go up country into the bush, and when you get there you'll have to go to work—'take off your coat to it,' in fact. It may come rather hard to you at first, but it will do you good and make a man of you. But you must be tired of my long yarns, so I'm not going to begin another at this time of night. We'll just go to bed now, and to-morrow we'll take steps to put you in the way of making a respectable living and becoming a good colonist. So keep up your spirits, hope for the best, and—good night!"

"Good night, old man, and God bless you!" I said, huskily: "you are the only friend I have within fourteen thousand miles."

We took up our candles and went

into the next room, and ten minutes afterwards were both sound asleep.

CHAPTER IV.—MAKING UP THE SWAG.

"WHAT were you dreaming about last night, Harry?" asked Summers, next morning. "Do you know you were moaning and sobbing a good deal in the middle of the night? I suppose you were not awake, were you?"

"No, but I had some very unpleasant dreams: in one of them I seemed to be back in my old home, and suddenly the dear old pater came into my room, and looking at me very solemnly, said, 'Out you go, Harry; out you go.' I could not find a word to say to him, and something seemed to push me out of the room. You can't think how wretched I felt and the tears came into my eyes at the recollection of home unkindness (so different from the dear reality), even though it was only in a dream."

"Dreams are all bosh!" cried Summers, gaily; "and besides, they always 'go by contraries,' don't they say? Come, we must put all that rubbish on one side, and be up and doing. Now, Harry, my firm belief is that there's no place where you will be so likely to do well as in the bush. It doesn't matter a pin what employment you take up there. You may drive a bullock-team, mind sheep, hunt stock, or do a hundred other things without lowering yourself in your own estimation, or in that of other people. Whereas, if once you turn billiard-marker (I could not help smiling at this suggestion, for in those days I hardly knew one end of a cue from the other), ostler, or barman anywhere in a town, you are done for."

"What nonsense you talk, Summers. Do you really think I would take such billets as those?" I asked, getting up on my high horse for a minute's ride.

"But I assure you, my boy, it is *not* nonsense. You don't know anything about being stranded in a colony, or you would believe me more easily when I assure you I've known men of uncommon good family, men of education and culture, gentlemen in every sense of the word, who have been glad to sell oranges in the streets, or to black boots at one of these little hotels, or chop wood at a private house, to earn a shilling for their day's food. I don't mean to say that drink or dissipation has not had something to do with it; still, the fact remains. However, we need not expect anything of that sort in your case. At the same time you'll look the situation straight in the face if you're the boy I take you for, and you'll just put your pride in your pocket, take off your swell clothes, and dress as a bushman; in other words, as a labourer. You'll have to do your travelling on foot, for the simple reason that there are neither railroads nor stage-coaches in the country, and you have not money enough to buy a saddle and bridle, much less a horse."

"Well, I'm game to do all that," I said, rather liking the prospect of starting off on foot to seek my fortune. "What next?"

"You will have to carry a blanket at one end of a strap, and a change of

linen neatly done up into a bundle at the other. These things will balance each other when slung over your shoulder, and make what we call a 'swag.' Are you game for that part of the performance?"

"Yes, I am," I answered, stoutly.

"Well done, old man! I'm glad to see you have plenty of pluck in you. I have not minced matters, and I suspect you are the right sort, and determined to make the best of whatever turns up. Now, I'll tell you what I propose you should do. A friend of mine will, I think, give you a letter of introduction to a settler named Fielder, who has a large farm about sixty miles up country. You will walk that distance, and present your letter: the result will be, I trust, that you will be admitted into the family circle, and in due time become such a useful young man that Mr. Fielder may possibly give you twenty shillings a month as wages. It doesn't sound much, does it? But still, it's a great deal better than nothing. When you have learned to be a good bush-rider, and can milk your twenty cows before breakfast, and shear some sixty sheep a day, your pay may perhaps be raised to three pounds a month. If you turn out a very smart lad indeed, it is quite within the bounds of possibility you may even get to be overseer, and draw as much as a hundred pounds a year. What do you think of the plan? Have you courage to try it, and patience and pluck to carry it out?"

"Well, I can but do my best; any way I may safely promise that I will try and show you I am not unworthy of all the kindness and friendship you are showing me," for I was but young, and as full of genuine gratitude as of hope and faith in myself.

Summers looked pleased, but only said, "That's a very neat speech, and does equal credit to your head and heart, as the reporters say. But, as a matter of fact, the kindness, up to date, has only consisted of giving you a

small quantity of food and a great quantity of good advice. As regards the friendship, old man, I hope this is only the beginning of it. Now we had better put sentiment on one side and proceed to business. Turn out your box, and let us see if we can find any suitable clothes for your journey."

I jumped up with alacrity, and in a few minutes the floor was strewn with all sorts of clothes, the greater portion of which Summers threw on one side with very little ceremony. At last he selected some which appeared to be what he had been looking for.

"Moleskin trousers, right; billy-cock hat, right again; coloured cotton shirts, very useful; strong boots, and not too new either. Capital. What lots of socks and handkerchiefs! Well, I suppose you had better take a few of each, but we must not give you too much to carry; now we only want a blue serge shirt—a 'jumper' they call it here—which I can spare you, and a blanket."

"Here is a good rug at the bottom of the box, if that will do?"

"The very identical thing; and now let us make up the swag, and then you will see, or rather feel, what you have to carry."

In a few minutes the rug was neatly rolled up, the linen packed in a little valise of Summers's, with some straps to make all secure. I seized the bundle and flung it over my shoulder, anxious to know what a "swag" felt like.

"Now that is what I call an uncommonly neat swag," said Summers, walking round me to obtain a full view. "Does it seem pretty well balanced?"

"Yes, I should say it balances very well, and it's not so heavy after all."

"Oh, it will be quite heavy enough by the time you have carried it twenty miles."

"Now we must have two small bags for tea and sugar, and a larger one for damper; matches you can carry in your pouch, and be careful not to run short of them. We must not forget a tin pannikin, which you will carry on

your belt. You will soon find out that a good fire and a pannikin of tea—hot, strong, and sweet—are absolute necessities when one has to pass a night in the bush. And now, old man," said Summers, looking round the room, every table and chair of which was strewn with "properties," "I really think you are about fixed up."

I thought so too, bearing in mind I had to be my own pack-horse. It is true there were many little articles among the rejected heaps which I felt loth to part with, for boys have more sentiment at the bottom of their hearts than they allow others to perceive. My eyes fell on one or two things which I specially remembered had been made for me by loving and far-away hands, and it was almost like saying good-bye again to home, to leave those keepsakes behind me. But I would not for worlds have let even the good-natured Summers know the feelings which were tugging at my heartstrings, and it was with a fine air of indifference that I agreed with him that we had selected all necessities. It was further settled that my box of clothes should be left in Summers's charge; and now I was actually ready to start on my adventures, feeling delightfully like a boy in a book—in real bush costume, and in the lightest possible marching order.

I cannot say that the prospect of tramping alone, and through unknown country, as an Australian swagsman, was altogether inviting; still there was a tinge of romance about it, and as I had no alternative I wisely determined to pluck up courage, put my pride in my pocket (as Summers had suggested), and battle through all difficulties and trials as well as I was able. These resolutions were much strengthened as I reflected on the pleasure it would afford my dear parents if they could hear that I was working my way, patiently and creditably, towards success and independence in this far-distant Australian land.

(To be continued.)

EMILY:

A STORY OF PUBLIC-SCHOOL LIFE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "Bobby Bounce," "A Strange Trip Abroad," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

BEING backwards in English, of course, and not very well on in other matters, as judged by our standard, Emily had been put into a form of boys considerably younger than himself. By the iron rule of our system, the same boys did all their lessons together, the dunce in Greek being perhaps a dab at mathematics, though neither allowed to get ahead or astern of his fellows: the master's duty was to whip the whole pack up as closely together as possible, till the end of each half, when the cards got somewhat shuffled again. Now, by this absurd arrangement, Emily was put to learn French, a recent and unpopular innovation among us, with boys who were just beginning the grammar; nor could any precedent be found for excusing him from those

elementary exercises, which in his case were of course a useless farce. To us, however, his participation in our French lessons was of some consequence, for we got him to help us, an articulate manual, grammar, vocabulary, and crib all in one, always ready to lend good-natured assistance in making more or less plain the mysteries of his mother tongue.

Nearly always, I should have said. It happened one day that Emily passed a paper down the form, asking if any one could tell him the meaning of *spike*, for it was the English rather than the French that he still boggled at now and then. We straightway, being in the humour, laid ourselves out to exercise our juvenile waggery. One wrote, "A great wild beast;" another,

"A kind of plum-cake with sugar at the top;" a third, "Something to sit down on;" and thus almost everybody added his little joke, as the paper was handed along from desk to desk, and finally returned to the inquiring with such a bewildering choice of explanations.

Finding us so ready to make fun of him in his need, Emily had the idea of leaving us in the lurch to see how we liked it. To save ourselves trouble, those of us who sat near him were in the way of copying his French exercises, which naturally came to him a task

"No more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

It was the form-master who took our

French, such as it was, the regular Monsieur of the school confining his gifts to the upper boys; and we suspected that our Oxford M.A., not being A 1 in modern languages, made d'Hersencac do the exercise for his own sake, that he might have a model to correct ours by, so we saw no harm in following such an example. To-day our Gallic schoolfellow was good enough to pass his version down the form, and we hastily scribbled off ours after him, the more cautious putting in an ultroneous mistake here and there on purpose, just to make it look credibly their own work. But oh, what a trick that sly Emile had played on us for this once only, making a woful hash of his native speech, and rendering the elegant sentences of the exercise-book after some such fashion as this:

1. I have written two letters.

Moi a credité deux billes.

2. The gardener's daughter has no pens, but she has some ink.

La jardinière's filly as nones pennes, mais el avec quelque enke.

3. Have you seen the father of my cousin? (m.)

Avez vu vous de la pater 'du mes cousinière? etc., etc., etc.

Most of us were in a hurry over the job too long delayed, and had no more the leisure than the ability to criticise. Then presently it was d'Hersencac's duty, as head of his form in this subject, to collect our productions and lay them on the master's desk, which he did without the least twinkle of mischief apparent on that handsome aristocratic countenance of his.

We thought no more about it, till that same afternoon we had the shock of being summoned, the form *en masse*, to repair in hot haste to the presence of our master. We were not long left in doubt as to what was the matter. He had been looking over the French exercises, found them almost all the same repetition of amazing blunders, saw at once how they came to be so, and under the circumstances had no more difficulty about fixing on the bell-wether that had led us all astray than a conjuror has in picking out the right card from the pack.

"Parcel of lazy blockheads! Do you think you could deceive me by such a clumsy trick?" he stormed at us. "D'Hersencac, no more of this kind of fun, if you please; but I will forgive your part in the business for having opened my eyes to the dishonesty of your companions. The rest of you will stay in, and not stir till you have written the exercise three times over, and a caning for every boy who makes more than three mistakes; that will teach you to copy another time!"

Chapfallen, we were preparing to sit down to the doleful task, all in our football flannels as we stood, when Emily burst forward to intercede for us, striking quite an imposing attitude as he excitedly exclaimed,

"May I have the speech? Sir, the fault was mine, and on to me let fall the chastisement! I myself present as responsible! I shall be caned!" he cried in theatrical tones, as who should say, "Lead me to the block, but pardon my misguided followers!"

In spite of our abashment, we could not help bursting into laughter, and the master laughed too, and the whole affair exhaled in that laugh; so the end of it was that we were all let off with a caution "not to do such a thing again."

Since no harm had come of it, we could afford to be tickled by Emily's trick, and we warmly praised the generosity which had got us out of that scrape as much as the wit that had got us into it. A joke at any one's expense but one's own is the height of schoolboyish idea of the ludicrous. D'Hersencac himself seemed rather hurt than

otherwise that he was not found worthy to suffer under the cane, so far had his notions changed in the last few weeks! Soon afterwards he had his wish. It fell to his lot to get a "tanning" from one of the prefects, which he bore with exemplary good-humour, seeming to take this smart, as it were, for the true public schoolboy's initiation, while now for the first time we looked on him as thoroughly one of us.

By next term he had grown to be quite at home; and, but for his accent, soon could not be told from the real British article. He practised our games with the most laudable industry, and came even to excel in them, while he developed admirable accomplishments of his own. When summer gave the opportunity we found that nobody of his standing in the school could touch him at swimming and diving, as he had already proved the master of most of us in fencing, leaping, and other sports of the less violent order. It seems that such pastimes are not unknown to French schoolboys, though they be so heathenishly ignorant of football and cricket. Well! every nation has its defects. Even the English may not be perfect in all points. So much, as reasonable boys, we admitted to Emily's credit; and there could hardly have been a more suitable missionary to enlighten us to international understanding.

In time d'Hersencac became so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of our ancient foundation that he surpassed in loyalty even those to the manner born. He strove to be more English than ourselves. He had imbibed among us a solemn zeal for the customs of our school, jealously guarding its traditions and cultivating its *esprit de corps*, the highest virtues in our eyes. He threw himself into cricket as into football with a sense almost of pious duty. He defended thrashing, both by precept and example, though it was long before he himself could in the course of things get the length of thrashing others, or even of not being thrashed. I dare say he would have shed his last drop of blood had it been proposed to deprive us of the rod, that time-honoured palladium of our turbulent liberties, and to substitute any galling system of usherish inspection. He spoke of *La boxe Anglaise* with enthusiasm, and promised himself one day to regenerate his native land by introducing it as a holiday exercise among the benighted sons of Gaul. He even learned our trick of grumbling about our food, and, though not in the least greedy, spent a great deal of money at the tuck shop, chiefly in treating others, from a nascent sense of truly English hospitality. By this time, you may be sure, his nickname of Emily was no longer given him in derision, but in affection.

One incident added not a little to his popularity. If you pay a visit to the quaint little town known to fame mainly as the site of our school, you will not be long in staring to meet a number of youths who wear swallow-tail coats in broad daylight, and tall black hats, and, at certain hours, white neckties, so that at first you might be inclined to take them for waiters out of place, or vergers' apprentices. But these are the upper boys of the college, if you please, all bound by law and custom to wear this somewhat inconvenient and ridiculous costume, which yet we would not for the world have exchanged against vulgar tweeds, any more than a true Bluecoat boy would cast his gorgeous skin and go into common nineteenth-century jackets and trousers. Instead of the coat, lower school boys wore a round black jacket, minus the tails; and, however big or bearded a laggard dunce might grow, he durst not assume that *toga virilis*, till he had duly worked his way into the fifth form.

Now, d'Hersencac, as I have told you,

stood low in the school for his age; and his pale lip already displayed an elegant little moustache, when he must yet go about in the uniform short jacket. His case seeming an exceptional one, the seniors of the school graciously intimated to him their special licence to assume *honorary* tails while still in the shell—a favour never extended, before or since, to any mother's son. But could Emile d'Hersencac avail himself of such an outrage on the unwritten code of our society? Never! He modestly thanked those friendly patrons, but magnanimously assured them that it would be his pride to go tailless till that coveted appendage had been gained by merit, not by favour, as a young knight of old sought to win his spurs before he wore them. We all vowed that this high-minded Frenchman was worthy to have drawn his first breath in the fogs of Old England.

But before he got into the fifth form and had the right to strut forth a mandarin or a mannikin of two tails, our friend's connection with the school came to an abrupt end, through no fault of his own. I forget if I have told you that his father, the Duke d'Auray, was a political exile. When he had lived for two or three years in England, and become as popular in more fashionable society as his son was with us, a revolution, or a *coup d'état*, or an amnesty, or something of that kind, came round in France, as such changes do come every now and then to that weathercock country; and the d'Hersencac family could return to their native soil. Then were we a little disgusted to learn that Emily's affection for English school life had been after all but skin deep, and that he as well as we felt how there was no place like home. Strange too! when we consider that over the Channel they have no House of Lords, no plum-pudding, and, I understand, no athletics to speak of.

D'Hersencac left us with universal regrets and good wishes, he all the better perhaps, certainly the healthier, for having rubbed against our rough ways, and we none the worse for having had, through such a good window, a glimpse into the Continental world, which is not all frogs and frippery, as we are fondly apt to believe, but has virtues of its own, wherefrom even we might take a hint and mend our manners in some points. I fancy that for Emily's sake we were not again so ready to condemn a new boy unheard, or to prove ourselves rude bores in making his life a burden to him, because he happened to be no Englishman. And this I am sure of, that if all French boys were frank, good-natured fellows like Emile d'Hersencac, the more we saw of them, the better we would learn to shake off our insular stiffness; and the more they saw of us, there would be the greater chance of both peoples living in a true *entente cordiale*.

We all do well to be proud of our country, and England is indeed a country to be proud of; but there is a foolish as well as a wise patriotism, which does itself no credit by shutting its eyes to the merits of others. Such self-satisfied patriots are not the most likely to maintain the true glory of their fatherland. I have heard that the most fervid jingoes among our fellow-subjects are the negroes of Sierra Leone. There is a story of one of those black Britons that he had a difference with the French vice-consul, who, in fact, kicked him out of the house and locked the door in his face, whereupon the darkey relieved his feelings by bawling through the keyhole, "Ya! ya! We beat you at Waterloo, anyhow!" Very different was the spirit of the Highland veteran in another story, who had fought at Waterloo, but would not wear his tartans before a French lady, for fear of discourteously arousing

unpleasant memories! There was a time, I confess, when I for one, knew no better than to bounce and brag and bully a

foreigner when I got the chance, by way of upholding the character of my own nation. But with time, let us hope one gets more

sense, or it would be a bad business both for Englishmen and Frenchmen.
(THE END.)

BUBBLE BLOWING.

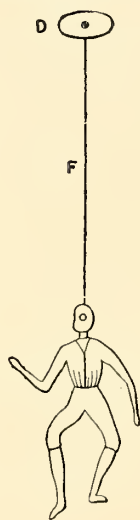


WE are all of us familiar with the ordinary bubble, and we have probably all had a try with a long clay pipe and a basin of suds, and succeeded more or less, principally less, in setting four inch balloons afloat over some quiet neighbourhood. It is possible that a few of us have filled such soap balloons with hydrogen, and by applying a light to them have caused an explosion in mid air. But how many of us have tried to attach a car to our bubbles?

This can be done easily after a little practice, and the sketches herewith make clear how to set about it. Get an ounce of glass tube from the nearest druggist, and cut out of thin paper whatever your fancy leads you to fix to the balloon. As something out of the ordinary lines, we give the exact size of an aeronaut we recently dispatched on a cruise. D is a small disc of paper—proper size; F is a fine thread—proper length; below it is the paper figure, cut out of the orange wrapper of one of our monthly parts, and it is traced from the figure we used.

To make the experiment a success it is as well to remember the conditions. The bubble rises because the air it contains is lighter than that which surrounds it; it floats when the air is of the same temperature, it falls when the air within is colder

than the air without. The air in the bubble



comes hot from the lungs, and the greater the difference in heat between that air and

the air you breathe the higher will the bubble go. In short, to have bubbles in perfection you should blow them in an ice room! As it is not every one that can obtain the use of a meat storage safe for bubble blowing, let us make our first experiment in a cool room. Begin with working up a good stiff lather; and the better the soap the better the suds for our purposes. Use your tube as you would your pipe, and blow downwards into the basin steadily and strongly. Take a good breath of air to begin with, and hold it for a second or two. Keep the point of the tube downwards until you have fixed on the disc in the way shown in the sketch. No gum or stickiness is required, all you have to do is to let the dry disc drop lightly on the wall of the balloon; the moisture will keep it in its place provided the knot of the cotton is small enough. If you pass the cotton through with a needle and have the same sort of single knot as if sewing, the disc will answer all your requirements.

As soon as the disc is firmly fixed, turn the tube gently upwards, and away will go the bubble, aeronaut and all. It will not cross the Atlantic, but it will at least reach the ceiling, and if on a cold day you try it out of doors you may get it to travel unchecked for several hundred yards.

FOOTNOTES ON FOOTBALL.

By A REFEREE.

PART II.

THE NEW LAWS.

THIS brings us naturally to the consideration of the present laws, on which a few comments may not be unwelcome. The first law defining the size of the ground has lately had added to it the clause defining

the size of the ball. The length of the ground can vary from one hundred to two hundred yards, and the width can range from fifty to a hundred. But the desirable size is that fixed for the Cup Competition, which is to be "as nearly as possible" one hundred and twenty yards by eighty.

The second law gives the winners of the toss the option of kick-off or choice of goals, the game to be commenced by a place-kick from the centre of the ground in the direction of the opposite goal-line. It is important to notice this statement as to direction, for by it the dodgy plan of

back-kicking sometimes attempted is rendered illegal. The same law contains the clause forbidding the opposite side to approach within ten yards of the ball until it is kicked, thus effectually putting a stop to the sharp practice of rushing in and baulking the kicker-off. And according to the third law the kick-off at half time, or after a goal is got, must take place under the same conditions, a practice upon which umpires in school matches seem loath to insist.

The fourth law enacts that a goal is not won until the ball has passed between the goal-posts under the bar, without having been thrown, knocked, or carried by any one of the attacking side. The word "passed" shows that the whole ball must have gone clean through, and that a semi-eclipse does not count. The same reasoning applies to the touch-line, the ball being in play until it is entirely over the line; and hence, if it rebounds from posts or bar, it has not gone out of play. By the fifth law the ball when it gets in to touch has to be thrown in from the point on the boundary where it left the ground, and the thrower must hold the ball above his head and throw it in with both hands. He can throw it in in any direction, but the important point is that he cannot himself play the ball, after he has thrown it, until it has been first played by another player.

The sixth is the offside law, on which there are so many disputes. We may as well give it in full. "When a player kicks the ball, or throws it in from touch, any one of the same side who, at such moment of kicking or throwing, is nearer to the opponent's goal-line, is out of play, and may not touch the ball himself, or in any way whatever prevent any other player from doing so until the ball has been played, unless there are at such moment of kicking or throwing at least three of his opponents nearer their own goal-line, but no player is out of play in the case of a corner-kick, or when the ball is kicked from the goal-line, or when it has been last played by an opponent." This reads clearly enough, but it is astonishing how difficult it seems to be understood in the heat of play. From it it is evident that a player cannot be offside if he is behind the ball; and that he is always offside if he is in front of the ball with less than three of his opponents between him and their goal-line. Like the man in the ballad, "he must ever bear in mind the presence of the dauntless three." If the ball is played by one of his opponents, or by one of his own side nearer their goal than himself, he cannot possibly be offside. In all these considerations of offside, it should be remembered that the position is taken as at the moment of kicking, and that any decision must be made as if the field had remained motionless as the ball was kicked, which is a point of great interest, for it is astonishing how a field can alter in two seconds, particularly if the teams be quick movers.

The seventh law can be put much more tersely than it is. If you kick the ball behind your own goal-line your opponent kicks it in from within a yard of the nearest corner-post. If your opponent kicks the ball behind your goal-line you kick it in from within six yards of your nearest goal-post. And in either case the kicker-off must have a clear six yards ring round him. The eighth law gives the goal-keeper the right to use his hands for knocking or throwing, but not for carrying, which is inadmissible in the Association game; but it must be clearly understood that the goal-keeper's privilege as to using hands ceases during such time as he may have run out into his opponent's half of the ground. There are some goal-keepers so exuberantly energetic in "backing up," that

they think nothing of leaving the goal to take care of itself. Of course, in a proper match such distant expeditions would be greeted with derision; but as players will sometimes do such things it is as well that the hands privilege should be stopped "over the border." The second part of the law forbidding a player to take the goal during the absence of its proper keeper is of course also directed against the abuse of the hands privilege. The ninth law is often half forgotten in the desire to show off. It is remembered that a goal cannot be scored from a free kick, but it is not remembered that the free-kicker cannot get the goal with a second kick until another player has had a turn at the ball.

The tenth law, against rough play, is a very important one, and were it to be followed to the spirit as well as the letter, we should hear less of the lamentable accidents of which so much is made by the people whose knowledge of football is fifty years behind the age. "Neither tripping, hacking, nor jumping at a player shall be allowed, and no player shall use his hands to hold or push his adversary, or charge him from behind."

Association football, played according to rule, is not a rough game, and opportunities for roughness are only given by the laxity of umpires. If umpires were to do their duty the rough customers would be put out of play at the first infringement. The difficulty, however, is that in boy matches and practice matches the umpire has no support from authority, and hence has to stand the chance of having to fight the player he has disqualified! The masters of all schools should interest themselves in their boys' sports as well as in their studies, and insist on games being always played according to the rules. If at football they were always to afford the umpires the support that umpires get from the Association in cup matches, there would be no more abuse of Law x. in our schools, and the style then checked would not afterwards develop in adult teams.

On Law XI., regarding the nails allowable in boots, Rule 26 of the Challenge Cup Code already quoted is the best comment. So-and-so's "Special Kickers, especially for Football Players," gave players wearing them such an unfair advantage that it was time to put them down, although heavy boots were only of use in a rough game, where brute force and not skill was in request. Law XII. gives a free kick from the spot of dispute in cases of infringement of V., VI., VIII., IX., or X.; and Law XIII. enacts that the ball shall continue in play until a decision be given. The object of this rule was to stop appeals made in the moment of danger. If the ball were not to continue in play, the side about to lose would only have to appeal on some imaginary point to stave off the crisis, and this is a system of small sharpness it was not desirable to encourage. At the same time the law throws a great responsibility on the umpires, whose decisions ought to be given with lightning quickness. The ordinary plan is for each umpire to have a walking-stick and the referee to have a whistle. When an umpire allows an appeal he holds up his stick, and the referee shows that he agrees with him by whistling. By this system of signalling appeals are settled unmistakably at once, the referee, if he approves of the decision, taking care to blow his whistle immediately the stick is raised, without waiting for the other umpire.

No game should be played without umpires. Law XIV. says that the clubs shall be entitled to appoint an umpire, and by mutual arrangement may choose a referee, but it would be better to read it as though both clauses were compulsory. Amongst boys it is not always easy to get compe-

tent players to stand out for the purpose of keeping discipline, although every player is better for the opportunity thus given him of studying the niceties of the game. So this umpire clause has often to be disregarded. It is well, however, to keep it to whenever possible. Law XIV. also gives the referee his power to decide between the umpires, and XV. gives him power to stop the game if it is interfered with by the spectators. This law has proved very useful in the north, where the excitement of the onlookers is often beyond all reasonable bounds, and where the position of an umpire or referee is not always hankered after. And under any circumstances, with or without partisan spectators, the position requires great care and watchfulness to fill properly. It is the referee's duty to see that all free kicks, kicks-off from goal, and corner kicks are properly treated; and on such points he has not to wait for an appeal. But in the case of a throw-in from touch he must wait till he is asked before he gives his decision, and the asking must come from the players and not the spectators. The duty of the umpires is to keep their mouths shut until they are spoken to, and by neither words nor gestures encourage the side for which they act—a remark that savours of rudeness, it may be thought, but a noteworthy one, for it is wonderful how often umpires forget that they are not expected to be benevolent neutrals in the American sense. Another thing they are apt to forget is that they must give a decision quickly, and that the side appealed against should always have the benefit of the doubt. The necessity of deciding thus forced upon them is really very excellent training, and an attempt at improving should be made by all; but let it not be supposed that all will equally succeed.

In concluding these few comments on the laws it may not be out of place to call attention to one great difference between the Rugby and Association games. In Rugby if the ball touches an umpire or referee it is dead, and a scrumming has to be formed round the spot; but in Association the ball touching an umpire or referee is as alive as ever, just as much so as if it had merely touched the ground. It is as well, however, not to take pot shots at an unpopular umpire, as was certainly done on one occasion lately by a team that had better remain nameless. In short, "discipline should be maintained," and respect should be given "to all who are put in authority over us," in the football field as elsewhere; and if they are not worthy of respect let them be changed in an orderly manner!

(To be concluded.)



EDRIC THE NORSEMAN:

A TALE OF ADVENTURE AND DISCOVERY.

By J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Professor and Crown Examiner at Moscow, Author of "Harold the Boy-Earl," "Ivan Dobroff," "Kormack the Viking," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.—THE TROLL.



"Don't touch it, Leif, it's poison."

IN a distant portion of the island, much nearer to the terrible volcano called Mount Hecla than the pleasant home we have endeavoured to depict, there was another dwelling, as different as well can be imagined from the open-handed, albeit somewhat barbaric, hospitality of the Greendale mansion.

The home to which we introduce the

reader now was built of fragments of the wrecks of merchant ships, with which the coast was strewn, and blocks of lava rudely squared, and of unequal size, piled up to form a house.

And a strange house it was! The outer walls of lava and ships' timbers enclosed a hall a hundred feet in length and sixty wide. This was divided into

four large rooms by bulkheads or partitions made of wood. The outer walls were very thick and rough, but they were hidden from the sight within by ancient hangings brought from Norway sixty years ago; they had been ancient then.

There were two tables in the larger room with curious settles, and three-legged stools, and benches near the walls on which were strewn the skins of bears and seals. There was a fire in the centre of the room, the smoke from which, escaping through a hole in the roof (for windows there were none), blackened the rafters on its way.

Upon a bench, well piled with sealskins, bearskins, cushions made of eider-down, and other things contrived for warmth, there sat a strange, unearthly-looking woman, evidently of great age; upon a settle sat another woman much younger than the first, while a third, still younger—a girl of twenty summers at the most—was busily engaged in trimming an oil lamp which hung suspended from the blackened roof.

"I tell thee what, Freydisa," said the older woman, "thou art in the wrong of it. It is a silly fad. Here with my mother thou canst make more money as a witch than any merchant with his years of toil. I tell thee it is an idle whim worthy a silly child."

"I care not for more money, Refna. Thou hast told me I am rich, and if I were as poor as any householder thrall I have a soul above the petty bargains that we drive with poor deluded sailors."

"Take care, Freydisa!" said the ancient crone. "Wake not my wrath too much! Thy mother never dared dispute my will as thou art doing."

"Thou art my mother's mother, and as such I treat thee. I treat my mother with respect and duty, and thou must have a double share of each. But there is yet a future, and in

that future I foresee greatness and power."

"What power can be greater than the might which we possess, Freydisa?" asked the mother. "All men honour us and pay us for our words—"

"Ay, mother, but they shun us too. I would be sought for by all ranks of men—not shunned. I would rule over

them and force their tribute as a queen rather than be a hireling witch, gaining my wealth by working on the superstitious fears of those beneath me—those whom I despise.”

The girl became so heated in her excitement, and in the rapid way in which she spoke, that she was unconscious of the sound of horses' hoofs approaching. The mother of Freydisa was the first to hear the din. She held her hand up warningly. The girl ceased speaking and went on with her employment, and soon the lamp burnt brightly, aiding the flickering fire to make the weird appliances of that strange chamber still more weird and strange.

The noise grew louder, till at last the door was reached. There was a pause, a rustle, and a clatter as of men dismounting. The arras just behind the older woman's head was drawn aside, and a queer, elfish-looking girl peeped through and said a word or two in the old woman's ear, and vanished, replacing carefully the arras as she went.

Scarcely had she disappeared when three tall men in riding-dresses, but without their armour, and only furnished with the sword and ordinary spear or javelin, stalked fiercely in.

“How now!” exclaimed the oldest of the women. “What seeks Yarl Thassi of the seeress Unna?”

“Spá-kunna or troll, whichever name may suit thee, I want advice and help.”

“I know—against Leif Erikson!”

“How didst thou know that secret?” cried the warrior who had entered first.

“If I knew less than that men would not ask my aid.”

“Thy knowledge is renowned over the island; but great as that may be, thy malice is still greater, and I would ask thy trollship for the means, at any price, to injure Leif. I care not now to fall upon him because, as thou must know full well, he has arrived with many armed men at Greendale, on the way to visit Eirik Thorwaldson, his father, in his banishment.”

“Thou seekest, then, a spell from me to ruin him without much risk to thee?”

“Thou knowest all my thoughts! How much a troll is better than a vala! A spell I seek, and poison!”

The trolls were witches of the worst repute, to whom all kinds of evil were attributed. They were malicious, in the popular belief, whereas the vala was a being of a higher sort than average mortality. She was half-prophetess, half-priestess, who was supposed to stand in close communion with the gods themselves.

“Sit down, Yarl Thassi; bid thy friends sit down. Taste our poor fare and drain some horns of wine, for Unna has some left for such distinguished guests. I will consider how I may assist thee. Ho, Aska! Horns, I say, and bear's flesh smoked, and anything we have to tempt these gentlemen.”

The climate of the North is apt to give men vast appetites; drink was indulged in, too, at this strange period of history to such an extent as nowadays is never heard of even in the lowest ranks of society. So the three Iceland gentlemen attacked the viands which the “troll-kunna,” or witch-wife, set before them with hearty goodwill, while Aska, the elfish-looking hand-

maid, assisted by Freydisa and her mother, plied them with wine until they noticed not what they or Unna did.

In the first place the horses were well cared for and taken to the stables built behind the house. Then Unna said to Freydisa, “Now take money, take skins and furs, and ride to Greendale with thy mother and four men, seek Leif and Sigvald, warn them of the malice of this fool, whom I shall deliver into their hands through thee. For I will give them a charm, but written in such runes as Sigvald himself can read, and they will tell him what a rogue this Thassi is. Thou wilt have great reward if thou discover to the brothers the plot these rascals make.”

Then the clever girl, with her mother and her men, rode off secretly with those things which Unna bade them take, besides many other matters which belonged to Freydisa, for she was very rich, and took with her a good store of silver rings and plenty of blue cloth.*

And they rode very fast, the farmers and landowners giving them change of horses at their need, so that they came to Greendale in two days in safety, where Sigvald's wife, Thorfrida, welcomed Freydisa and her mother as friends, although, in sooth, she knew but little of them.

But she was glad to hear from them how Thassi's plans had been unfolded to the ancient troll, who had thus promptly taken measures to defeat them, for the runes upon the beachen staff, which then was still in use in Iceland for secret messages, informed her that the object of the visit she would shortly have from Thassi was neither more nor less than the murder of her husband's brother on some absurd pretence.

Yet the good wife Thorfrida, knowing how ready Norsemen were to fly to arms, thought it better not to tell her husband nor his brother of these disgraceful plots. But time was passing, and the intended murderers might be any day expected. So she sent a maiden of her train to seek for little Edric, who gladly came to know his mother's will.

“Now, Edric,” said Thorfrida, “I must have thy aid.”

“Of course, dear mother, when thou wilt. Gladden my heart with thy commands and thou wilt find me ready.”

So she explained her trouble, and her fear of causing Sigvald to challenge this would-be murderer to a duel, which, as Thassi was a noted duellist, she could not think of for a moment.

Said Edric, “Leave it all to me, for though I am a little boy, I warrant me I am a better fellow of my inches than Thassi is with all his brag!”

Now there was one amongst the followers of Leif to whom the boy had become singularly attached. He was a gentleman of Norway, who had come with Leif to please King Olof Trygvason. His name was Thorward, and Edric, going from his mother's presence, went straight into the hall, where Thorward sat with one of his Norwegian comrades.

“Hast thou a mind to do me a great kindness?”

* Blue cloth was used as current coin in Iceland at the commencement of the eleventh century.

“Truly have I, my boy; what dost thou lack?”

“When thou art free I'll tell thee; but it is a secret.”

The man with whom this friend of Edric's was conversing, laughingly arose, saying, “I will not mar thy conference. I have, besides, a hawk to fly, that I have long neglected. So Thorward, have it out with little Edric—and should it be a challenge, I'm thy second man.” So saying he strode off.

“Thou little malapert! This is scant courtesy! If Hano were not such a trusty friend, he might have broke thy mischief-loving pate. Now say thy say.”

Edric told him how Freydisa had ridden full a hundred miles to warn Thorfrida about the wretched plot to murder Leif; how poison would be mingled with his drink, and how the murderer had purchased charms to cause great woe and sickness to Yarl Leif; how that the girl Freydisa, hating all such ways, being a Christian “in a kind of way,” had ridden all the way to Greendale, night and day, to try to save the Yarl.

“It is a *nothing* (scoundrelly) deed to poison men while drinking,” observed the sage Norwegian, “for the mind is less upon its guard against the enemy to good when 'tis obscured by wine, and should we die under such influence, I know not truly, but I think it must be doubly dangerous; therefore the murderer who poisons men in wine kills both the soul and body. It is a *nothing* trick. As to the charm, that is all nonsense, and hurts none but him who uses it. But poisoned wine!”

“And wilt thou help to save Yarl Leif?”

“Assuredly I will—firstly, because it is a Christian duty; and, secondly, because he is my friend.”

“What shall we do? I think it would be well for me to watch him, and when I see him put some powder or whatever it may be into Leif's horn or his own, I'll tell thee straight, and thou shalt seize the horn and make him drink the mead.”

“Agreed, and if the charm be found upon him, *that* will condemn him by the Iceland law, which, I am told, forbids such practices on pain of death; so that, supposing he should have an antidote against the poison, we have him by the law. For such a *nothing* hanging is too good.”

“That was a noble ride for such a girl!”

“Yes, boy, it was; she must be good and true to do a deed like that. I honour her!”

Two days elapsed after this conversation when Thassi, with three friends and six retainers, arrived at Greendale. Edric when he saw him called his boyish friends together, and bade them watch this man; but he forbore to tell them why.

The meeting between Leif and Thassi was at first as cold and haughty as could be, but Thassi seemed to thaw under the genial influence of the place, and on the third day after his arrival contrived to sit next Leif upon the dais, and when the horns went round he brought from underneath his tunic a lovely drinking horn, with rings of

silver very richly chased, and set with gems; one of these rings had two projections answering as feet, which with the thin and curved extremity formed a convenient tripod. He held this horn as the attendant maidens passed with vessels full of foaming mead, and begged it might be filled in honour of a toast he meant to give.

Sigvald looked curiously at the splendid horn. Thorfrida turned quite pale from sheer excitement. Freydisa fixed the speaker with her large dark eyes, but neither spoke nor moved.

Then Thassi rose.

"I am a son of Odin, champions, but I have accepted kindness from my Christian hosts, because I fain would see their social life before becoming outwardly a Christian, which I now hope to do. But as I know that when one joins the church all hatreds must be left outside, all quarrels reconciled, I now confess that I have felt a feeling of strong enmity to Leif. I ask his leave to end it, and beg him here before you all to take this horn, a humble gift, in proof of reconciliation, and drink it to my love. Let us be friends."

Saying these words he presented the cup to Leif, who, giving his in return, was about to raise the splendid vessel to his lips, when Edric, starting from his place far down below, at what was called the lower table, rushed forwards to the dais, sprang to the side of Leif, crying, "Don't touch it, Leif, it's poison."

Thorward, a stately, sturdy warrior, was not so lithe of limb as little Edric, but he was at his post, and seized the would-be murderer in his iron grasp, and, spite of all his efforts, held him while he cried amidst the tumult that arose around:—

"I seize this nothing as a subject for the law. Under the guise of friendship, falsely assumed in guile, and in the still worse treachery of his pretended Christianity, this wretch has sought to take the life of Sigvald's brother by a deadly poison. See the white slime remaining in the horn, a proof of what I say! The felon is too base to meet my sword. Away with him to justice. Yet one moment more! Had he been thwarted in this base

design in such a manner as to have another chance, he has provided for it by a charm!"

The noise here grew to such a pitch that he was forced to pause, and Sigvald rose, commanding silence with his strong sonorous tones that made the timbers tremble.

"Seize his friends!" cried Sigvald; "poisoners and cowards have no mercy shown them here. Seize them and bind them, and be quiet. I fain would hear what Thorward has to say. He charges Thassi with the use of charms; if one be found on him he must be bound in chains and tried before the public Ting just like a common thief. Search him!"

The coward's struggles were of no avail. Thorward brought forth a little pouch from underneath his tunic, and this contained a vellum packet, folded up and bound with silk, and fastened with a seal.

Thorward then called upon the steward of the house to cut the silk and read what was inside.

The steward willingly obeyed. He cut the silken cord, opened the parchment folds, and read as follows:—

"Abracadabra. By the virtue of this spell all men shall know that Thassi Hangurson is nothing, base, and foul. He asked this spell to ruin Leif, the son of Eirik, called the Red, which Leif may God preserve."

A roar of laughter, such as only Scandinavian lungs could have produced, followed the reading of this strange and most unflattering document. The culprit was led off to some strong place, where he should be forthcoming upon the judgment day.

When he was gone, Sigvald exclaimed, "Friends, we must not forget to utter thanks for Leif's escape. Next I am glad to speak of Edric in a strain of praise. He has, I think, deserved it, and I mean to give him leave to ask me something here before you all, and I will grant it if 'tis possible and good for him to have. What is thy wish, son Edric? Name thy reward!"

"I want to go to sea with Leif and visit Eirik Thorwardson the Red. Please may I go, father?"

Sigvald was very proud of Edric, and saw with secret satisfaction the progress

that he made in knowledge and in skill of various kinds, and this request was so much to his taste that he exclaimed, in joy, "My son, 'tis very good. If Leif will have thee thou shalt go. Now Thorward, tell us what are we to do for thee?"

"Yarl Sigvald, I am but a blunt, straightforward man, and no great speaker. I have been delighted with the conduct of the lady who is called Freydisa; she has travelled night and day to save thy brother's life. It was a noble deed, for though a life is bound to end, it is not good to end by poison! No, let us fall upon the field or wave, facing the foe in battle as our fathers fell before us. I feel this lady's goodness to my friend so much that, if thou wilt permit, as she is now thy guest and in thy charge, I herewith seek her hand in marriage."

This offer was applauded loudly by the guests, and Sigvald, turning to Freydisa, said, "We owe thee more than all, dear lady. Without thy promptitude and ready kindness my brother had been made to die a coward's death. We all must thank thee heartily, but Thorward puts it in my power to offer thee the noblest prize a woman can attain—a thorough, honest, brave, and gentle husband. Take him, Freydisa, if thy mother will allow."

So sudden and so public a proposal would have taken many modern girls aback, but there was that in Freydisa that made her equal to almost any emergency, as we shall hear anon. She rose, and, bowing to the whole assembly, said: "Too great an honour has been done me. The brave Yarl Thorward is known throughout the North, and, as I see my mother's silence gives consent, I cannot dare to set up any plea against what the Yarl Sigvald and yourselves deem right and fitting."

A perfect tempest of applause followed this reply. The ladies then withdrew, and eagerly the warriors began to canvas Thassi's crime. It was so much against their mode of thought and action that there was not one speaker in his favour. The night closed in, and found them still discussing this grave and dark offence.

(To be continued.)

A NARROW ESCAPE.

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF A CHOUAN CHIEF.

ADAPTED FROM BALZAC.

BY PHILIP KENT, B.A., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

IT is a well-known historical fact that, shortly after the celebrated 18th Brumaire, there was a general rising of the French Royalists, in Brittany and La Vendée, and that Napoleon, then First Consul of the "Republic One and Indivisible," while entering into negotiations with the rebel chiefs, simultaneously adopted the most vigorous military measures for their defeat. Meanwhile, in his eagerness to suppress this formidable rebellion and to establish order throughout the length and breadth of France, he set in motion all the

Machiavelian machinery of his vast police-establishment—then under the superintendence of the notorious Fouché.

At this exciting epoch, a youthful scion of the illustrious ducal house of Maillé was sent, by the Chouan chiefs, from Brittany to Saumur, for the purpose of establishing communications between certain inhabitants of that town and its environs and the ring-leaders of the Royalist insurrection. But the Paris police, having got scent of his projected journey, forthwith dispatched some of its agents to Saumur, with instructions

to seize the aristocratic envoy on his arrival in that town. Accordingly, directly the Royalist emissary stepped out of the boat which had conveyed him, disguised as a bargemaster, from Nantes to Saumur—which is situated on the banks of the majestic Loire—he found himself in the clutches of Fouché's myrmidons. Being, however, a thorough man of action—no mere carpet-knight—he had carefully calculated all the risks attending his perilous enterprise, and duly provided himself with a passport and other credentials, so indis-

putably regular and formal that his captors entertained strong misgivings that they had got hold of the wrong man. The Chevalier de Beauvoir—for such was the envoy's real name and title—had studied his part to perfection. He boldly referred his captors to the family of which his passport stated him to be a member, made a flourish of his pretended domicile, and altogether confronted his examiners with such confident assurance, that, but for their boundless belief in the infallibility of Fouché and his spies, they would immediately have let the young man go scot free—though it must be confessed that to these algazals the arrest of an innocent person seemed a far smaller evil than the possible escape of one whose capture the authorities so ardently desired. In fact, in those palmy days of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," the agents of the "Grande Nation" paid but little regard to the legality of their proceedings.

Accordingly, the Chevalier de Beauvoir was hauled away to prison, there to abide the decision of the authorities as to his future fate. That was not long in suspense. Two or three days after his arrest, Fouché's agents at Saumur received orders that, notwithstanding all his pleas and protestations, the prisoner should be detained in close confinement. Shortly afterwards, in obedience to further orders from headquarters, he was transferred from his gaol at Saumur to the Château de l'Escarpe—the mere name of which suffices to indicate the character of its site—the crest of a towering rock flanked by frightful precipices. To these natural fortifications, more formidable than any that the art of man could construct, the art of man has nevertheless added a broad, deep moat, only to be crossed by means of a drawbridge, which leads to the portcullis-guarded gateway of this almost impregnable stronghold.

Monsieur Legrand, the governor of this state prison, far from feeling annoyed at having the chevalier entrusted to his charge, hailed his arrival as a perfect blessing, and heartily congratulated himself on the prospect of holding prolonged and intimate intercourse with a man of birth and breeding; the guillotine, and the dread of being guillotined, had rendered such men rare in that rough, revolutionary age. Most of those "aristocrats" who had not perished on the scaffold had joined in the general exodus known to history as the "Emigration," and were exiles from the land of their birth.

Monsieur Legrand carried his complaisance so far as at once to suggest that the chevalier should remain at the château on parole, and promised to do his best to render the sojourn of his involuntary guest at that gloomy abode as tolerable as possible. The prisoner, on his part, was naturally charmed to find that he had been committed to the care of so urbane and courteous a custodian.

Now the Chevalier de Beauvoir was, no doubt, an upright and honourable gentleman. But, unfortunately for the continuance of the good understanding between him and his gaoler, in addition to his excellent moral qualities, Nature had endowed him with a countenance every line of which bespoke intelligence, bravery, and resolution, with a voice alike sweet and sonorous, and a frame that would have done no discredit to Hercules himself, and was at the same time as graceful as Apollo's. Legrand, on the other hand, was a plain, blunt soldier, of feeble intellect, and decidedly deficient in military dash. As a Corsican, moreover, and an ungainly son of Mars, "somewhat declined into the vale of years," he was inordinately jealous of the pretty and engaging young wife who shared and helped to brighten his monotonous existence at the Château de l'Escarpe. At first, however, all went well. The governor installed the chevalier in the most comfortable quarters

the castle afforded, entertained him at his own table, and, during the first two months of his imprisonment, saw no reason to regret the chance which had brought him beneath its roof. But at the end of that period, either with or without sufficient cause, "the green-eyed monster" took possession of his soul. Hence he straightway withdrew all the indulgences which he had originally extended to his prisoner, clapped him, fettered and manacled like a vulgar criminal, into the dungeon-keep, and fed him on bread and water. His cell was situated at the very top of the keep, immediately below the battlements. Its roof was of the hardest stone, its walls were desperately thick, and it was lighted only by a narrow aperture, which looked straight down upon the jagged rocks below. Means of escape, then, there were none. Nothing short of a miracle could effect his deliverance from that gloomy dungeon. Once satisfied of this melancholy fact, he sank into one of those lethargic reveries which are at once the despair and the consolation of persons in his pitiable plight. He began to devote his attention to those mere trifles which are wont to assume such profound importance in the eyes of the solitary captive—set himself to count the days and hours of his rigorous incarceration—retraced the experiences of his bygone hours of freedom and activity; and in this dreary apprenticeship to the trade of captivity learned, for the first time, the full value of God's open air and sunshine, and of the liberty to go and come at one's own sweet will and pleasure. After a fortnight of this strict and solitary confinement he was attacked by that terrific malady which may not inaptly be termed the "liberty fever"—a malady which goads its victims to achieve those stupendous exploits of which we read with amazement, but which are too well authenticated to be disbelieved. In Beauvoir's case, however, the "liberty fever" produced no such marvellous results. After exhausting every expedient that the human brain, taxed to the utmost limit of its wonderful capacity, could devise, he relinquished all hope of escaping. The fever subsided, and was succeeded by a settled, calm despair, which wrapped his intellect in apathetic torpor. He felt convinced that death, and only death, could loose his bonds.

One morning, however, long after he had abandoned all hope of escape, the turnkey charged with the duty of bringing him his food did not, as usual, retire immediately after setting down the meagre dole of bread and water which formed his daily rations, but lingered in the cell, with his arms folded, and gazed at the chevalier with a look that was full of mysterious meaning. As a rule, few and far between were the words exchanged by the prisoner with this turnkey. Nor did the latter ever begin a conversation, but confined himself to answering such questions as the chevalier addressed to him. But on this occasion, much to the increase of the surprise which his unusual demeanour had already excited, he was the first to speak:—

"You've your own reasons, sir, I make no doubt, for insisting on being called Monsieur Lebrun or Citizen Lebrun. It's no business of mine whatsumdever, to see as you go by your right name. You may call yourself Peter or Paul, for aught I care. Let every man mind his own affairs, say I; and then the cattle will be well cared for. Howsumdever," he continued, with a cunning wink, "I *knows* what I *knows*; and one thing I *knows* is as you're no more Citizen Lebrun nor I am. And what's more, I *knows* exactly who and what you are. You're Monsieur Charles-Felix-Theodore de Beauvoir, first cousin to her Grace the Duchess of Maille. That's what you are—ain't you, now?"

"Well, and if I own that I *am* the person you mention, what will *you* gain by the admission?" said the chevalier, failing to see how the frank avowal of his name and rank could possibly aggravate his already desperate condition.

"What shall I gain?" echoed the turnkey. "Ah! that's tellings, you know. But come, I don't mind letting you into my secret so far as to tell you that I *shall* be a gainer, if so be as you really are the Chevalier de Beauvoir. I've had money given me, and more promised, d'y'e see, by some one as *may or may not* be in this here castle—but that's neither here nor there—I've had money, and shall have more, given me, to help you out of this here hole, which, it's my belief, you wouldn't be sorry to see the last of. Leastways, you wouldn't go for to break your heart at leaving it, I'm thinking. Howsumdever, least said soonest mended. All as I've got to do is just to earn my money and say no more about the matter; for if I was suspected of having a finger in this here pie, look ye, they'd think no more of shooting me than if I was a crow."

So saying, the turnkey drew from his pocket a small file, and handed it to the chevalier, to whom the sight of this implement of escape was as welcome as is the wellspring in the desert to the thirsty traveller, gold to the miser, or the sound of his sweetheart's voice to the long absent lover.

"There, sir," whispered the turnkey, "there's your *key*. With *that* you'll be able to file through the iron bar yonder," he added, pointing to the bar which bisected the narrow aperture through which the daylight struggled into the cell. "Look you, you must file away the bar low enough down for you to squeeze yourself through, but high enough up to leave something to tie your rope to."

"The rope! the rope! Ay, but where *is* the rope?" asked the chevalier. Then, after a momentary pause, he added, "And how am I to get rid of these irons?"

"So much for the irons!" replied the turnkey, as, suiting the action to the word, he unlocked the prisoner's fetters in a trice. "And here," he continued, "is the rope. It's made of linen, d'y'e see, so as they may think as you made it yourself out of your sheets." Here he produced a rope consisting of narrow strips of linen knotted together. "It's quite long enough," he continued. "When you get to the lowest knot, all as you've got to do is just to let yourself drop. The rest is *your* look-out. Still, it's as likely as not you'll find a post-chaise and some friends a-waiting for you outside. But, mind now, *mum's* the word, whatever befalls. I *knows* nought about the business. Oh! I'd a'most forgotten to remind you as there's always a sentinel to the right of this here tower. So," added the fellow, with a cunning leer, "you'd better choose a murky night, and *then* wait till the sentinel's like to be sound asleep. Of course, anyhow, you runs the risk of having a bullet or two put into you. But, after all—"

"Oh! that's a mere trifle, not worth a moment's consideration. Besides, anything is better than lying and rotting here," exclaimed the chevalier, whom the turnkey then left to his own devices. Not, however, without casting a queer significant glance at the prisoner, the meaning of which he then entirely failed to interpret. He discovered it later on.

Meanwhile he had pressing work on hand, which effectually prevented him from wasting his time in endeavouring to decipher the meaning of the turnkey's possibly unmeaning glance. Dismissing the matter from his thoughts, he set to work at once to file through the bar, which, though covered with a coat of rust, was internally

sound and solid, and at least an inch in diameter. The shades of evening were falling fast before he had accomplished his laborious task. When at length he had completely divided the bar, he proceeded to chip away the cement which secured its upper end in its socket. The cement yielded readily. He removed the upper part of the severed bar, then restored it to its original position, and filled in the fissure and the partly empty socket with a paste of bread-crumbs mixed with rust, in order to conceal all traces of his operations from the eye of the governor, should he, by any chance, take it into his head to pay his prisoner a visit. The chevalier's next step was to hide his rope beneath his bedclothes. That done, his active operations were ended, at least for the present. He had then only to wait, with such patience as he could command, for a night favourable to the execution of his hazardous attempt. Day after day and week after week "dragged their slow length along," but the propitious hour hung obstinately back. At last came a chilly, damp, autumnal night, when the moon—if moon there were—was totally obscured by a thick veil of clouds, and a dense fog enveloped the surface of the earth. Then, fastening his rope very tightly round the stump of the iron stanchion, which remained firmly embedded in the stonework of the aperture, the chevalier removed the detached portion, and squeezed himself through the slit out on to the belt of masonry which girdled the upper part of the dungeon. In this precarious position, with his hand firmly grasping the stump of iron, he remained until the deepening gloom betokened that darkest hour of the night which just precedes the dawn and closes the eyes of all but the most vigilant of sentinels. Intimately acquainted with the duration of the various watches into which, at the Château de l'Escarpe, the night was divided, the chevalier felt pretty certain that the sentinel then on duty, having performed two-thirds of his watch, would by

this time have sought refuge from the fog, and be enjoying a few hours of well-earned repose in his sentry-box. This, then, was the chevalier's opportunity. Accordingly, in the full conviction that at this particular moment all the chances that favoured his escape were happily combined, he hesitated not an instant, but immediately began to lower himself knot by knot, while clinging to his rope with all the tenacity of a young giant, as, surrounded by Cimmerian darkness, he hung suspended in mid-air. To a man of weak nerves the situation would have been simply appalling; but the chevalier, though his strength had been somewhat impaired by long confinement and low fare, felt not a touch of fear. During his perilous descent it never once occurred to him that the rope might break or prove not long enough. Just, however, as he had reached the last knot, and was on the point of letting go, one of the shoes into which he had hastily thrust his feet happened to slip off. He paused and listened. Two or three seconds afterwards he heard the thud of its fall upon the rocks on which the castle stood.

Two or three seconds! Quick as the forked lightning cleaves the stormy sky, the thought flashed across his mind that the rope must be too short by thirty yards at least. Could the governor have been laying a snare for him? Why should he have laid a snare? Yet why, again, should he so suddenly have ceased to treat him as an honoured guest, and dealt with him as with the vilest malefactor? Such were the questions which, with more than electrical rapidity, darted through the chevalier's brain. He did not, however, as may well be imagined, seek to solve them then and there, but resolved to regain his cell without further delay. His enormous strength enabled him to accomplish this extremely difficult feat, though by the time he reached the parapet he was well-nigh exhausted.

Having made up his mind to defer any further attempt to escape until he should

have succeeded in lengthening his rope, he was about to wriggle back into his cell, when it occurred to him to test the accuracy of his conclusion that the rope was far too short. He therefore remained upon the parapet until the faint light of early dawn revealed to him the encouraging fact that there was a trifling distance of about one hundred feet between the lowest knot and the ragged points of the subjacent precipice. "Many, many thanks to you, Governor Legrand," he exclaimed, with characteristic coolness, as, faint and weary with his exertions, but not daunted by failure, he crept back into his cell, and proceeded to untie the tell-tale rope and pull it in after him. He then stretched himself upon his couch and pondered for awhile over the skilfully concocted plan of revenge which had so nearly proved fatal to him. But he did not ponder long. Suddenly starting up from his bed, he reattached the rope to the iron stump, and flung the other end of the rope through the aperture, in order to give rise to the belief that he had met his doom. Then, arming himself with the detached portion of the iron bar, he ensconced himself behind the door of his cell, and awaited the approach of the treacherous turnkey. He had not long to wait; for that avaricious functionary, hungering to appropriate the goods and chattels of the prisoner whom he supposed to be dead, hastened to the cell at sunrise. But as soon as he was within easy reach of the chevalier's arm, the latter, mustering up all his remaining strength, dealt the traitor a blow upon the head that felled him instantly to the ground. In less than a couple of minutes the chevalier had stripped the man of his outer garments and donned them himself. Then, dexterously counterfeiting the gait and bearing of the turnkey, he contrived, thanks to the earliness of the hour and the negligence of the sentinels on guard at the main entrance to the castle, to make good his escape from its inhospitable walls.

THE BOY'S OWN MODEL LOCOMOTIVE,

AND HOW TO BUILD IT.

By H. F. HOBDEN,

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Launch Engine," etc., etc.

PART II.

IN vol. VII. of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, on page 37, you will find a description of the action of the steam in the cylinder, and al-

understand it; there is also given a method of turning the cylinders, and hence I shall not describe the process again, but consider

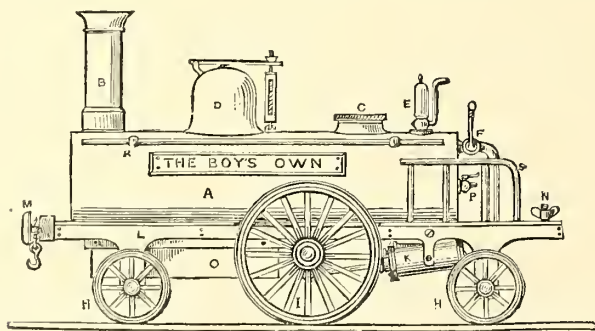


Fig. 2.

drawing of the model we are about to build in its finished condition, and Fig. 2 is a side view of the same, of which A is the boiler, B the chimney, C a screw head to fill boiler with water, D the steam chest with safety valve on top, E the whistle, F the steam tap to start the engine with, HH are the leading and trailing wheels, and I the driving ditto, K the cylinders, L the frame, M the buffers, N a set thumb-screw to fasten a tender on by, O is the lamp, and P is a small tap, used to ascertain the quantity of water in the boiler. The handrails R and S complete it, and I think this is sufficiently clear for you to perfectly understand the general working arrangements of the model.

Locomotives, whether real or only model ones, can all be divided into three principal parts, viz., the carriage or framework, the engine or cylinders and parts connected with them, and the boiler, and we will now proceed to make each part in turn, beginning with the framework.

First take a sheet of brass for the bed-plate, about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and cut it to an oblong shape, four inches

though that is in a marine engine, the action is precisely the same in the cylinders of a locomotive, and you should therefore read the description carefully and thoroughly

that you already know sufficient about it, should you wish to make your cylinders in preference to buying them ready finished.

At the commencement of the first part is a

wide by fourteen inches long, as in Fig. 3, and be very careful that the corners are right angles. This is to be hammered out



Fig. 3.

quite flat and filed up smooth, and finished with emery cloth held round a flat piece of wood; you must also cut a hole in it for the boiler to rest in as at C, beginning half an inch from B and making the hole eleven inches long by one inch and a half wide, taking care it is quite central on the line AB, or you would get your engine lopsided, and you must take the same care in setting the chimney, steam dome, etc., as when not exactly central it gives a bad unsightly look to an otherwise well-finished model.

The next step is to cut out the side frames (Fig. 4), drilling holes at A B C for the



Fig. 4.

axles to work in; you can finish both sides in the same way, and, turning the bed-plate upside down, fasten the frames on at a quarter of an inch from either side by small angle pieces, as in A Fig. 5, or by soldering,

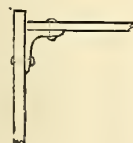


Fig. 5.

which is much quicker. Then fasten by the same means a piece across each end about half an inch deep and the frame is ready for the wheels.

These can be had ready finished, but if you have the castings, they must be chucked in the lathe and the tyres turned up to the form shown in Fig. 6. The small wheels should be about two and a half inches diameter and the driving-wheels four inches. The rim B should project a little over one-sixteenth of an inch, and the rest of the edge should be bevelled off slightly as at A.

The spokes may then be filed up smooth, previously drilling out the centre hole for axle before removing it from the lathe.

Great care must be taken to turn both the driving-wheels to exactly the same



Fig. 6.

diameter, or one wheel would travel farther in a revolution than the other, and as they ought to be both fixed rigidly on to the crank shaft, the engine would never travel in a straight line, but would always run in a circle. You will require some steel wire for the axles, and can fasten them to the wheels by soldering or by cutting a slot with a fine file in the centre of wheel, as at A Fig. 7; then filing a small portion of the

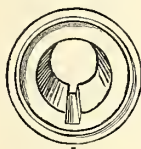


Fig. 7.

ends of the axle flat, drive in a brass wedge made from a piece of wire, which will hold them together firmly.

The crank shaft or axle must be hammered up to shape, making it hot occasionally in the gas flame whilst working it.

The cranks should be at right angles to each other, and the throw of the crank is to be half the distance of the cylinder stroke. For instance, say the cylinders are an inch and a half in stroke, the distance between A B (Fig. 8) will be three-quarters of an



Fig. 8.

inch; you must then ease the size of crank at A to prevent the piston knocking the cylinder ends.

The cylinders require such extreme care in turning that it is by far the best plan to buy them ready to put on your framework; and if you get a pair of oscillating ones three-quarters of an inch bore and about an inch and a half stroke, you will get sufficient power to drive your locomotive several miles an hour.

Fig. 9 shows you an underneath view of the framework and the position to place the cylinders in, which should be supported by a couple of lugs (A A) screwed to the bed-plate B, which must have a piece cut out on either side to allow the driving-wheels (C) to work in, as at D, because, being larger than the others, they project beyond the top of the bed-plate, as shown in Fig. 2. You can now screw on by means of the hook F the buffer-beam, previously cut from a piece of mahogany five inches long, half an inch thick, and one inch deep, nicely squared and sand-papered.

Drill a hole at G and pass the shank of hook through the beam and piece of brass in front of frame, and screw up tight with nut H.

The buffers can be properly turned up and fitted with springs, but that I will explain when making our more perfect model, and content ourselves now with a couple of brass flat-headed screws, such as are used in connections of electric batteries, and which form capital imitation buffers, one having to simply screw them into the beam about one inch from either end, leaving them projecting about half an inch.

The framework is now sufficiently complete to be lacquered. First polish every part intended to be bright, carefully removing all traces of file-marks and any grease that may be on the work by a little acid; and after drying it place it on a sheet of iron held over the gas—or fire, if clear—until it is moderately warm. You can then apply the lacquer with a small brush, taking care not to go over any part more than once. The lacquer can be had at most model shops, and is cheaper to buy ready-made than to prepare yourself.

The spokes of the wheels should be painted; black-lined on green looks very well, and the ordinary tube oil-paint, mixed with a little mastic varnish, is the best to use.

The buffer-beam should be varnished, and the cylinders ought to have a coat of paint, leaving the cylinder-covers and the flanges bright.

The frame may now be put aside to dry, covered up from dust by a paper box, whilst we proceed to make the boiler (Fig. 10).

This is a most important part of the locomotive, and is the cause of a great many failures and unsatisfactory working, even amongst the professionally-built models. I well remember how, when a lad at school, I fell deeply in love with a beautiful, highly-polished brass locomotive of about the size we are now building, which was displayed in an optician's window. Having made inquiries about the price, and got it reduced from £5 to £4, with a promise to keep it for me, I set to work to save my pocket-money, and for some months rigidly abstained from all kinds of tarts and toys; and when finally the last shilling was saved which completed the amount, and I carried it—my

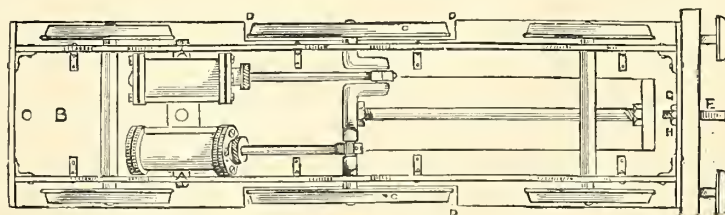


Fig. 9.

first model—home in triumph, no boy was ever happier. But, oh! the bitter disappointment when, after getting up the steam and trying to start the engine, I found it would not work.

I was too young then to find out the reason, and the man who kept the shop,

Since that day I have made numerous models, and have always taken precautions to avert such a difficulty, and although the method I am about to describe entails a little extra work, you will feel well repaid for the trouble when you find what a splendid head of steam can be kept up.

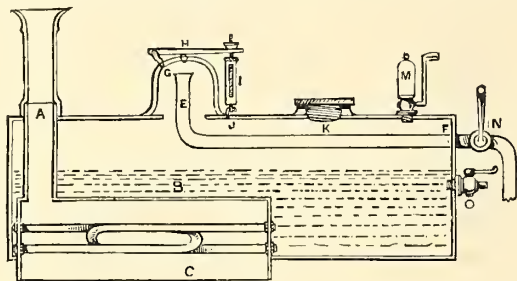


Fig. 10.

not being a practical mechanic, could give me no help, and although, after we had tried it together, he offered to take it back, I decided to keep it with a view to remedy the defect, if possible, but it was a long time before I found that the fault lay in the boiler not being able to supply sufficient steam for the cylinders in consequence of not having enough heating surface acted on by the lamp.

The boiler should be eleven inches long by three inches and a half in diameter, and you can buy copper tubing of that size which is very suitable for the job, or you can form it from a sheet of copper or brass bent to shape round a wooden roller, and either riveted or soldered together. You must then turn two circles of brass about an eighth of an inch thick for the ends, and polish the outside of each nicely.

Then push them into either end of the boiler about an eighth of an inch from the edge, as in A (Fig. 11); they can now be



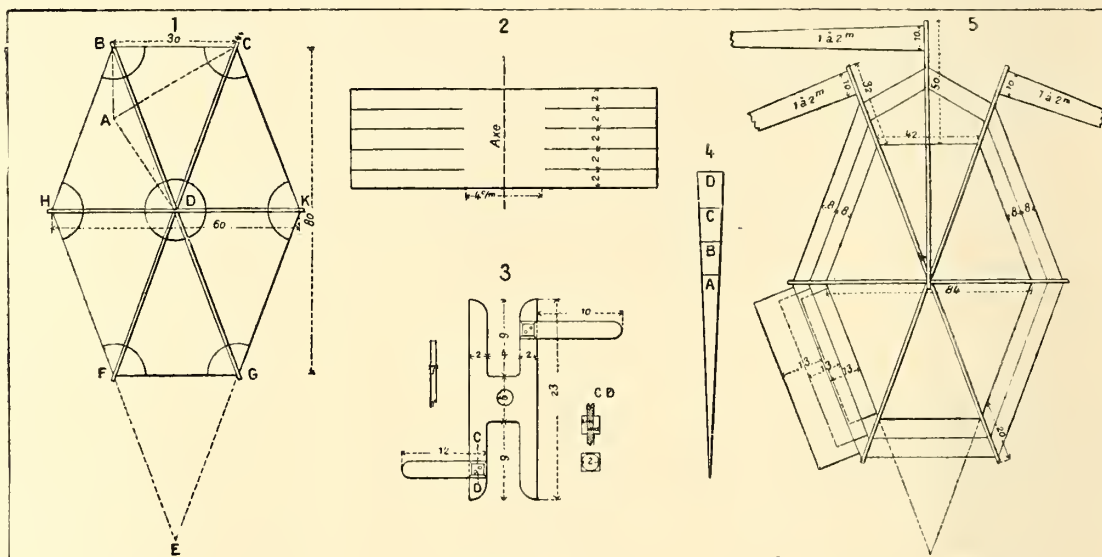
Fig. 11.

soldered in place, and you will find your gas blowpipe very useful here. The projecting flange should be hammered down all round, like B (Fig. 11), which can also be sweated afterwards with solder, and finished off with a half-round file.

When filing solder or lead, only use an old worn file, as the soft metal soon fills up and spoils a good one, and although it can be melted out by heat it is not advisable to do so.

(To be continued.)

THE COLUMBIAN KITE.



IN our Kite Carriage articles in the November and December parts for 1880 we went into the subject of kite-making with much detail, and gave the measurements and particulars of the steadiest form of kite yet invented; and in the May part for 1884 we had an account of a remarkable feat in flying one of these kites, in which our contributor seemed to look upon a kite as a walking-stick, and strolled about with it across commons and streets as if it were close to his buttonhole, instead of being over a mile away. This "kite walk" was certainly a testimonial as to handiness such as kite never had before, and such as could not be claimed for the wonderful variety of fancy flyers given in our second volume. In the same volume

there was, however, an article on "Kite-cutting," in which the curious game that some Western boys delight in was described in full, and illustrations were given as to the form found best adapted for that pastime. Since our article was published the pattern has become very popular in America, and has almost superseded all others. And as there can be no doubt as to the power it yields, and the ease with which it can be started, it has appeared to us that a full description of it would be welcome.

Many boys have an idea that a kite is a thing to run with—a restless, worrying sort of affair, that pitches and jumps and spins and waggles, and ends a brief existence by sticking on a tree. There is, of course, a certain degree of excitement to be obtained

from such things, but do not let it be supposed that kite-running is kite-flying. Our object in these articles is to improve kite-flying. Those readers who want a run will only waste their time in following our instructions; those who want a kite to rise without effort, and sail aloft truly and steadily, will find it worth their while, after succeeding with the Pockock pattern, to try their hands at the Columbian, which stands confessed as having originally come from China.

In order that our scientific and Continental readers may make the kite without difficulty we have given the measurements in metres, and the conversion of these metres and their divisions into feet and inches will afford good practice for

those who have not a metrical rule. The height of the kite is 80 centimetres, and as a centimetre is $\frac{1}{2.54}$ of an inch, this means 31.496 inches, or, say, 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. There are six straight sticks required, two of them (B G and C F) being 88 centimetres long, the other (H R) being 60 metres long. This 60 is the width of the kite; in English measurement it means 23.622 inches, or 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. These sticks should be of pearwood, straight in the grain, round, and six millimetres, or just under a quarter of an inch, in diameter. But pearwood is not easily obtainable in this country, and a good straight-grained piece of deal, such as is sold for a penny at the oilshop for a blind lath, will do well for two of the sticks if split down the centre, so as to give about a quarter inch square, and the third stick can be cut out of another blind lath.

A centimetre, or, say, half an inch, from the end of the sticks bore a hole through them with a fine bradawl, remembering that the chisel edge of the awl should be pressed in across the grain. If the edge is thrust in the way of the grain the tool acts as a wedge and splits the wood. Through these holes pass a string, and fix the string so that it cannot slip. This string keeps the sticks in position, and does for the paper to be pasted over. Where the sticks cross in the centre lash them together firmly but lightly, and a drop of glue at the centre and ends will keep all as it should be.

The paper should be fine and tough, the so-called hemp wrapping-paper is the best, but good whitey-brown is what most will have to be contented with. Fine cartridge, such as is sold in the roll, is about the strongest, but it is hardly light enough. Paste the paper on in the usual way, leaving about an inch to lap over, and when dry paste on every corner and in the centre pieces of calico as marked by the sectors

and circle on the plan. If you happen to have an old window-blind you can spare, use it instead of the paper. You need not sew the edges; if they are pasted they will do quite well enough.

The belly-band is a threefold one. It is shown in the sketch marked B A, D A C. B A, A C, and A D are each of them of the same length as B D or C D, and they are attached to the upper angles of the kite, the balance being got by the tail. This tail is attached by a loop to another triangular arrangement (F E G), in which F E and E G are equal to F D or G D, and F G is the bottom of the kite. The triple belly-band has a loop at the apex, to which the string is attached.

The best tail for this and all other kites is the jelly bag tail described by us in 1880, but the tail affected by the Americans is peculiar. A string 19 metres long—say, 21 yards—is doubled and twisted on itself till it measures 9 metres, or 10 yards. Then a piece of calico is taken and cut into pieces 10 centimetres high—say, 4 inches—and these are cut into strips. There are nine such strips, the first of which is 20 centimetres wide, the next 18, the next 16, the next 14, the next 12, the next 10, the next 8, the next 6, and the next 5. And each of these 10-centimetre strips is cut into nine parts. Each of these nine parts is cut a quarter into at equal distances, as shown in Fig. 2, and then pushed in between the twisted string that is to form the backbone of the tail. The calico, being knotted in position, should just fill the tail-string, allowing for half an inch to be left between each piece. The calico need not be white, it may be glazed and coloured; but if colours are used it is always best to finish with a blue piece at the end. The tail twists, and has a picturesque spiral and snake-like appearance, but unfortunately

the same tail will not do in all winds. The only tail that will serve as well in a light wind as a heavy one is the jelly-bag, for with it the pressure on the tail increases in proportion to the pressure on the kite. The screw-tail has to be lengthened or lightened to suit the wind, and the best way to do this is to have sections made, as shown in Fig. 4, which can be added at the end of the tail-loop on the kite. Thus in a light wind A would be your tail, in a heavier wind A and B, in a heavier still A B and C, and in a gale you would use your complete storm suit of A B C and D. If the tail is too light your Columbian kite will revolve upon its axis until it screws off the string, but it will not plunge down. The instant it begins to spin give it enough string to steady it, and then run it down and add to its tail. If you do not act smartly your string will be screwed off and your kite escape. In starting the kite, get the tail off the ground as soon as you can, but you need not run. Get an assistant to hold the kite dead to leeward of you, about forty yards away, and as soon as the puff comes up it will go.

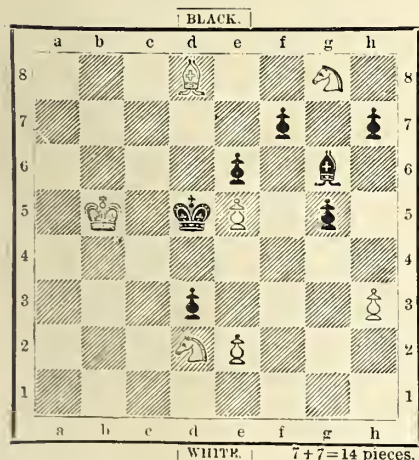
The worst part of kite-flying is winding up the string. We here give sketches of a winder that has been found to save much trouble. The measurements on the plan are in centimetres, and explain themselves. The best wood to use is beech, but deal does very well. The way in which the handles are fixed is shown at the side.

Sometimes these kites are highly ornamented. The plan on which the decoration is carried out is shown in Fig. 5. A centre-stick bearing a paper flag is lashed on, the cross-sticks are produced on the upper half and lower half, and strings are run round. To these strings strips of coloured paper are pasted, and these make a strange hissing, moaning noise as they quiver in the wind. Still, the kite is best without them.

C H E S S.

Problem No. 186.

By F. HOFMANN.



Problem No. 187.

By A. WAHL.—White, K—K R 5; Bs—Q R 8 and K R 8; Kts—K Kt 6 and 7; P—Q 7. (6+1=7 pieces.) White mates in two moves.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Played at Edinburgh, between two Amateurs, in June last.

WHITE. (J. A. W. H.) BLACK. (P. H. H.)

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. P—K 4 | P—K 4 |
| 2. Kt—K B 3 | Kt—Q B 3 |
| 3. B—B 4 | B—B 4 |
| 4. P—Q Kt 4 | B×P |
| 5. P—B 3 | B—K 2 (a) |
| 6. P—Q 4 | P×P |
| 7. Kt×P | Kt—B 3 |
| 8. Kt—Q 2 | Kt—Q R 4 (b) |
| 9. B—Q 3 | P—Q 4 |
| 10. P—K 5 | Kt—Q 2 |
| 11. Q—K 2 | P—Q B 4 |
| 12. Kt—K B 5 | Castles |
| 13. Kt—K B 3 | Kt—Q B 3 |
| 14. Castles | P—Q Kt 3 |
| 15. B—Kt 2 | P—B 5 |
| 16. B—Kt sq | P—Q 5 |
| 17. P×P | P—B 6 |
| 18. B×P | P—Q R 4 (c) |
| 19. Q—K 4 (d) | B—Kt 2 |
| 20. Kt×B (ch.) | Q×Kt |
| 21. Q×P mate. | |

NOTES.

- (a) This is not so satisfactory as B to B 4 or R 4.
(b) This does not seem advantageous.

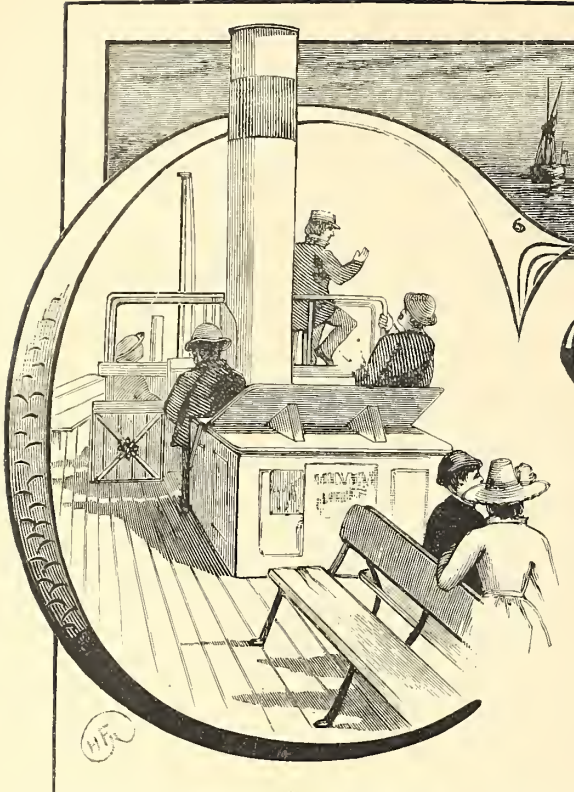
(c) Black's intention of playing the B to R 3, and winning the R for the B, is erroneous.

(d) The winning move, for if Black prevents the mate in two moves by P—Kt 3, then White takes the B, and thereupon captures the Kt or the R.

To Chess Correspondents.

On the 1st of last July was published the first number of the monthly "Wiener Schachzeitung," edited and published by Josef Berger and Dr. S. Gold, at Vienna, V. Grüngasse 13, Austria. The annual subscription, including postage, is 12s.—The Germans have two other periodicals exclusively devoted to chess, namely "Deutsche Schachzeitung" (monthly), and "Brüderschaft" (weekly), and Lehner's "Leschalle" devotes several pages to chess. The oldest and one of the best weekly chess columns there, is contained in the "Illustrirte Zeitung" of Leipzig.

T. VON HEYDEBRAND UND DER LASA, editor of Bilgner's Handbuck des Schachspiels, has one of the largest collections of works and manuscripts on chess, for the catalogue of his chess library comprises over 3,300 numbers.



ORRESPONDENCE.

N. E. and SO-AND-SO.—1. Candidates for appointment as engineer students must not be less than fourteen or more than sixteen years of age on the first day of May in the year in which they are examined. The fee is a hundred pounds, paid in instalments extending over four years, and the uniform and outfit are estimated to cost another twenty-five pounds per year. 2. The heaviest payments come in the first year, when the uniform and outfit have to be bought. The uniform costs £16 19s., the outfit £12 7s., and repairs and renewals are estimated at £15 per year. Washing amounts to eightpence a week, mending and boot-cleaning ninepence per week, and recreation subscription sixpence per week. 3. Practically a lad in the Marlborough costs his parents a pound a week for four years, and the pay he gets should be looked upon as pocket-money.

H. J. McCROW.—Before you are allowed to become a candidate for the situation of Army school-master, you must either be a non-commissioned officer or private of the regular army, or a certificated schoolmaster, or a pupil teacher out of apprenticeship.

W. H. COLLISON, Jun.—Back numbers are sold by us at the same price as current numbers. We make no reduction, and we never have made any reduction.

KELUNG.—French story-books are published by Messrs. Hachette and Co., King William Street, Strand. They can procure for you either "Le Journal de la Jeunesse" or "Education—Recreation," both of which are magazines for boys and girls.

COLLECTOR OF POSTMARKS.—The letter or the figure under the name of the town shows the mail by which the packet was sent.

S. B. JOHNSTON.—If in draughts you have three kings to two, drive your opponent into the opposite corners of the board. If he goes into the corners where the white square is in the angle, you can drive him out with two of your men; and when you get him into a corner with a black square in the angle, you can settle him in a move or so.

AJAX.—The best paste for sticking maps on linen is Stickphast, price one shilling per pot, which you can get from all City stationers.

E. W. M.—1. Lord Wolseley was born June 4, 1833; and in March, 1852, was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 12th Regiment of Foot. This was his first commission. He exchanged from the 12th to the 80th, from the 80th to the 84th, and from the 84th to the 90th before he got his company. 2. The standard for heavy dragoons is 5ft. 8in., for medium 5ft. 7in., for light 5ft. 6in., and 34in. round the chest for all. Lancers are medium dragoons; Hussars are light dragoons.

C. W. G. H.—On a man-o'-war training-ship there are about eight hundred boys. For an account of the life on board see our back volumes, or an article on "Training for the Navy" in the "Leisure Hour" for last July.

J. S. CROTHERS.—1. If the ball does not strike the bat, but cannons off the leg-guard, the batsman is not out should it be caught. 2. Incubators are generally successful when used by careful people, but the least neglect of instructions, or securing improvement, is fatal.

STEEL.—Choose among the advertisements in "Exchange and Mart," or write for price lists to Singer and Co.; Hillman, Herbert, and Cooper; or Coventry Machinists Company, all of Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

G. HORTON.—For books on Colonial Farming apply to Messrs. S. W. Silver and Co., Sun Court, Cornhill, E.C.

F. BROWNING.—1. The book is out of copyright. You could find a French edition at Messrs. Hachette's, King William Street, Strand; or an English one by advertising in "Exchange and Mart." 2. Write to Gill, 170, Strand, where both books are published. 3. Not yet. 4. We are glad to hear that you have succeeded so well with the astronomical telescope. Your using zinc tube instead of paper, and painting it green for finish, must have made a much better job of it.

EMIGRANT.—Send a letter addressed "Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W." The office is established under the supervision of the Colonial Office for the purpose of supplying intending emigrants with useful and trustworthy information respecting emigration to the British Colonies, the information being mainly obtained from the various Colonial Governments and their representatives in this country, and being therefore up to date and official.

AN OLD BOY.—You had better get "Boat-building for Amateurs," or refer to our back volumes.

H. C. KERLEY.—1. You cannot buy a signal-book of the Royal Navy, but you can get a Mercantile Code from any nautical bookseller, which will cost you six shillings. 2. Southey's is the best life of Nelson. 3. Gleig's is the best life of Wellington, but it is nothing like so good a book. A well-written life of Wellington of a reasonable length at a reasonable price is not now in the market. 4. There is a famous Yankee song about "John Brown being dead and gone, but his soul is marching on," but where it can be obtained with the music in London we do not know. Pitman, of Paternoster Row, could doubtless get it for you.

G. PHILLIPS.—A book on estimates is published by Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill. Messrs. Spon, of 125, Strand, publish "Quantity Surveying," "The Builder's Clerk," and "The Clerk of Works"; and there is, of course, Laxton's "Price Book."

L. E. S.—We give no instructions for binding the volume. Your best plan is to get the cases through a bookbinder, and let him do the work. He will charge you, complete, about three shillings a volume.

M. FERGUSSON.—You can obtain water spectacles from Mr. Adie, optician, Pall Mall, S.W.

ENGINEER.—All bridges are viaducts (except such as are aqueducts), but the word is usually restricted to mean bridges of more than one arch or span.

BORDERED.—Arms came first. They were used on the shield or surcoat to distinguish the wearer. Crests came afterwards; they were merely ornaments to the helmet, and only appeared when the shape of the helmet permitted. Mottos at first were the war cries. The price of the coloured plates of the volume is always given in the last number of the volume, on the last page, or last page but one.

CYCLIST.—The articles entitled "Nauticus in Scotland" have now been republished in book form by Messrs. Hiffe and Son, of 98, Fleet Street, E.C. The price is four shillings and sixpence, postage threepence. "Nauticus on his Hobby Horse" can be obtained from Messrs. Hatchards. Dr. Stables has published two shilling books on Cycling, both obtainable from Messrs. Hiffe. Cortis's "Training for Amateur Athletes" can be obtained from any bookseller. It costs a shilling.

AUTOLYCUS.—The gilt can be removed from the silver chain by being dipped into a bath of one part of cyanide of potassium to ten parts of water, and connecting the chain with the positive pole of a battery, while a wire or foil of platinum is fixed to the negative pole. The process must be conducted carefully, as the cyanide dissolves a certain amount of the gold and silver. Another way is to heat the gilt article cherry-red and throw it into a pickle of dilute sulphuric acid, when the gold falls to the bottom in spangles. But this again is a risky proceeding.

RIGGER.—There is a capital example of a full-rigged man-o'-war, showing all her spars and ropes, in No. 67, in our second volume.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY.—We had a coloured plate of the arms of the public schools in August, 1882. The cricket colours of our leading schools were in the June part for 1884.

R. E. P. ANDERSON.—Jet used to be found in great quantities at Whitby, but most of it now comes from the Aude, Var, Pyrenees, Ariège, and Ardennes in France, the headquarters being in the Aude. It is a variety of lignite found there in marly schistose or sandy beds, and is quarried in the usual way.

F. PINCOTT.—"How to Make a Leyden Jar" was in No. 318. Send twopenny in stamps to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row, and he will send it to you post free. "Canoes, and How to Make Them" ran through five monthly parts, but there have been other articles.

A READER OF THE B. O. P.—The Fishing Articles were in the third and fourth volumes.

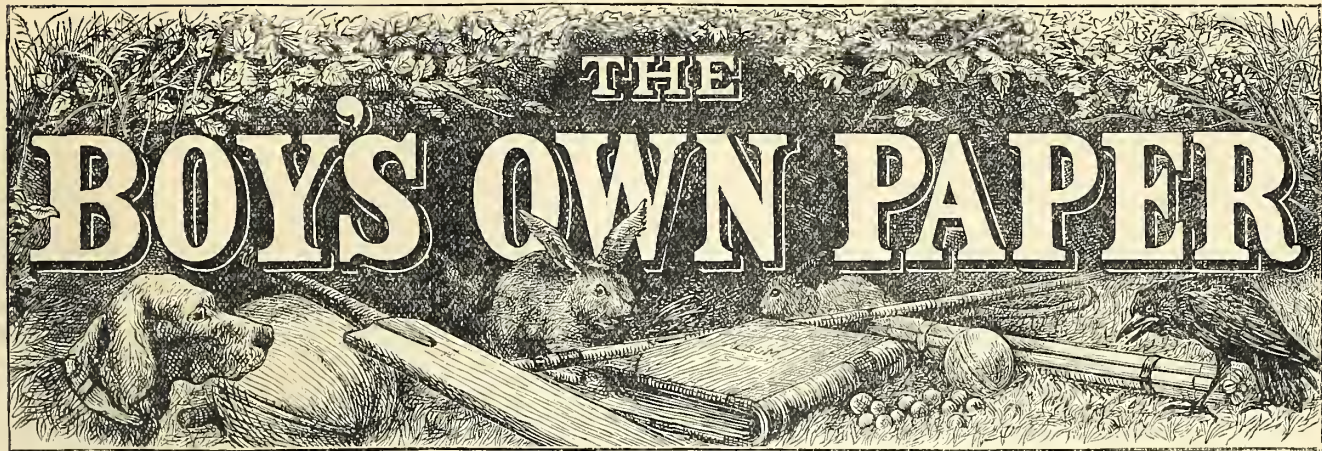
SNOWFLAKE.—Your hens do not get enough lime to peck at. Put some lumps of old brick rubbish or mortar within their reach.

D. B.—There is a great group of so-called leathery turtles in which there is no carapace at all, but a dorsal shield, consisting of a large number of irregular polygonal bony plates, firmly united by jagged sutures, and covered externally by a tough, wrinkled skin. The ossifications do not extend to the deepest portion of the integument, so that there is no evidence of them on the under side of the detached shield; and there is no connection whatever between this bony dermal armour and the underlying ribs and vertebral spines, as in the case of the true carapace of more specialised Chelonia. Look up "Sphargis."

W. COOK.—The American Laconia was founded in 1622 by Sir Ferdinand Gorges and Captain John Mason. Seven years afterwards the partnership was dissolved, and Laconia divided. Gorges called his share Maine, and Mason called his share New Hampshire.

ROAST BEEF.—1. In the catechism M stands for double N, the symbol for Names, and N stands for name. In the marriage service M stands for Maritus the bridegroom, and N for nupta the bride. M may stand for Mary, the patron saint of girls; and N for Nicholas, the patron saint of boys; but this is not generally admitted. 2. The inventor of the modern bicycle was either James Starley, of Coventry, or the hundreds who preceded him. 3. Eton claims to be the public school of most ancient special foundation, but the Abbey and Cathedral schools have a longer descent. 4. Leave the bird alone.

A WARRIOR.—As a good example of a British land victory take Vittoria, of a British naval victory take the Nile. Maiwand was fought in July, 1880.



No. 457.—Vol. X.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

Price One Penny.
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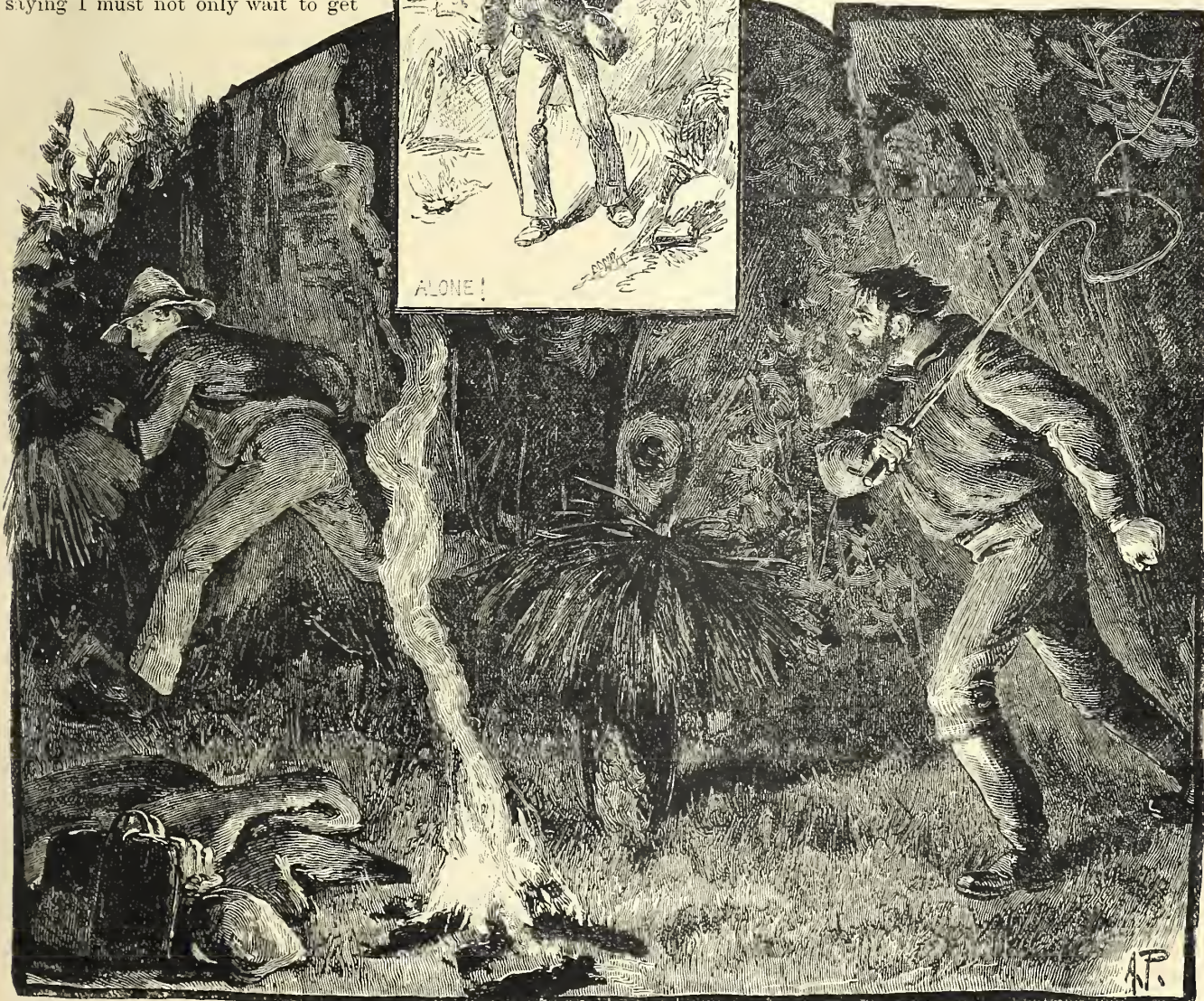
HARRY TREVERTON: A STORY OF COLONIAL LIFE.

BY LADY BROOME.

CHAPTER V.—ON THE TRAMP.

SUMMERS would not let me start the very next day, as I wished, saying I must not only wait to get

my land-legs, so to speak, after the long voyage, but urging also the necessity of securing proper letters and recommendations to Mr. Fielder. So I waited until a week had passed from the morning when I first saw my boyish but true-hearted friend on the beach, and then—



"Whip in hand, he gave chase to me."

Heaven knows with what secret misgivings, but a stout outward bearing—announced that I really meant to take to the road the very next morning.

Summers laughed, and declared I expressed myself like a footpad, or, as he phrased it, a bushranger; however he was too practical to encourage me in a useless delay, so we spent the very last evening of my stay under a friendly roof in packing up the few things to take and the many to leave. In order to be sure that I possessed all my requisites for my tramp, Summers insisted on what he called a dress rehearsal that last evening. As I stood before him all ready, with my swag over my shoulder, and even a swag stick in my hand, he looked me carefully over, and at last declared that I looked like a bushman out of a band-box, but that I would doubtless improve after a day or two of dust and sunburning.

Next morning we were both dressed by daylight, and as Summers had kindly offered to see me a few miles on my road, we ate our last and hasty breakfast together, and then started.

It was the end of summer, late in the month of March. Everything looked dry and dusty, and what grass there was seemed fairly burned off the surface of the ground by the fierce sun. The weather, as is usual at that time of year, was hot and trying during the greater part of the day, but as we left the cottage that early morning the air felt delightfully cool and fresh. Summers took the swag, and, swinging it lightly over his left shoulder, remarked that I would have had quite enough of it by the time I reached my journey's end.

We walked gaily out of Sandtown without meeting a single person. Our road for the first few miles lay through a dreary, sandy country, very different-looking from the Australia I had pictured to myself. The trees had been cut down for firewood, and I am bound to confess the aspect of the road was desolate to the last degree.

After walking steadily for about five miles the track became firmer and harder, the trees increased in size and number, the grass-trees, or "black-boys" as they are commonly called, grew in profusion on each side of the road, while the parrots, break-o-day-boys, and other birds made merry over-head and appeared to rejoice in the beauty of the morning.

We had gradually dropped into silence as we trudged steadily along. I knew what must come directly, and yet it was with a start of surprise, as if his words had been wholly unexpected, that I heard Summers say at last, "And now, Harry, my boy, it must be good-bye."

The dear old fellow did not like the parting any more than I did, but he was kind and considerate to the last, and did his best to speak in his usual cheery tone as he slung the swag over my shoulders, adjusting it carefully, and saying, "You will have a good hard road for the rest of your journey, but there's twenty-five miles more to cover before you reach the Traveller's Rest. Drop me a line when you are settled. Keep up your pluck. Take my blessing

with you if you think it will be any use to you, and good-bye."

As I pressed his hand in both my own I tried to thank him for all his kindness and friendship, but the words would not come. I felt the tears smarting in my eyes, and to hide them I had to turn abruptly away and rush along the road as though I were running away from my only friend; nor was it many minutes before I found myself absolutely alone in the great Australian forest.

The fresh beauty of the morning—for it was still early—the novelty of the scene, and the sharp exercise soon restored me to a more cheerful frame of mind, and onward I trudged, covering mile after mile, without meeting a soul. I well remember that what appeared strangest of all, where all seemed strange, was the severe monotony of the scene. I constantly beheld, as it were, the same trees, the same black-boys, the same dwarf palms; and as I ascended one hill and descended the other—for the ground was full of undulations at that part—I appeared to be travelling in a dream, and to get no farther on my journey. That was only, however, so far as outward appearances were concerned, for there were other indications which led me to quite a different conclusion. I began to feel hot, tired, and thirsty. The swag pressed more and more heavily on my weary back as each slow quarter of an hour passed, and my brisk, jaunty steps gradually slowed down to a very poor pace indeed. As I surmounted each hill I looked wistfully to the bottom of the next in the hope of seeing something new. But no; the same monotonous "bush" spread round me on every side.

After travelling thus alone for about four hours I was indeed rejoiced to hear the tinkle of a bell, and to see the next moment several horses in hobbles feeding a little way off the track, where the grass looked green, though coarse. Hardly had I passed them when I came upon a camp of teamsters enjoying their midday meal. I quickened my pace, and was soon standing before them asking for a drink of water. They were a rough-looking lot, very dirty, and with long, unkempt beards; but one of them answered me promptly, and he spoke both civilly and kindly.

"Take a drink of tea, mate; it will be better for you than cold water," he said, handing me a quart pannikin.

I thanked him, put the can to my mouth, and drained every drop of what tasted to me the purest nectar. It was certainly the biggest drink I had ever taken in my life, and I felt that I had never known how good tea really was until that moment.

"Have a bit of something to eat, mate," said the same man, handing me a lump of damper and some cold boiled mutton.

The food did not look very inviting, and I was much too hot and tired to be able to eat anything so solid, but I made a pretence of eating some as the best means of showing my appreciation of the proffered kindness, and after another long drink of tea took my swag to the shade of one of the carts, placed it under my head before lying down,

and in five minutes was as sound asleep as it was possible for a weary lad to be.

I was awakened by the noise of the horses' bells and the loud voices of the teamsters as they harnessed up for a fresh start.

"You've had a good sleep, mate," remarked one of the men as he walked up to the cart under which I was lying, to put away his traps.

"Yes," I said, "rousing up with some effort; I must have slept a long time. What o'clock do you think it is?"

"Well, by the sun I should judge it to be about half-past three, and if you are going to the Traveller's Rest it will take you all your time to reach there before dark. It's sixteen miles from here."

"Then if you'll kindly give me another drink I'll make a start."

Having taken another long pull at the pannikin of tea, I slung my swag once more over my shoulder, wished the men good-day, and started along the road, but I had scarcely gone a dozen yards before one of them shouted after me, "Hi, you don't want to go back to Sandtown, do you? That's the road you came this morning!"

I retraced my steps, but the bush was all so exactly alike that had it not been for the friendly warning I should probably have gone back many weary miles of the same ground I had already travelled over without recognising it. Sixteen miles to walk before nightfall seemed rather a serious matter, especially as I was already feeling tired, but I determined to do it if possible. And on I marched, up hill and down hill, past the never-varying trees, black-boys, and scrub, all exactly alike.

After walking for about three hours I began to feel terribly tired, and my swag appeared to weigh at least three times as much as when I started. The sun, too, was getting very low, and the thought that I would be in total darkness soon after it set nerved me for another spurt. But this better pace did not last long. Gradually it slackened, and each step became slower and more difficult, and the swag heavier every moment. I ached all over, and as darkness came on realised the fact that I was done up. I sat down wearily on a log on the right-hand side of the road and determined to keep that fact in mind, or I might easily make another mistake and again start backwards.

The forest had become silent as death—a silence only broken at long intervals by the melancholy cry of some strange bird. How I longed for some familiar sound! The rumble of cartwheels would have seemed as sweetest music! But no, silence and solitude reigned supreme, and once more I felt myself a stranger in a strange land indeed.

After sitting for a while I roused up, got out my matches, pulled some dry fibres hanging down from one of the grass-trees, or black-boys, and soon made a blaze. Abundance of first-rate firewood was strewn around me in every direction, and I soon made a splendid fire, which roared and crackled, breaking pleasantly the terrible silence and lighting up the surrounding forest till it looked like a fairy scene.

This new aspect of things was cer-

tainly more cheering, and I now felt able to collect a further supply of rushes, which I used for a bed, placing my jacket under my head for a pillow and pulling my rug over me for warmth. I stretched myself out before the fire and tried to eat some of the food which had been rolled up in my rug, but my throat felt so dry that I actually could not swallow a morsel. The tea and sugar bags and my pannikin were lying near, but unfortunately they were quite useless without water. I could not keep myself from speculating as to what sort of a drink I would take if I could only have it for the asking. Should it be iced champagne (a beverage I knew very little of personally), claret, beer, lemonade, ginger-pop, or what? Half a gallon of pure, cold water from the well in my father's yard would have been the order, and I would willingly have parted with one of my few remaining sovereigns—ay, all of them—for the luxury of such a draught. But thirsty as I was then, I was only so in the common acceptance of the term. Since then I have met men who have experienced such thirst that they would gladly have given all they possessed in the world, or even life itself, if they might only first have had a draught of such water as, under ordinary circumstances, they would have considered unfit for use.

Yes, I certainly thought I was very thirsty, and rather pitied myself as I lay, with my hands clasped together under my head, gazing up at the beautiful stars shining down through the boughs of the forest trees on me, and wondering whether I should be able to sleep. Even as I wondered and mused the surrounding realities faded away, and I slipped over the border of sleep into the land of dreams.

CHAPTER VI.—A NIGHT IN THE BUSH.

I MUST have been sleeping for some hours, when I was awakened by the most fearful howls it is possible to imagine. Could I have dreamt such hideous sounds? No! There it is again! A long, melancholy howl, and then a terrible chorus, as though a pack of wolves were within a hundred yards of me.

I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I felt very frightened, although I soon guessed the noise must be made by those native dogs Summers had described to me. Still I did not know but what the brutes might take advantage of my isolated position to attack me, so I threw some more wood on the fire, armed myself with a stick, and determined, if necessary, to make a fight for it. As it turned out, I might have saved myself all this trouble, but I did not know then that the Australian native dog is about the most cowardly animal in existence.

The blazing fire had evidently scared them, for in less than ten minutes I heard the howling again, but this time a long way off. I threw my stick away, and after turning round and round before the fire to get warm all over sat me down on my rush bed, pulled my rug over my shoulders, and wished for morning, though as yet it was probably

not much past midnight. How quiet and solemn it was in that great forest! The stars still shone brightly, but, save the slight rustling of leaves, not a sound broke the silence.

By degrees I became drowsy, and lay down again, dozing off with a faint sort of resolution in my mind not to allow myself to go sound asleep again. After lying thus comfortably enough for some time, I fancied I heard a sort of bump-thump-bump, and as the noise grew louder and more distinct I could also distinguish the creaking of wheels and the tread of several horses' feet coming from the direction towards which I was travelling. Strangely enough, there was no crack of whip or driver's voice to be made out. What could it mean? Perhaps the teamster had been hurt, or his team had started without him while he was asleep! These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, and as a cart drawn by three sleepy-looking horses came opposite to my fire I shouted, "Whoa!"

The horses stopped at once. I walked over to the cart, and, climbing up by the wheel, looked into it, and saw, to my horror, a man lying, face downwards, on what appeared to be sacks of grain.

"Hi, master! Wake up!" I shouted—"wake up!"

"What's up—what's up?" he asked, in a thick, sleepy, drunken voice.

"Wake up, man! Wake up, or you'll get hurt!" I cried, much relieved to find he was, at all events, alive.

The man slowly raised himself up on his elbow and glared at me. What a brute he looked as the firelight played on his besotted face, long hair, and ragged beard. "Yes, somebody'll be hurt directly!" he muttered. "Did you stop my horses?" he asked, savagely, and the words were hardly out of his mouth when he struck at me violently with his fist. Fortunately I was on the look-out, and, dodging the blow, jumped nimbly off the wheel into the road. "Yes, somebody'll be hurt directly!" he repeated, with horrible oaths. "Any man as interferes with my horses is bound to be hurt!" and to my horror the fellow scrambled out of the cart, but instead of alighting on his feet he fell heavily on his back. However, he managed to get up again pretty smartly, and, with a cart-whip in hand, gave chase to me.

I ran nimbly, for the fear of falling into the ruffian's clutches took the stiffness out of my limbs and lent me fresh energy. I dodged round a black-boy, which he evidently did not see, as in making a straight course he fell clean over it, and then the language he made use of was, as the newspapers say, "unfit for publication." Very much so, indeed; it made my blood curdle to hear him. Unfortunately the fall appeared to sober him somewhat, and to make him only the more determined to get hold of me.

I did not dare to run out of the range of the firelight for fear of losing it and myself at the same time, or I could soon have distanced him, so I dodged round trees, fallen logs, and black-boys, my pursuer keeping up a determined chase; and although he was still too drunk to catch me I began to feel very

tired, and to wonder whether he intended to run himself sober.

At last a bright idea occurred to me. Dashing out on to the road, I picked up a stick and struck the leading horse a good sounding thump on the back. The result was just what I wished, for the team started off at a trot, and I had the satisfaction of seeing their drunken master run after them, shouting "Whoa!" and swearing most fearfully. Happily none of his orders had any effect, for the horses were thoroughly frightened, and he had to chase them instead of me. By degrees the rumbling and creaking of wheels died away in the distance, and so did the savage oaths of the drunken teamster.

How thankful I felt to be able to sit down once more and rest myself, for the perspiration was fairly streaming off me, and my thirst had become something dreadful. My whole body trembled with the excitement I had gone through; but instead of lying down again I wisely determined to keep awake for the rest of the night. As I sat, sadly enough, looking at the fire and longing for daylight, I fancied I heard footsteps approaching. Yes, decidedly footsteps, though drunken, uncertain ones. I hastily picked up my blanket and swag, ran a few yards up the road, and, taking up a position behind a large tree, cautiously peeped from behind it, watching and waiting for what was going to take place.

I had not long to wait before my drunken friend reached my fire. In place of a whip he now held a big stick, clubwise, in his hand, and I firmly believe that, had he caught me napping, my tramps and troubles would have been over in two minutes. I watched him carefully as he looked about, warmed himself, lit his pipe, and then walked away down the road again, swearing at the top of his voice that he would put my light out if ever he got hold of me.

It was with a feeling of intensest gratitude that I heard his footsteps die away in the distance, and reflected that I had probably escaped being murdered. Once more all was silent, and I longed to get back to the cheerful crackle and blaze of my fire. But I could not help dreading that the ruffianly teamster might return, so I crouched down where I had been hiding behind the tree, pulled my rug once more over my shoulders, and after a while fell fast asleep.

When I woke the day was breaking; the gloom and silence of the night had passed away and given place to the merry chirping of hundreds of birds. As there was no question, unfortunately for me, of breakfast before starting, I thought I had better take advantage of the cool morning hours, so I went back to the embers of my fire—looking white and wan in the early light, but still smouldering in a way very suggestive of a pannikin of nice hot tea—picked up my useless tea and sugar bags, and the brand-new pannikin, packed up my swag, and once more started along the road. It would be too much to say that my broken night's rest had much refreshed me, but I felt very thankful that, such as it was, it had not ended in, for me, the sleep of death.

(To be continued.)

EDRIC THE NORSEMAN:

A TALE OF DISCOVERY AND HEROISM.

BY J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Professor and Crown Examiner at Moscow, Author of "Harold the Boy-Earl," "Ivan Dobroff," "Kornak the Viking," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—NEWFOUNDLAND.

AN Icelandic wedding nine hundred years ago was very different from such ceremony at the present day. In the old pagan times the bride was brought by certain of the bridegroom's friends in grand procession to his house, and there the ceremony was performed, which then consisted of copious draughts of ale and wine, together with some presents interchanged between the parties. The bride presented her intended with arms, a coat of mail, a horse, and other things, while he gave her a horse, a plough, a lance, and other gifts, chiefly emblematical of the relations now set up between them. The arms and armour typified that he should ever be the chief protector and the guardian of the home; the horse, that he should always be alert to follow foes who might attack the home and then escape. His gifts to her meant that the household cares, including all the culture of the fields, should be in her department, while the horse and lance denoted that her duty did not cease within the homestead, but should find her by his side even in time of war. The other gifts, as of the spindle, and so forth, were clearly representative of her household duties.

As Christianity became more thoroughly established, some of these customs died away, but still remains of them are left in all the Teutonic tribes, and the German Morgen Gabe (old English Morgen Gift) is a remnant of one of these. The interchange of presents between bride and bridegroom is seen in the interchange of rings in Scandinavian and German weddings, while the wedding ring in England is the sole survivor amongst us.

On the occasion of the wedding of Thorward and Freydisa there was, as it were, a combination of the older system with the new. Presents were given on each side and golden rings exchanged.

The saga says that Leif it was who first brought Christian marriages into use in Iceland; indeed it is reported that the introduction of Christianity was in great measure due to him, and there would seem to be some ground for this belief, for certainly the ships with priests and Christian men and women which we have noticed were brought by him to Iceland, and the first Christian marriage on the island was solemnised by those priests.

Freydisa was baptized, but the mere external ceremony is but the sign and not the thing itself. Her education by her mother and grandmother, both exercising the profession of witchcraft, was not a good preparation, nor were the convictions of her new husband very firm. Still they were nominally Christians, and as such were famous as the first pair married in the faith of Christ in Iceland.

By the time the rejoicings were at an end the church at Reykiavik was fully established, and the summer well advanced; the expedition to Greenland for the purpose of visiting Eirik the Red was in due condition to put to sea.

Amongst those who joined this expedition was a young man named Byarn Heryulfson,* whose father, Heryulf, was one of the retainers and bosom friends of Eirik the Red, and Byarn had fitted out a vessel which was to sail in company with Leif. Now Sigvald had given permission to his little son Edric to choose two of his playmates to accompany him, if they could gain their parents' free consent.

"I would have Osric and little Nils, if I could get their parents to consent, and they would like to go."

There was no question of repugnance to the trip as far as it depended on the boys, and their parents were only too glad for them to have the chance of such a treat. So on the eventful day two ships set sail from Reykiavik for Greenland, the one commanded by Leif Eirikson, the other by our new acquaintance, Byarn the son of Heryulf.

It was the early part of August when the two vessels, Rolf Kraké and the Sleipner, left the bay of Reykiavik together, the shores being crowded with the friends of those on board. Edric, Osric, and Nils stood on the raised part near the stern, watching those groups of friends with anxious eyes, until the "ness," or headland of the bay, concealed them from the view.

"Well, Edric, this is something like," said Osric, when the land was out of sight. "Here we are free! Oh, what a glorious feeling! They say that there are people, but I don't remember where, who pass their lives in tilling land and growing corn. What a mean-souled existence! Look at these fields of deep blue water; they are the fields for me!"

"Aye," replied Edric, "and our keel is like the ploughshare, only it cleaves the water, not the land."

"Which is much cleaner," struck in little Nils, whereat the others laughed. "Though," continued he, "I don't much see what kind of crops we gain."

"Glory!" said Edric, with a glance of pride, as the full sail, urging the vessel on, strained the stout mast until it bent like any twig. "Glory," he continued, as if inspired with the theme. "Glory is reaped at sea, harvests of fame are open to brave warriors who quail not when the mighty sea heaves with delight at having such as they are to sport with! A glorious home is this upon the waters, and a most glorious tomb is ocean when our task is done."

Byarn the son of Heryulf heard this rhapsody and laughingly observed, "Look here, my lads, on board a ship there should be little time to make fine speeches! We want, as old Dame Nordfelt says, speaking of her farm, no other cats than those that catch the mice, so ye must not be idle—look ye yonder! Lars Tostigson is working on a rope, he shall instruct you in the art."

But Edric and the other boys knew more about these matters than Byarn had first supposed, and the old soldier-sailor who was working on the rope in question found them more accomplished in the art of knotting than he was himself; while they, delighted with the larger ship on which they found themselves at present, learnt rapidly what still was wanting to make them quite as conversant with the shipman's art as with the boatman's.

Their second day at sea was memorable for a thick fog which hid the other vessel from their sight. It cleared away at night, but still Rolf Kraké could not be discerned. The third day dawned, and Edric was dispatched aloft to try his youthful eyes in making out the missing vessel. He went up gladly to the small "crow's-nest," or basket which was fixed upon the upper portion of the mast, and served like the modern "round-top" for men to stand in and from thence to shoot at others on the foeman's deck, or to look out over the waves at distant objects which could not be seen from deck.

"Aloft there!" shouted Byarn. "What dost thou see aloft?"

"Nothing at all. The sea is clear of ships, nothing is in sight, not even a playful school of whales."

"Strange!" answered Byarn. "Come down on deck; I will go up aloft and try my luck."

So Edric left the dizzy top, and Byarn ascended in his stead, but he could see as little.

"I know not where we are. We cannot be far distant from our shore, about two hundred miles I reckon, and the wind has not gone round so very much. What can this vanishing of Leif portend? I will let fly a raven."

It was customary then amongst the Northern sailors, to carry with them two or three ravens, which were released under certain circumstances. When, therefore, Byarn gave orders to release a raven, it was done with the intention of seeing how the nearest land might lie.

The bird was taken to the crow's-nest high aloft and thence let fly. After a whirling flight around the mast, the raven, uttering a scream, flew off in the direction whence the ship had come.

"See, my lads, see," quoth Byarn. "The nearest land is Iceland, whence we sailed, and it is near enough for yonder bird to reach. So onward goes."

* The original orthography is Bjarn Herjulfson, but as the "j" is pronounced like "y" I have preferred to use that letter. Byarn is not two syllables—By-arn, but one, B'yarn.



A Night Attack.

[Drawn for the B.O.P. by H. J. WALKER.]

the ship for Greenland. Oars, lads! row and help the sail."

So they continued in their course for three days more, and then another fog came on, so thick they could not see a spear's length from the prow. Another raven was sent forth, but soon returned, the fog being far too dense for the brave bird to pierce, even with his bright eyes.

The fog continued all that day and night. The morning brought thick clouds and heavy rain, which lasted through the day. The night, though rainless, was so obscured by clouds that they could not see the stars, and knew not how to steer.

The next day was as clear and bright as could be wished; no cloud obscured the sky. A light breeze had sprung up, but as they now had lost their reckoning, they could not tell whether it were a favourable breeze or not. A raven was let fly, but in the afternoon returned exhausted to the ship, proving that no land was near.

"I wonder where Leif with the Rolfi Kraké is?" quoth Byarn, "I cannot think him lost."

"Leif Eirikson is a good Christian," said Edric. "He will be taken care of. He told me once St. Paul was sore in need at sea, but by God's blessing all came right again at last."

"Thou wilt become a preacher, Edric, I believe. I like thy spirit, lad; I only wish I had some more of it myself."

"I think we have passed by Greenland in the fog."

"Well, that can hardly be, for Greenland is the end of midgård (the earth), and there is neither land nor water out beyond. But I don't like it all the same."

Three more days' sailing, still no land in sight. Icebergs enough, but still no land. Again a raven is let loose, and now another day is ended the bird does not return; this time flying from the ship he darted forwards from the prow, and never circled round the mast or hesitated, but hastened on as to a certain end.

So that day passed in blank suspense and expectation; next morning "little" Edric was sent again aloft. Four hours he remained, until, well-nigh exhausted with want of food and much fatigue, he said in answer to a hail from Byarn,

"I see a something on the starboard bow, but can't tell what it is. It may be land—I know not!"

"A bank of fog, most likely. However, thou art tired out, come down! I'll wager it is nothing but a field of ice."

"Hold on a bit, I think it is a shore; better sail for it, steer right for the setting sun, just as the wind holds—so!"

Though Northern manners banished all excitement, all display of too much interest in anything but fighting, the warriors on board could hardly keep from showing how much they felt the great relief of little Edric's words. They tugged more stoutly at their heavy oars, and urged the Sleipner to her utmost speed.

Gone was the boy's fatigue; gone was his craving hunger, as he realised the fact that what he saw was really land at last. Byarn now ordered him on deck; so down he came, and Byarn

then went aloft, grumbling, and saying he was sure it was a field of ice.

But aloft, surprise and wonder proved too much for even Northern coolness.

"By all the saints! it is a fearsome thing! Greenland at last after a fortnight's cruise! The like was never heard!"

Now this was in the morning. By sundown they had neared the coast, and were so close that they could see the inland hills crowned with green forest-trees.

"This must be Greenland!" Byarn exclaimed. "Look at the lovely trees!"

"That is not Greenland," said a sturdy rower; "the Greenland coast—I know it well—is very different. It was called Greenland not because of forests, but on account of grass and underwood growing down near the water. Yon coast is stony. Look at those flat rocks piled one above the other, layer on layer! Greenland, indeed! More likely Stoneland!"

"Thou art right, I think," said Byarn. "I know not Greenland, I; but Leif has always told me that the hills inland were capped with snow and ice, while near the water's edge the shore was green with grass. Here it is just the opposite; the shore is white with blocks of stones, and in the distance all the hills are green!"

The Sleipner coasted carefully along, but found no place that offered a convenient landing. So they went on, leaving the land of stone upon the left, and then stood out to sea, and, in the words of the old saga, which we quote, "then after sailing two days more again descried land, but lower than the former, and overgrown with wood."

Here they went ashore, and, finding various animals in great abundance and plenty of fresh water, they took in quite a splendid stock of fresh provisions, and then sailed off again.

"Continuing his course," the saga now goes on to say, "with a fair south-west breeze, Byarn reached in three days' time a lofty island, the shore of which presented numerous glaciers and icebergs. The country not appearing very attractive, Byarn stood out to sea."

"I wonder whether that was Greenland after all," said Edric, after they had been two days at sea returning from this newly-found and disappointing land. "It may be some strange bit of Greenland that has not yet been visited."

"I think that very likely," answered little Nils, "although I hope the rest of Greenland is more comfortable. Those stones are nasty, quite unfit for anything—too big to build with and too ugly to look nice. The woods beyond were fine, though. What a place for bears! I should have loved to go bear-hunting if there had been time."

"It was not Greenland, boys," says Osric; "my father was in Greenland once, and told me all about it, so that I seem to know the place quite well. 'Tis no more like that coast astern of us than I am like King Olaf Tryggvason."

"Dost thou know Olaf Tryggvason?" asked little Nils.

"No; but I heard my father speak of him."

"Is he a giant?"

"A giant! Ha, ha, ha! Why dost thou ask such silly questions?"

"It is no silly question; I heard my father speak of him, using the words, 'King Olaf and some other great men of Norway,' so I was sure he meant that they were giants."

"Thou art a silly little lad! King Olaf is no bigger than the rest, but he is great because he is a king."

"Then I suppose we have no kings in Iceland because we have no bigger men than usual. Or is it that we have no greater men than usual because we have no king?"

"No, Nils," said Edric, "we are all great men in Iceland, as thou and I—"

"Hear how those little fellows talk!" said Byarn, who overheard this observation. "They settle every question by themselves! Well may our commonwealth of Iceland be deemed the land of freedom when urchins talk like men!" Then, speaking to the lads, he said, with a strange gentleness of manner, contrasting strongly with his burly frame: "We have no king in Iceland, Edric, because all men upon the island are alike, all men are free; and, though some men are still called yarls, 'tis only custom; they are not so really. We are all alike!"

"Is Bran the woodman equal to my father?"

"Yes, in the eyes of Iceland law."

"Then why did my father have him beaten? He could not cause my father to be beaten, so they could not be equal!"

"Another time I'll talk to thee. Go now aloft and tell me whether thou canst see the land."

The other youngsters laughed at Byarn's rough way of shuffling a difficulty. Edric shook his head, but mounted cheerfully, and gained the little nest from whence he could espay whatever came in sight.

He had not been there long before his cheery voice was heard exclaiming,

"On deck there, ho!"

"What is it?"

"Land on the backboard (port) bow. Hurrah!"

Down came the boy, and Byarn was soon aloft, confirming his report.

"Thou seest now," said Osric, "that it was not Greenland that we left astern, for yonder is certainly one of the Greenland nesses, so that the land we leave astern of us is doubtless some queer island no one knows about."

"Dost think that Byarn will tell the folks on shore where we have been, and what new land we saw?"

"I think not, for if he should tell them of it they would but laugh at him for missing Greenland and sailing into 'No man's land' like that."

Byarn, in descending, overheard the boys, and thought it might be better for his fame to hold his tongue. So, when he came on deck, he said, addressing all his men on board,

"My friends, thrown out by fogs and adverse winds, it is not strange that we should miss the land we sought, but still it is not good that men should laugh at us, and therefore I propose we do not mention to our friends in Greenland the land which we have seen. What think ye, friends?"

Then spoke up Oleg Arfvidson, a stern

old viking heart. He looked more like a forest oak with snow upon its head than a mere man of flesh and blood.

"Byarn Heryulfson, I hold it nothing work to lie. I lie not, nor would any champion worth his salt. I can hold my tongue, of course, but men will wonder what we have been doing if we all suddenly stop short when asked where we have been! I like it not, and this I say, and *mean*, if we be asked whence we obtained supplies—for we have been a month upon the passage—if we be asked this question we must say we found a new and unknown land where animals are plenty, and we came away."

"I like it not," said Byarn; "men will not think it true, because it is believed

that Greenland is the last of all the earth; and yet we must explain how we found food, and *where*. Lying will never help, yet no one will believe us when we tell the truth. By Odin's beard—I mean by sweet Saint John—I know not what to do."

Said little Edric: "We must hold our tongues till we are asked directly what we saw, then we must tell the truth; before that time say nothing!"

There was a long debate, and all the time the ship was nearing land. They soon arrived at what is now called Cape Farewell and duly entered Eirik's fiord or frith, where Leif's ship, the Rolf Kraké, lay at anchor.

The little colony seemed all assem-

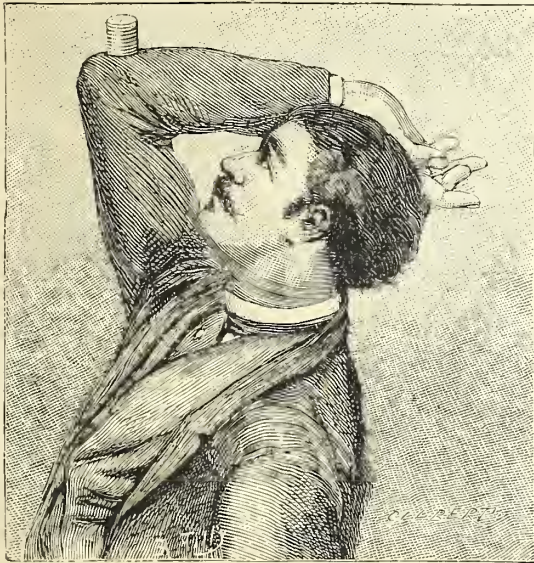
bled on the shore to welcome Byarn, of whom it had been said he never would or could be heard of more. The Christians thought he had been drowned, the worshippers of Thor and Odin thought he had gone with all his train straight to Valhalla, others again believed that when the fogs came on he had, despairing of success, sailed back to Reykiavik. Now he was really there before their eyes on board his ship, whole man and sound, to tell his story as it happened. But the bustle and excitement of Byarn's reception must still remain untold, for more important matters crave attention in the following chapter.

(To be continued.)

PENCE PUZZLES.—No. II.

YET another lesson in inertia! Let us overcome our own inertia sufficiently to make it clear.

Drop your elbow suddenly and catch the penny as it falls. For the first time or two you will probably send the penny flying



Bend up your arm as shown in our illustration and place a penny on your elbow.

against the nearest wall, but in a few minutes you will become as expert as a

street juggler. When you can catch one penny every time, try two, then three, and so on, until you can catch a shilling'sworth of pence without any fumble. The principle is the same as that demonstrated in the plate trick, the pence drop by gravity, and your hand goes down quicker by muscular effort. As in the plate trick, be careful to drop the pile horizontally; if you deprive them of support when they are in the slightest degree on one side you will find it difficult to catch them.

Having successfully accomplished this experiment in inertia, you can follow on with an experiment in credulity. Turn up the cuffs of your coat, and explain that you are going to catch a smaller coin in a more difficult way. Place a farthing, not on your elbow, but about six inches nearer your wrist. Drop your elbow, bring your hand down, and pretend to catch in your hand the farthing that has automatically slipped into your cuff. Tell the coin to vanish and show your audience that it has gone. Then announce that it will reappear through the ceiling. Hold a glass or basin in your left hand and point upwards with your right. As you lift your arm the farthing will drop from your cuff, and you can catch it as if it came from where you expected it. The "inertia" of the audience may lead them to consider this experiment quite as scientific as the others.

BACK TO LIFE:

A TALE OF THE JUNGLE.

By REV. J. R. HUTCHINSON, FROM INDIA.

CHAPTER I.—READY FOR A START.

"PLEASE sar, ponies coming, sar."

It was the good-natured voice of the dark-skinned Hindu butler. Instantly there was a clatter of falling toys, a rush of feet through the long verandah and down the front steps of the stately Indian bungalow, while a chorus of voices in various keys sang out, "The ponies! the ponies!"

Foremost in the race were Arthur and Irving. These boys were nearly of an age—about ten. Irving was the only son of the collector or chief revenue officer of the G— district, Southern India. His cousin Arthur had but the week before arrived from England on a visit. Mr. Stillwell's official duties called him once a year to the hill tract that bordered the northern

side of his collectorate, and stretched away beyond range upon range in what are known as the Eastern Ghats. Here he was obliged to spend six weeks of his time yearly; and for the hills, or Mallahs, as they were called in that part of the country, they proposed starting on the following day. To enable the two boys to surmount the difficulties of the steep ascent, and reach the elevated camping-ground, as well as to afford them exercise and pleasure on their return, two new ponies had been purchased.

What beauties they were!—dappled-grey, perfect mates, and as glossy as constant grooming and abundant grain could make them. Their closely-clipped manes were arched in perfect curves

from the shapely shoulders to the bases of the cunning ears, now pricked up knowingly as their new masters circled around them in ecstasies of delight, and examined them from all points of view.

"Are they country ponies, father?" asked Irving.

"No, my boy; country ponies are very vicious. They are apt either to throw their owner and break his neck, or dash his brains out with their heels. Besides, they are ugly in appearance. These are Pégüs."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Irving, turning to his cousin with a superior air, "Pégü, you know, is a province of Upper Burma celebrated for its ponies—at least, so Will Hardinge says, and he ought to know, for he's been there."

"Are they broken in yet?" asked Arthur, more interested in the ponies themselves than in their geographical connections.

"Yes, to the saddle," replied Mr. Stillwell; "but what are you going to name them?"

Now this very matter had been a constant bone of good-humoured contention in the family for the past two weeks—ever since it had been known that the ponies were expected, indeed. All sorts of proposals had been received and discussed, from "Sahib and Dog-tair, sar," by the butler, to "Ector and Hevangeline, mam," by the English nurse. The boys had privately resolved, on the strength of much confabulation, both in public and in that choicest of all places of sweet counsel, bed, that Irving should call his pony "Prancer" and Arthur his "Spots," provided, he threw in as an afterthought, it had any spots. These names were now announced amid the cheers of the expectant company. To Mr. Stillwell was accorded the privilege of christening the *syces*, or horseboys, which he accordingly did offhand by dubbing them respectively "Castor" and "Pollux," afterwards improved by the native servants into "Cushter" and "Polinks."

This inspection of the ponies took place on the more shady side of the bungalow. The sun was now several hours high, and Indian sunshine is dangerous; so the boys ran in for their pith helmets. Irving had been accustomed to the saddle almost from the cradle; while Arthur, too, had been trained to ride skilfully in a first-class riding-school. So the two boys sprang into the shining new saddles, from which the *syces* had removed the cloths, and were off for a canter down the banyan-shaded drive.

"Are you quite sure, dear," anxiously queried Mrs. Stillwell, as she turned towards the bungalow, leaning upon her husband's arm—"are you quite sure that absolutely no danger is to be apprehended from the jungle men? There was a report some time ago, you know, that they were restive again."

"There's not the slightest danger," replied her husband with a slight laugh; "they learned too tough a lesson the last time to be at their tricks again so soon. The boys will have a jolly time, as they say; and you will enjoy the change of air and scene, too, I hope."

It was now getting well on towards the middle of May. The delightful cool season—like a diluted New England Indian summer—was at an end, and the days were hot and grilling. No rain except a single mango shower in February (so called because the mango-trees are then in bloom) had fallen for months, and the ground was split by the heat into great cracks. Irving felt his mouth grow parched as he looked at it. For several days the heat had been intense. Early as the two boys had risen that morning in the hope of seeing the ponies, they had found the sun ahead of them; he was just lifting his great red head above the horizon at 5.30. As the day wore on, and the heat crept up in the nineties, poor Arthur began to experience a peculiar sensation.

Arthur's trouble was the result of the continued and, to him, unaccustomed

heat. "Prickly" is a very common complaint in hot climates. The skin, especially where the clothes press upon it, rises into red pimples which tingle and burn just as one's foot does when "asleep." The natives of India use a very effective implement of horn for relieving those parts of the back which are out of reach of the hand. This they call a "back-scratcher." Play was out of the question, for Arthur at least; and his only relief was to keep in the coolest spot he could find. This was the east verandah.

Out of doors, the boys could see, the heat was terrible. As the day dragged its fiery length along, the air became like the breath of a furnace. They watched it surge up from the scorched ground in great heated waves. Once Arthur caught himself snuffing to see whether his hair was not singed. Their eyesgrewinflamed and smarted terribly, simply from looking out into the glare. But little sign of life did they see out of doors that day, except the bullocks wearily chewing their cuds in the shade of the trees. A few natives clanked slowly by on wooden shoes, or limped gingerly along on blistered feet. The trees hung dusty and lifeless. The thirsty crows gasped with open beaks and half-raised wings under the limp leaves, taking themselves off now and then to the river for a bath. The spiny lizards even sat panting on some shady branch. In the river the great ungainly water-buffaloes wallowed all day long—the only creatures, so far as Arthur could see, that enjoyed existence on such a day.

"Oh, Irv," he groaned, "how I wish I was a water-bull."

"A what, Art?"

"A water-bull, then I'd—"

"Ha, ha! A water-bull! You mean 'water-buffalo,' don't you?"

"Well, you needn't laugh at a fellow if I do. I mean those long-horned brutes lying in the water yonder," grumbled Arthur.

"Boy! b—o—y! Please bring me a glass of water!" shouted Irving.

A dusky Hindu servant, neatly dressed in flowing white garments, and a gold-laced turban, hurried up in response to the summons with an unglazed earthen water *cujah*, or goblet, and a glass in his hands.

"Have some, Art?"

"No, thank you, cousin."

When Irving had slaked his thirst, and the servant had glided noiselessly away—his bare feet making not the least sound on the hard plaster floor—Arthur turned to his cousin with wide-open eyes.

"Why, Irv, he's not a boy; he's a man grown."

Irving laughed. "Yes, but we call them all boys here in India, you know. Why, old Mūnaswami's a boy yet, and he's at least a hundred years old. He hasn't got a single tooth in his head."

"How funny," laughed Arthur, "never to get to be a man."

All that day the host of servants and *peons* were busy packing. Under the trees of the mango grove near the bungalow stood a number of queer native carts. The construction of these vehicles was simple but very effective. Two stout bamboo poles were fastened

securely crosswise of the tough axle so as to project almost an equal distance before and behind. Across these, at intervals of a foot or so, other pieces of bamboo were secured somewhat after the manner of a ladder, forming the bottom of the cart. An arched framework of other bamboos, some four feet high, was erected over this, upon which was securely tied a splint mat. In front, the two bamboos of the bottom came together and were tightly lashed to a yoke. As this yoke was as long as the axle it made it difficult to upset the cart, or "bandy," as it was called. The bullocks were tied to this yoke by passing a bit of rope around their necks, and knotting the end after pushing it through a hole in the wood. The space between the two tongue-pieces of the cart was interwoven with cord, upon which the driver could sit or lie asleep, with feet projecting beyond the yoke, just as he pleased.

Into these bandies an incalculable amount of miscellaneous goods were being packed. The boys from their shaded perch on the verandah railings watched the process of loading them with eager eyes. They saw disappear under the spacious coverings chairs and tables, cots and mattresses, dishes for eating, cooking, and washing; boxes of bottles and tins, and a thousand other things which they knew would be good when opened and better when eaten—all intended to make life enjoyable on the hills looming up blue in the distance yonder.

When the two majestic elephants "Giant" and "Cruncher" paced slowly up the avenue and stopped almost directly beneath where the boys were seated, Arthur's excitement knew no bounds. He went into an ecstasy of delight when the black drivers came down the tails of the huge animals hand over hand, and a few moments later mounted them again by the same road. He had never before seen anything like that.

"I say, Irv, does everybody get up that way?"

"N—o, I don't think so," reluctantly replied Irving, half inclined to have some sport with his cousin.

"Well, but how do they get up then?"

"With a ladder, of course."

"What do they eat? Grass?"

"Yes, they will eat grass; but leaves and tender branches of trees form their chief food. Every morning the keepers take them out to the jungle, where the great intelligent creatures break off branches of trees, load them on their own backs, and bring them home to eat. They also get a large quantity—enough for many horses—of gram and bran every day. They love to trespass in the rice-fields and eat the green crops. Before putting the bunches of green paddy in their mouths they deftly strike it against their knee to knock the mud from the roots. When you give an elephant a cocoa-nut, he rolls it under his great feet to detach the husk, after which he cracks the shell with his grinders and drinks the milk with great relish.

The tents in which the party were to live while on the hills were by this time loaded upon the elephants, and the ungainly creatures rose slowly from their

ponderous knees and moved off. The cartmen, with much shouting and whacking of their poor bullocks, not to speak of surreptitious twisting of their tails, also got under way one by one, and soon the spacious compound was deserted, and the boys knew that its quiet—broken only by the cawing of

epergne in the centre of the well-laid table, the quick-gliding movements of the barefoot servants as they served the various dishes, the delicious odour of the great pine-apple at the upper end of the table, had a strong tendency, he soon found, to put him to sleep. Rice and curry he detested, but he was highly

"What is the trouble?" asked Mr. Stillwell.

"Boy says the 'yice pudding done set down, mam,'" laughed Mrs. Stillwell.

This was followed by a general laugh. "Iced pudding sat down. How? What does he mean?"

"Oh, that is the boy's way of saying



"There's not the slightest danger," he replied, with a laugh.

the numerous crows—meant bustle yonder in a certain little dale among the hills.

That being their last night at home for some time, the boys were accorded the privilege of sitting up to dinner. To Arthur Indian dinners were a great mystery, and as this was only his second with his uncle and aunt, there was much that delighted as well as puzzled him. The noiseless swaying of the great *punkah* overhead, the gentle rustling of the delicate maiden-hair fern in the

amused to see his cousin help himself liberally. Then the "boy" passed some curious cakes, called *appadas*, as large as a saucer, of wafer-like thinness, and very crisp and brown. He could eat one of these, at any rate. But the first taste brought the water to his eyes. The cake was scorching hot with red pepper!

Just then the butler approached Mrs. Stillwell's chair and whispered something in her ear.

"Never mind, bring it on," she said.

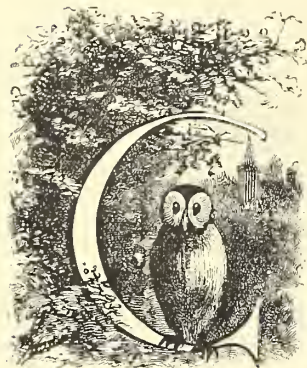
that the heat has been too much for the pudding—that it has melted.

There was another laugh at this. In due time the "yice" pudding was brought on, and was found very delicious, notwithstanding its untimely collapse. This and the grateful fruit dessert soon made Arthur forget his experience with the *appadas*, and he retired with his cousin in high spirits over the events of the day, and in a flutter of expectation as to the morrow.

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)



CONSIDERING how great and general, during the past nine years, has been the interest evinced by our readers in these competitions,

we could hardly do better than continue them, increasing at the same time in every possible way their scope and attractions.

We sincerely trust that, in addition to old friends, very many of our readers who have not hitherto taken any part in these honourable and stimulating trials of skill will now pluck up heart to secure a place amongst the competitors, and show the mettle of which they are made. Local friends, it should be ever remembered by aspirants to art or literary success, are not always the safest nor best judges of one's capabilities, and it should prove helpful in every way to have one's work tested by competent authorities side by side with that of others of one's own age resident in all parts of Great and Greater Britain.

We start our competitions for the present volume with the following subjects, and hope to announce others, specially chosen to suit all classes of readers, as the volume progresses. We should like to repeat here what we have more than once stated, that where there may seem to be any doubt as to our exact meaning in the announcement of subjects, competitors will be quite safe in following their own judgment in the matter. Our one object in offering the Prizes and selecting the subjects being to help our readers, they may be quite sure we should not allow any deserving worker to suffer because of a mere accidental misunderstanding. *The general rules, however, must be strictly adhered to; and in no case can we reply to inquiries through the post, the forwarding of stamped and addressed envelopes notwithstanding.*

It will be seen that this year, as previously, we start with subjects likely to afford all classes a fair chance—boys at home, and at school; boys with leisure and opportunities, and boys who are already engaged in the sterner duties of life; boys to whom a preliminary outlay may be no great object, and boys who rarely have a shilling to spare. All the subjects are equally open to every bona-fide reader, irrespective of sex or nationality, within the ages specified; so that any reader may, if so disposed, try in all the competitions.

I.—Writing Competition.

As a really good legible handwriting is becoming increasingly appreciated, especially in commercial life, and is not always taught and recognised as it ought to be at our public schools, we have decided to make our first competition in this series, as in our seventh, one calculated to test the skill of our readers in this direction. We do not limit the style of writing to any one class, whether the commercial, the corresponding, or the legal.

We offer, then, THREE PRIZES, of One Guinea each, for the best copy, in plain handwriting, of the

23rd Psalm, Authorised Bible Version. Competitors will be taken in three classes—the Junior Division, embracing all ages up to 14; the Middle Division, all ages from 14 to 18; and the Senior, all ages from 18 to 24.

The last day for sending in is January 31st, 1888; and as we never attempt to commence the adjudication until the prescribed date is past, nothing is gained by competitors in hurrying in their work. [See "Rules and Conditions."]

II.—Carving Competition.

So great was the interest shown in the Carving Competition of a "Viking's Shield" in our eighth series, that we have determined to give further Prizes in connection with the subject. We now, therefore, offer Two PRIZES, of Three Guineas and Two Guineas respectively, for the best VIKING HELMET. (See drawing on page 37, where "winged" helmets are shown; also our back volumes, or the current story of "Edric the Norseman," for suggestions as to form, style, etc.) The size, wood, tools, etc., are left entirely to competitors' own choice, but the natural difficulties presented by some woods over others will of course be taken into due consideration by the adjudicators.

There will be two divisions—the Junior, including all ages up to 18; and the Senior, all ages from 18 to 24. The higher prize will go to the division furnishing the better work.

The last day for sending in is February 28th, 1888. [See "Rules and Conditions."]

III.—Music Competition.

We offer, as in previous years, Two PRIZES, of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively, for the best musical setting, with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, of any of the verses appearing in our last volume (Vol. IX.), or in the Summer and Christmas Parts of 1887. There will be two classes—Junior, all ages up to 18; Senior, from 18 to 24. *The last day for sending in is March 31st, 1888. [See "Rules and Conditions."]*

IV.—Fretwork and Carving Competition.

Experience has proved that many of our readers are skilful at fretwork and artistic designing who would hardly shine in such a contest as that presented by the above-mentioned carving competition. We, therefore, offer Two PRIZES, of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively, for the best PICTURE FRAME suitable, as to size and style, for framing the coloured presentation plate issued with our current monthly part, "The Albanian." The interior size should be a page of the B. O. P.; the exterior, and also the choice of wood, tools, etc., are left entirely to competitors' own selection, but the natural difficulties presented by some woods over others will of course be taken into consideration. The work may be wholly in carving—whether sunk or in relief—or fretwork may be combined with it. The divisions as to age will be precisely the same as in the above Viking Competition; but the last day for sending in will be April 29th, 1888. [See "Rules and Conditions."]

V.—Illuminating Competition.

The Illuminating competitions have proved so immensely popular with readers of all ages and grades of skill that we have determined to continue them.

We offer now FOUR PRIZES, of Two Guineas, One Guinea and a Half, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea respectively, for the best Illumination (in oils or water-colours) of any of the sayings of the Lord Jesus, as recorded in the Gospels. Either the Authorised or Revised Version may be followed. Competitors will be divided into four classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 19 to 24; second class, from 15 to 19; third class, from 11 to 15; fourth class, all ages up to 11. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors are not prohibited from using purchased designs, but the colouring must be wholly their own, and other things being equal, the preference will be given to original work throughout. The size, material, etc., are left to the choice of competitors.

The last day for sending in is May 31st, 1888. [See "Rules and Conditions."]

VI.—Literary Competition.

Lastly, we offer THREE PRIZES of One Guinea each for the best set of verses descriptive of or founded

on the drawing, "A Night Attack," by H. J. Walker, printed on page 37. The style and metre are left entirely to the choice of competitors, but no contribution should exceed in length, say, a column of the B. O. P. This can readily be ascertained by counting the lines. Competitors will be divided into three classes, and one Prize will go to each class—Senior Division, all ages from 18 to 24; Middle Division, all ages from 14 to 18; Junior, all ages up to 14.

The last day for sending in is June 30th, 1888. [See "Rules and Conditions."]

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No article of any kind sent in to us in competition will be returned, whether accompanied by stamps or not—a rule rendered necessary by the immense number of readers who join in these competitions. To return in all cases would be next to impossible, and it is not fair to make exceptions. The best of the articles may, probably, as hitherto, be sent to hospitals, training-ships, ragged-schools, and other useful public institutions, as a gift from the readers of the BOY'S OWN PAPER. *The result of each competition will be duly published in our columns, and no questions on the subject can be answered through the post.*

2. The prize-winners may either receive the money itself, or the money value in such approved articles or books as they may select. In all cases money will be sent unless we are otherwise instructed.

3. In addition to the Prizes, handsome "Certificates of Merit," suitable for framing, signed by the Editor, will be awarded to all the more meritorious competitors who may fail to secure prizes.

4. The work must in every case be the competitor's own—that is, must be the product of his own hands and brain; though of course any aids received merely in the way of suggestion, whether from books or friends, are admissible.

5. All MSS. must have at the top of first page the full name, address, and age of sender, clearly and legibly written, thus:—

Name

Address

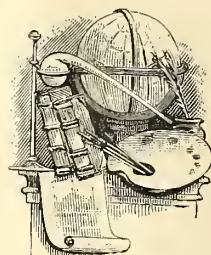
Age

In the case of the Illuminations, Carvings, etc., these same particulars should be written on a separate piece of paper, which should also bear the certificate (see Rule 7), and must be stitched (not pinned) on the front top left-hand corner, or gummed to the back.

6. All the subjects are equally open to every competitor, but where any competitors may try for Prizes in two or more of the subjects, they should be careful to see that in every case the particulars are repeated according to these instructions with each separate article.

7. All contributions should be certified by parent, clergyman, minister, teacher, employer, or other responsible person, as genuine unaided work. By this certificate we simply mean a letter, or even an endorsement under the competitor's name, thus:—"I hereby certify that the accompanying article is the unaided work of —." Signed —.

8. All letters or packets must be plainly marked outside "Prize Competition, Class —," and must be addressed to "The Editor, BOY'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London," the carriage being, of course, in all cases PREPAID.



FRIENDS.

SONG FOR BOYS.

Words and Music by the Rev. W. J. FOXELL,
B.A., B.MUS. (LOND.)

VOICE. *Allegretto*

PIANO. *p*

1. They came to school to - ge - ther, On one fine morn in May, Two

jol - ly lit - tle fellows, With eyes as bright as day. And e - ven in tha; ear - ly time, And in those tender years, To - ge - ther they en -

CHORUS *f Tempo di Valse*

joy'd their fun, To - ge - ther shed their tears. Friends, friends; yes, they were friends! Friends, friends; yes, they were friends.

f Tempo di Valse

Faith - ful and fast, . . . True till the last, . . . Still they were friends, . . . al - ways friends, friends.

1st, &c., time. Last time

2

They used to help each other,
Whatever work might come,
If one failed in an answer
The other did the sum.
O'er Caesar's stirring page they pored,
And Homer's glorious song,
And always where the one was weak
The other came out strong!

CHORUS

3

They both were great at cricket,
'Twas grand to see them play;
For while one batted steady,
The other slogged away.
And even when the "Vac." came round
They kept together then,
And so the friendship lasted on
Until the boys grew men.

CHORUS.

4

When college days soon followed,
Together both went up;
They worked through all together,
For medal and for cup.
They both rowed in their college boat,
They joined in all the games,
And when the list at last came out
A bracket joined their names!

CHORUS.

5

And so when growing older,
And going down life's hill,
Although their years were many
They stuck together still.
They loved to think of bygone times
And schoolboy days recall;
It made them happy then to think
They'd been firm friends through all.

CHORUS.

THE BOY'S OWN MODEL LOCOMOTIVE, AND HOW TO BUILD IT.

By H. F. HOBDEN,

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Launch Engine," etc., etc.

PART III.

YOU will now require to drill a hole at A (Fig. 10) for the chimney, which should be three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Then cut a slot in the bottom of the boiler six inches long by an inch and a half wide, commencing a quarter of an inch from forward end of the boiler.

Now take a sheet of copper and cut a piece about six inches and a quarter long by six inches broad, and bend it over a wooden roller to the shape shown at Fig. 12, keeping it an inch and a half apart between A B. Cut also two other pieces of copper to the shape of your bent sheet (Fig. 12), and make it

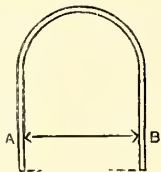


Fig. 12.

long enough to reach to the dotted line. These form the two ends, which may be placed an eighth of an inch from the edges, as in Fig. 13, and soldered in place, and the projecting rims turned over and sweated with solder from the outside in the same manner as you did to the boiler-ends in Fig. 11. Then drill a three-quarter-inch hole at B (Fig. 13) for the bottom of chim-

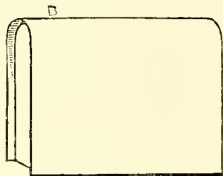


Fig. 13.

ney-tube to go into, and cut a piece of three-quarter inch brass tubing of sufficient length to pass out at top of boiler about half an inch, as shown at A (Fig. 10). You can then hammer out a rim or flange on the bottom end of chimney-tube, and push it up through the hole in the copper box and solder it in place from the top, as at A (Fig. 14).

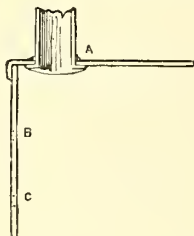


Fig. 14.

Now drill a couple of small holes at each end of the box B C (Fig. 14); these should be rather more than an eighth of an inch in diameter, to allow an eighth of an inch tube to pass through.

Get two twelve-inch lengths of hard-drawn steam-piping of an eighth of an inch in diameter, and with your screw-plate put a thread on each end of about half an inch in length, then drill some holes in any odd

piece of brass plate, and with the screw-taps form eight nuts to fit the threads on the piping, and finish them up to shape with a file.

Then take the piping and bend it very gently, to prevent it cracking, round a bar of iron or handle of some tool held in the vice until it is of the form shown at Fig. 15.



Fig. 15.

Do each one the same, and then mix a little turps with some white-lead and smear each end where you have formed the screws, taking care not to get any into the tubes, and they might have a plug of paper put in temporarily to prevent it.

Now put a nut on at either end as far as the thread will allow it, and smearing a little white-lead round the holes drilled in ends of box B C (Fig. 14). Push the tubes in from the inside and screw up firmly with the remaining nuts in the position shown at Fig. 16. The inside nuts can then be

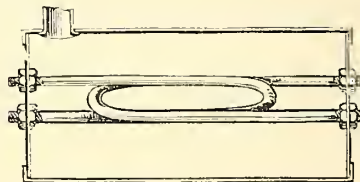


Fig. 16.

tightened up with a spanner, and if you have carefully done this you will never be troubled with any leakage, no matter what pressure you may get in the boiler.

These tubes are immensely strong, and from their small size the water in them is raised quickly to a higher temperature than that contained in the rest of the boiler, causing a continual circulation to take place and a constant supply of steam to be formed.

The box can now be placed in the boiler through the slot cut in the bottom, taking care that the top of box is not more than half way up the boiler, as in B (Fig. 10). This will leave a portion projecting below the lower edge of boiler, like C. This part protects the flame of the lamp from being blown away by the draught caused by travelling along, and which would cause you to lose steam. Solder it firmly in position from the outside to prevent the flame touching any soldered portion. Also solder neatly round A (Fig. 10).

The chimney can be made from another piece of three-quarter-inch brass tube.

Chuck it in the lathe, and turn it up bright, and put a collar on it at A (Fig. 17)



Fig. 17.

to allow it to push on to the piece of tube left projecting at A (Fig. 10).

The top of chimney, or bell-mouth, B (Fig. 17), will require turning in the lathe also, and fitted on neatly.

The steam chest D (Fig. 10) is a brass casting you can turn up also, and after cutting a circular hole in top of boiler of about an inch in diameter it can be either screwed or soldered on, previously putting the steam-pipe E in position by drilling a hole at F, and after bending it as shown, pass it through at F and solder in place.

The top of pipe E should be about a quarter of an inch from top of inside of steam chest.

Before soldering on the steam chest drill a couple of holes, as at G H (Fig. 10), one for the small lug G to be screwed into, which holds one end of the lever of the safety-valve, and that at H should be drilled conical with a rhymer, and the valve H can be turned in the lathe, and afterwards ground to fit the hole with a little emery and water, by means of a slot cut across the top and worked round with a screw-driver.

The spring-case of safety-valve I is easily made from a piece of the one-eighth of an inch brass tubing, and use some small, hard brass wire to form the spring of. When finished it should be hooked to the eye screwed into boiler at V.

The manhole, or screwhead, K, is used to refill the boiler by when it has steamed low, and will require to be turned up to shape; and the bed L it screws into can be firmly soldered on the boiler, having first drilled a hole slightly larger than the diameter of the screw itself, which should be sufficiently large to allow an ordinary tin funnel to be used to refill by, and the screw ought to be long enough to hold a leather washer under the head to keep it steam-tight.

The whistle M will require a hole drilled for it to be screwed into, and that, as also the steam-tap N and water-tap O, can be bought cheap ready to put on, and is more satisfactory than making them yourself. But should you wish to do so, the method I have described in Vol. VII. previously mentioned, of making an oil-cup applies equally to these.

The tap O should be screwed in at a slightly higher level than the top of box B, and when working the engine, should steam issue from it when turned on instead of water, you ought to immediately blow off

steam by safety-valve H. Then unscrew K, and refill the boiler with water.

By this time the framework will no doubt be quite dry, and you can then clean and polish the boiler and attach it to the frame by a screw or solder at the forward end, and the steam-pipe N can be screwed on to the projecting piece of tube left at F, whilst you also screw a short length of pipe into the steam-box of engine through a hole in the bed-plate. Then bend it up to the steam-tap and solder them carefully in position; this will hold the after end of boiler firmly.

Go over every soldered joint to see if any small hole is left, and resolder where necessary, as a hole in the boiler not larger than a pin's point would prevent you getting any pressure of steam in the boiler, as the water would all blow out.

When so far complete you can either lacquer or paint the boiler as suits your fancy, and whilst it is drying there will be time to make the lamp Fig. 18.

It is simply an oblong box made of tin or any piece of thin metal you may have, and should be one inch and a quarter wide by five inches long and about three-quarters of an inch deep. To make it, cut a piece of tin four and a half inches by five inches, and bend it to shape, then solder the two edges together and cut two ends to fit. Push them in and solder in place.

Then cut three pieces of brass quarter-inch tubing into three quarter-inch lengths, drill holes in top of lamp and insert them, allowing about a quarter of an inch to project, as at A (Fig. 17); then solder them on four pieces of bent wire (C C C C) by which to hang the lamp by means of two wire pins run through them and small holes drilled in sides of projecting piece C (Fig. 10).

The screw-filler B (Fig. 18) will have to

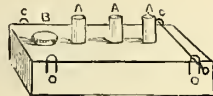


Fig. 18.

be soldered in also, and when complete the tubes A may be filled with cotton wick and

See that all the taps are turned off; and if there is no leakage from careless workmanship, you will find, on turning the steam tap on, the locomotive will run beautifully, and will travel at great speed either on a smooth oil-cloth or wood floor.

I will presently explain how to make a set of rails, on which she would run much quicker still; but for this engine, if you make a small tender of the shape shown at Fig. 19, and fasten it at any angle by the

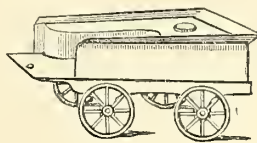


Fig. 19.

set-screw on the foot-plate of the engine shown at N Fig. 2, the model will run in any sized circle you may wish, without lines, according to the angle you fix the tender to the engine at.

Wooden coal trucks, etc., you can easily make to complete the train if you wish; but of course each one is an extra load for the engine to draw, and will prevent it going as quickly as when alone.

Tin is the best material to use for the tender, as no great strength is required; indeed, it should be made as light as possible. The wheels and axles you must finish in the same manner as those on the engine; and it could be made into a tank, to hold an extra supply of spirit, by soldering a piece of tin round the inside, and covering it in with another piece cut to shape, and fitted with a screw-nut to fill by, as shown in Fig. 18.

If you have carefully followed these simple directions, and also practically carried them out, you will be able, and no doubt anxious, to try your constructive powers on a more complete model, and I will therefore endeavour to help you to do so.

Should you be able to draw, you will find it a great help if you carefully sketch out on a sheet of cartridge paper the locomotive to the exact size you intend building it.

cost fifty pounds to buy ready finished; and if you turn the wooden models for the castings yourself, and use sheet-iron for the framework, etc., where possible, the total expense will not be so very great.

Do not forget it requires time and patience if you wish to make a good job of it.

Fig. 20 is a side view of the locomotive in its finished state, and we will begin to work at it in the same manner as in the former model, viz., with the framework; but as some of my readers may have a preference for some special type of engine other than the one drawn, they can easily build it from the following directions, and keeping the same proportion in size as in Fig. 20, which is drawn to an eighth-inch scale.

The entire length should be about three feet two inches, and the bed-plate thirty-five inches by nine inches wide. The driving-wheels are eight and a quarter inches in diameter, and the leading-wheels five and a quarter inches, and about six and a half inch gauge, viz., the space between the lines on which the wheels run.

The cylinders should be one and three-quarter inch bore by two and a half inch stroke, which will give sufficient power to drive the engine at a high rate of speed, with 30 lb. to 50 lb. of steam. The boiler is twenty-eight inches long, including smoke-box, by five inches diameter.

In Fig. 20 I have lettered the various parts, and it will be well to look over them carefully, as this engine differs materially from the previous model in its arrangement, being constructed exactly similar to a real engine.

A is the chimney, B steam-blast used to increase the intensity of the fire, and is worked by rod C running through the hollow handrail D, and ending in handle F. G the steam-dome and safety-valve is the same pattern as previously used, H extra safety-valve, worked from foot-plate; I steam-whistle, K wind-guard, L starting-lever, M smoke-box (with door), N O spring-buffers; P is the line-clearer, or wheel-guard; Q leading-wheels, and R R driving ditto; S one of the cylinders, with piston-rod and guides bolted to frame, and showing double connecting rod at T T; U U are the springs which support the weight of the boiler, etc., on the axle-bearings; the spring

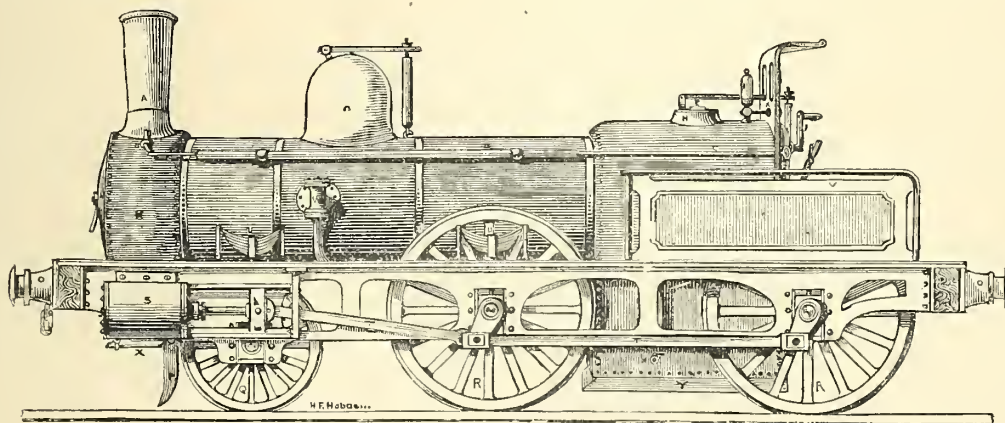


Fig. 20.

the lamp about three parts full of methylated spirit, which will give a clear smokeless flame.

You can now start your locomotive by filling the boiler about three parts full of hot water, and then hooking the lamp underneath; you will soon get a good pressure of steam up.

You can then take all the measurements from it, which will prove to be a saving in time and trouble. Of course the larger you make the engine, the more expensive the castings and materials will be; but if you persevere in making the locomotive I am about to describe, you will have a model of real value to you, and which would probably

on rear wheel does not show, being inside the safety-guard and handrail V. W is the back-pressure valve, through which the water is thrown by the force-pump into the boiler; and X is the blow-off tap to clear the model from all water after having used it; and Y shows the side of ash-pan.

(To be continued.)

FOOTNOTES ON FOOTBALL.

By A REFEREE.

PART III.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON PLAY.

AND now for a few "dribbles" on things in general. A football eleven fights its battles with four arms. These four are goal-keeper, backs, half-backs, and forwards. The object of the first two is to get rid of the ball immediately; no delay is permissible to them; "Away with it" is their motto; so long as it goes it matters little. The object of the half-backs is to get rid of it, but with discretion; unlike the back, the half-back must be careful as to where it goes. The ball is almost sure to come the right way from the back, but from the half-back it may go in quite the wrong way. Hence, while the back can kick his very hardest, the half-back must restrain himself, and be contented with skilfully passing the ball on. He must never kick without thinking where he is kicking. He is on the debatable ground, in possession of the strategical point. Behind him are the backs, whose endeavour is to get rid of the ball; before him are the forwards, whose object is never to leave the ball until it is through the posts.

In football, combination is the secret of success. No one player should stick to the ball an instant longer than he can do best work with it. The moment he reaches another player with a better opening for the moment, he should pass it to him, knowing that it will come back again when his chance comes. In a typical team there are no star players, and the goal is won by the efforts of the eleven, and not by the efforts of any individual. Under the existing rules there is no room for gallery kicking or single-handed work. All have to combine, all have to be busy, and the ball to get down the field has to zigzag across it like a boat beating to windward to avoid the penalties that strew the straight path. To win you must dribble and pass, and passing is the chief accomplishment. But to pass properly you must know your man, and trust him, and hence you must play with him. And, like the best cricket eleven, the best football eleven is that which oftenest plays the strict game together.

And in playing the game it is as well to bear in mind that the foot was made for kicking and the head was made for thinking. A practice is increasing of "heading" the ball, in which the head takes the place forbidden to the hands. This has become so popular in some parts that football is fast gaining for itself the name of headball. In the old manuals, when it said, "use your head," it did not mean use it muscularly, but use it mentally. However pretty the performance may look when half a dozen men are hitting up the ball like so many goats until it seems as though one of their heads had got loose, and was in vain endeavouring to drop on the right neck, you may rest assured that the goal-keeper would rather have the ball butted than kicked.

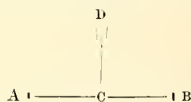
Just as in cricket it is easier to catch a ball that is thrown than one that has been hit, so in football it is much easier to deal with a ball that has been headed than one that has been kicked. The heading business should be kept well under control; all things being equal, headers *versus* headers may win, but headers *versus* kickers will certainly lose. This has been clearly shown during the last few seasons where the crack team has been "surprised" by the headed ball instead of being headed back, being

dropped to the ground and kicked through before the head's mental effort had grasped the muscular need. It will be found sound play never to head in front of a goal, for it gives the keeper an advantage of which he is seldom loath to avail himself.

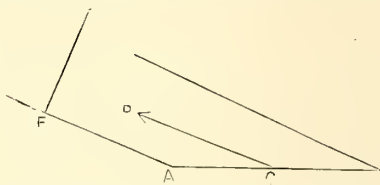
If the goal-keeper is wise he always uses his hands, and never kicks until he is obliged to. And he does not throw the ball straight out, but sends it to the right or left.

The acuter the angle the line of the ball so thrown makes with the goal-line the more is the space narrowed between the goals for the enemy's return. Let those who have not tried it make a diagram of the apparent distance as altered by the angle, and they will learn something that may be valuable to them in another way.

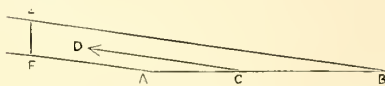
Let A B be the goal posts eight yards apart, and C D the course of the ball as thrown out by the keeper. If it is thrown out straight, as in Fig. 1, the whole



front is clear for the return; but throw it out as in Fig. 2,



and the available width for the return is diminished in the proportion of EF to A B. Throw the ball out just to graze the post, as in Fig 3,



and the chances are as EF is to A B; in other words, two kicks must take the place of one, for it is almost impossible to get the ball in on such a slant.

The goal-keeper should not run out more than is necessary, and he should always keep cool and ready for emergencies. He is the most important member of his side, for it is of no use his forwards getting goals if he is to lose goals, whereas if he saves his goals the other side cannot possibly win. The forwards are wasting time working hard if all is not right "at home."

The secret of successful backing is backing-up. As soon as a back gets off to stop some dangerous rush, the other back should drop into his place. It should be an axiom with football players that the unexpected is bound to happen, and no man of their side should be unsupported; they may "let him have his head," but they should be ready to take on as soon as his career is run.

In the newest arrangement of the field three half-backs are provided for instead of two. This is in answer to the tactics of keeping the wing players in reserve, leaving eight men to do the rough work and two to "confer the artistic merit" by coming with a rush when least expected. There can be no doubt that with strong forwards the three half-back arrangement is the best.

A half-back should know instinctively

which of his forwards can do the best at the moment with the ball, and to him he should pass it on. His most useful kicks are with his instep and side of his foot, for wiliness more than strength will be required of him. His object is to speed the ball, and when it comes from the enemy's side to so arrange matters that it falls an easy prey to his own backs. In fact, the backs and the forwards are his messengers; in the attack he must choose to which of the forwards the ball shall be given, and in the defence he must choose to which of the backs he must trust. When there are three half-backs the outer ones take the corner kicks.

The forwards are the fighting division of the team. To them the hard mechanical work belongs. They should be ready to receive the ball from the half-backs and deal with it at once, and dealing with it they should not yaw about the ground playing thread-the-needle with each other, but keep their relative positions, and get the ball through by passing instead of following. Nothing looks so bad as to see a forward all over the field, first on one side and then on the other; the left-hand man should always be the left-hand man, and the right-hand man should always be on the right hand. Let the ball travel across as often as possible, but do not let the same man follow it in its devious course. The more the passes the better chances, and if the attack can be chosen freely, choose to shoot at the goals from one of the wings. All the football oracles lay stress on the need of the centres to be sure shots. The ordinary captain bears this in mind and prepares accordingly. Let the sure shots be ready, by all means, but carry the goal from the unsuspected wing. And get the ball within reach of the goal by skill and activity rather than strength. Charge not at all, hustle not at all, head but little, and never turn your back on your foe.

(THE END.)

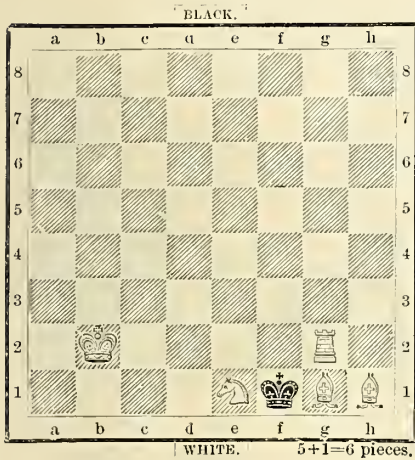
A PRAIRIE YACHT.

A YACHT, the invention of Dr. H. M. Wheeler, of Grand Forks, Dakota, is a novel craft that sails over the snow on the prairies at the rate of from thirteen to sixteen miles an hour, and even faster when there is a good hard crust on the snow. The yacht is 32 feet in length, width of beam 14 feet, mast 20 feet, main boom 32 feet, gaff 12 feet, jibboom 11½ feet. The runners are strong toboggans 9 feet long, the front ones being 1 foot, and the rear ones 6 inches wide. The front runners have a central shoe 2 feet long, projecting 1½ inches to prevent "drifting." The body of the boat is raised above the runners 1 foot. The framework is 3 feet across the stern, and the tiller is attached directly to the rear-runner. Dr. Wheeler says in his letter:—"Our country is a vast table-land, and with the exception of ravines and water-courses is apparently as level as the floor. We have no fences, except small enclosures for stock, hence we have plenty of 'sea room.' My mast is as high as will go under telegraph wires, and even now sometimes encounters them, on which account I have rigged an iron fender shaped like an old-fashioned figure 4, with a line running from front angle to bowsprit. When the front face of this 4 strikes a telegraph wire the wire bounds up and over it, and the yacht passes along."

CHESS.

Problem No. 188.

By P. G. L. F.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 177.—1, B—K R 7, K or P moves. 2, R—B 6 or B 7, or Kt—B 2 or takes P mate acc.

PROBLEM No. 178.—1, P—Q 4, P×P (or a, b). 2, Q—B 5, P×Q (or c). 3, R—K 5 mate. (c) Any other move. 3, Q×P at Q 5 or to B 2 mate.—(a) K×R. 2, Q—B 2 (ch.), K×P. 3, Q—B 5 mate.—(b) Any other move. 2, Q×K P, and 3, Q or Kt mates acc.

PROBLEM No. 179.—1, Kt—Q 6, P—B 4. 2, B—R 8, P—B 3. 3, Kt—Kt 7, K—K 5. 4, Kt—B 5 double check and mate.

PROBLEM No. 180.—1, B—B 8, P—R 6. 2, P—Q 8 becoming a R, P—R 7. 3, B×P (dis. ch.), K×B. 4, R—Q R 8, B—Kt sq. 5, R 7 (ch), B—B 2. 6, R—K Kt sq., K moves dis. ch. and mate.

PROBLEM No. 181.—1, K×P, any move. 2, Kt mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 182.—1, B—B sq., P×P or K—K 5 (or a, b). 2, P—Q 4 (ch.), any. 3, Q mates at K 7, K 3 or Q 3 acc.—(a) P—B 4. 2, Q—B 3 (ch.), and Q, B or P mates acc.—(b) K—Q 3. 2, Q—K 6 (ch.), K—B 4. 3, Q—Kt 6 mate.

PROBLEM No. 183.—1, Kt—K 3, and 2, Kt mates direct or by discovery.

PROBLEM No 184.—1, Kt×P, K—K 5 (or a, b, c). 2, Q—K 6 (ch.), K—Q 6 or B 6. 3, Kt—Kt 4 or Kt—R 4 mate acc.—(a) K—Kt 5. 2, Q—K Kt 6 (ch.), K—B 6 or R 6. 3, Kt—Q 4 or Q—Kt 3 mate acc.—(b) K—Kt 7. 2, Q—K 2 (ch.), K—R 6 or Kt 8. 3, Kt—B 4 or Q—K B 2 mate acc.—(c) B—Kt 7. 2, Q—B 4, B moves. 3, Kt—R 4, mate.

PROBLEM No 185.—1, R—K 4, R—Kt 5 (or a, b, c). 2, R—B 4 (ch.), R or K×R or K—K 4 or Kt 4. 3, Q×R P or B P, or Kt—Q 3 mate acc.—(a) R×R. 2, Q×R P (ch.), K—B 5. 3, Kt—Q 3 mate.—(b) K—Kt 4. 2, Kt—K 6 (ch.), K—R 3 or B 4. 3, Q—Kt 7 or R 7 mate acc.—(c) R—R 8. 2, Q—R 7 (ch.), K—Kt 4. 3, Kt—K 6 mate.

To Chess Correspondents.

J. A. W. H.—The four-mover now seems to be correct with the K on K Kt 2, but, as you say, you had better try to improve it still.

G. H. M.—Problems in accordance with the Jubilee Chess were composed in the year 1879, as the following stratagem of twenty pieces by H. F. L. Meyer shows:—White, Ke 7; Mh 1; Nf 2; Oa 4, f 6; Pb 4, c 1, e 2, d 1. Black, Ke 5; Ma 1, a 3; Nb 3; Pc 6, e 7, d 2, d 3, d 4, f 4, f 5. White mates in five (5) moves.

Correspondence.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—1. One of the best of the practical papers is "Amateur Work," a sixpenny monthly magazine, published by Ward, Lock, and Co. 2. We answer no queries on receipt of stamped directed envelope. If they are not answered here they are not answered at all, and the enclosure of a stamp makes no difference.

LE CANNE DE JOUR.—1. The holes are air-bubbles. In making lead castings you should melt the metal thoroughly, and skim it, and then pour it in very steadily. 2. In measuring a river you get at the width by making a similar triangle on the bank you are on. Put a stick A on the bank opposite some tree or landmark B; on the other bank lower down the river plant another stick C, opposite another landmark D. Join A B and A D. Produce B A to E, and D A to F. Along A F take some point where you can draw a line from G in A F to H in A E equal to A C and parallel to it. Then A H will be equal to B A, which is the width of the river. 3. You are not allowed to make explosives without a licence from the Home Office. When you have got the licence, and had your buildings passed by the inspector, we will tell you how to set to work.

C. P. P.—1. The chess-trees are a piece of oak or other hard wood bolted to the top sides of a ship before the gangway for hauling the main tack down to. The trestle-trees are two pieces of hard wood standing fore and aft on the hounds. The cross-trees are two pieces of hard wood which stand athwart ships on scores cut into the trestle-trees; the tops, when present, are rested on the cross-trees. The sprikettling is the strike of planks immediately over the waterway, extending up so as to form the lower sill of the port. The stemon is a large arching piece of compass timber, bolted inside of the apron to the stem. The sternson is a knee-piece of oak searphed into the keelson and fayed into the throats of the traustrons. The keelson is an inner keel laid along the middle of the floor timbers. 2. The lightest boat is the dingey, which is fourteen feet long; the jolly-boat comes next, say it is eighteen feet long; then the gig, say twenty-four feet long; then the cutter, say twenty-eight feet long; then the galley, say thirty-two feet long; then the pinnacle, of the same length; and then the launch, say forty feet long.

F. C. FRANCIS.—To "get water-colours to look shiny" mix them with gum-water.

H. NUON.—1. Topsails are not necessary for small schooners; in fact, they do better without them. The more you cut up a sail plan the weaker you make it. 2. The keel must always be included in the depth. You can get the curves of a boat by arranging a row of pencils on a T-square side by side, pandean-pipe fashion, and pushing each pencil close up to the boat's side and clamping them in position. On removing the boat you will find that a line through the pencil-points will give you the curve. You can also get the curve by bending slips of thin lead against the hull.

FRATER.—Take the coins to the Coin Department, British Museum, W.C.

WILLOW.—The hundred has been made by the same man in an innings only three; in a first-class match twice. The first occasion was at Lord's in July, 1817, when W. Lambert, playing for Sussex, made 107 not out in the first innings, and 157 in the second. The second occasion was during the Canterbury week of 1868, when Mr. W. G. Grace, for South of the Thames, made 130 in the first innings, and 102 not out in the second. The third occasion was at Gloucester, in the Kent v. Gloucestershire return match of 1887, when Mr. W. G. Grace made 101 in the first innings and 103 not out in the second. In minor matches the feat has been accomplished about half a dozen times.

BIBLIOPHILE.—The process is too long for us to describe here. You will find instructions on book-binding in all branches in the fourth volume of Spon's "Workshop Receipts," price five shillings. It is published at 125, Strand.

DEUTSCHE FORELLE.—See our article on "Fishing Stations near London" in the part for April, 1882.

A QUESTIONER.—1. "Through Fire and Through Water" was in the fifth volume. It began in the May part of 1882. 2. It depends on the season of the year. The rate is about nine knots. 3. No.

S. B.—Louisiana, at the time the events are supposed to have taken place, was all the region west of the Mississippi extending from the Mexican Gulf to British America. It was claimed by France in 1803, and the French sold their claim to the United States for fifteen millions of dollars. This old Louisiana is now cut up into the central States.

ARCHIE CHARLES E.—We had articles on balloons, giving patterns of the gores, in November part, 1880.

FURNITURE.—Mix together thoroughly one part each of lac varnish and wood spirit with two parts of raw linseed oil. Try this on the table-top. It is generally a first-rate "reviver." A simpler preparation is vinegar mixed with twice its bulk of spirits-of-wine, and then added to as much linseed oil as would form a third of the mixture.

EGG-OTIST.—It is very hard indeed to name birds' eggs from water-colour sketches, unless every detail be most carefully attended to. Of the four which you send, No. 1 is that of the tree pipit, and No. 4 that of the common bunting; Nos. 2 and 3 are not sufficiently clear and exact.

P. WEBBER.—Pinch butterflies and thin-bodied moths sharply at the base of the wings between the thumb and finger. In the case of larger ones, put a drop or two of chloroform or benzine collas into the box containing them.

LEPIDOPTERA.—The only book that we can really recommend is Newman's "British Butterflies and Moths," which you can obtain from any of the London dealers. Its cost is £1, but it is well worth the money.

A READER OF THE B. O. P.—Write to Mr. Cooke, 30, Museum Street, London, W.C.

CONNY G.—The only trustworthy book, with coloured plates, upon caterpillars is that by the late William Buehler, now being published by the Ray Society. This is a really magnificent work, and you cannot have a better.

H. (Oxford).—Woodlice are crustaceans, and feed entirely upon decaying animal and vegetable substances. They are very fond of moisture, and during drought, or in dry spots, they are never to be seen. As to getting rid of them, our own experience is that one can't.

EAST DULWICH.—It is a trade term, and the proper way to spell trade terms is as the trade spells them. If you were to get a larger dictionary you would find the additional meaning. Never argue on what is "not in the dictionary." At the same time, as outsiders, we should spell the word as you do.

ἀν δολωγών.—The plant is the Lousewort (*Pedicularis palustris*), one of the Scrophulariaceae.

A. E. GREGORY.—Engineers in the Royal Navy have to pass in as students by competitive examination, and be specially trained on the Marlborough and at Keyham. For particulars see back numbers.

SHEET ANCHOR.—In our second article we had a practical article on "Hammocks, and all about Them."

YACHTSMAN.—You can get the fittings for a model brig from Stevens, Model Dockyard, Aldgate; or Bateman's Model Dockyard in Fleet Street.

A CARPENTER.—No book on drill would make you grow. Better join the volunteers, and get drilled. Practise with Indian clubs.

WAGSTAFF.—To clear your skin you want earlier rising, more morning bathing, healthier food, and more exercise. The pimples come because your system is out of order.

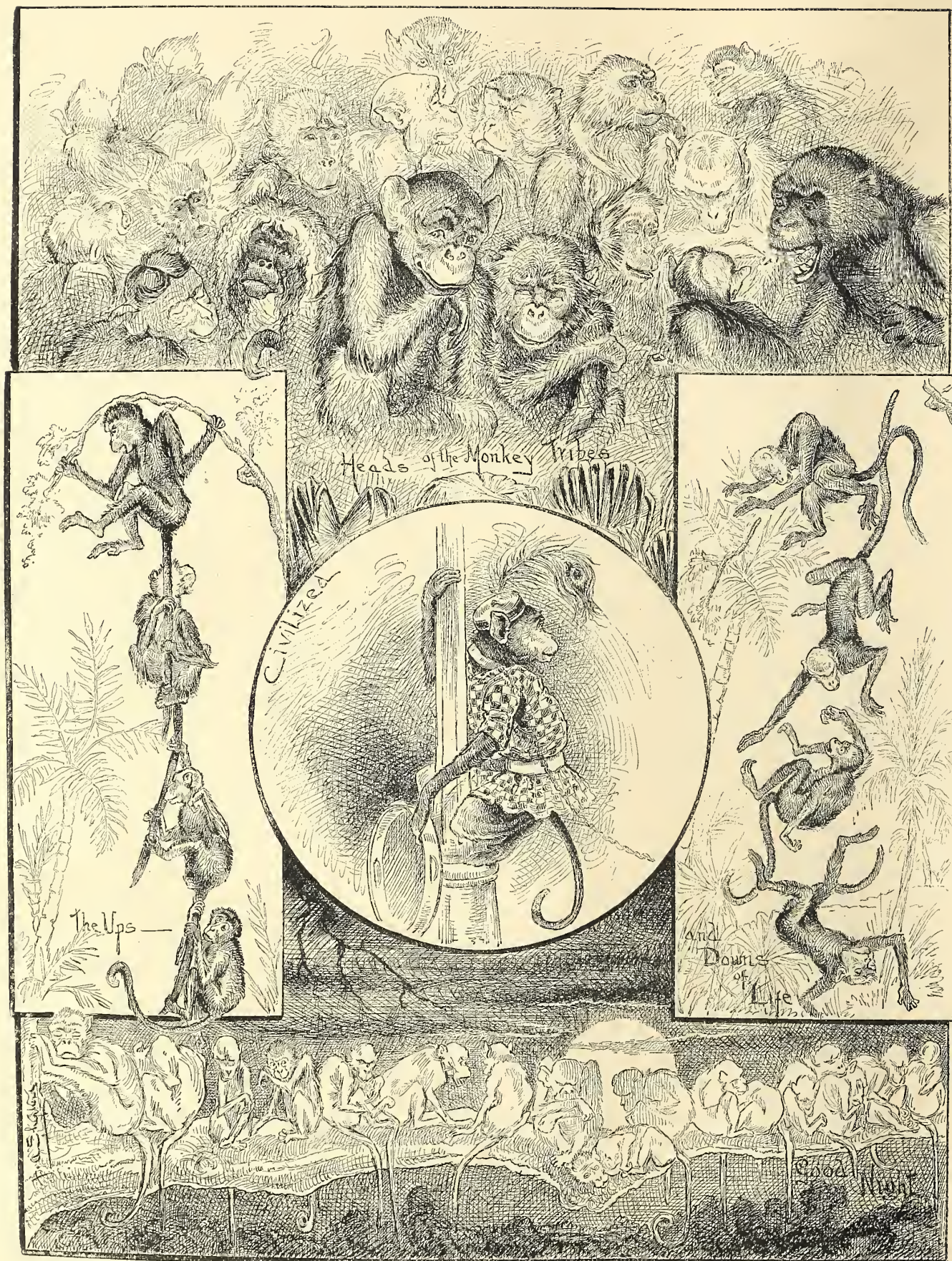
MOT.—We cannot repeat. We had a series of articles on "Fire Balloons, and How to Make Them," in the third volume. They were in the parts for November and December, 1880; and January, 1881.

GARLAND.—1. Write for particulars to Secretary of Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Camden Town, London, N.W. 2. There is a "Guide to Accountancy," published by Gee and Co. For particulars of the next examinations apply to the Secretary of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Copthall Buildings, E.C.

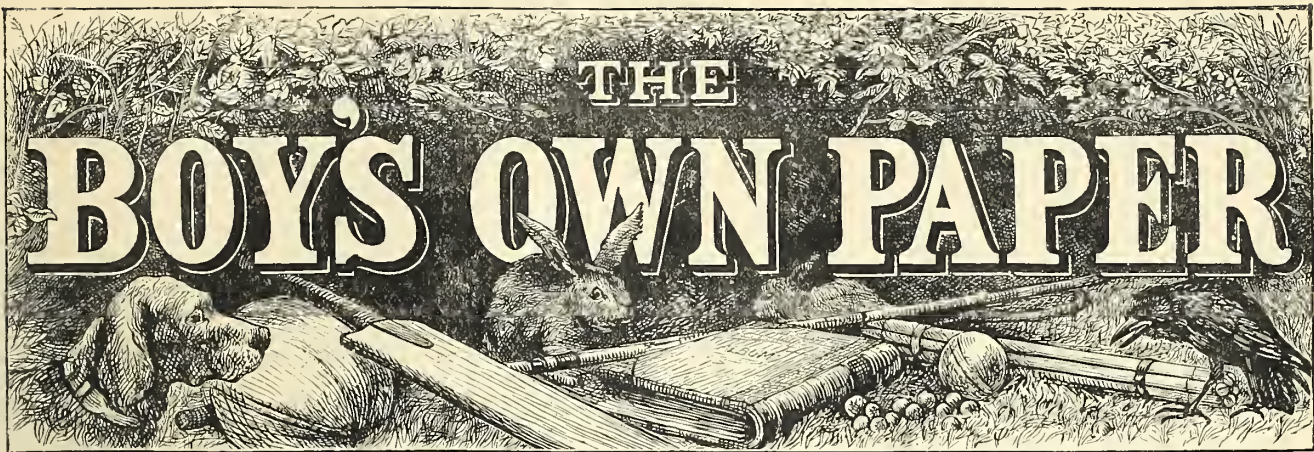
TIKE.—The boat would cost about £20. The rent would be about a shilling a week, but it might be much more. It is better to hire a boat from a builder, and let him keep his own boat at his own risk.

CHARLES.—In distillation you heat the liquid to steam, and then condense the steam. The proper way is to have a glass retort in which to boil the water, and let the long tubular neck lead into a worm.

E. TAYLOR.—As a beginner your best plan would be to write to Mr. Pitman, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row. He will send you price list of books on Short-hand.



Some Family Portraits.—By a "Boy's Own" Special.



No. 458.—Vol. X

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

Price One Penny.
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HARRY TREVERTON: A STORY OF COLONIAL LIFE.

BY LADY BROOME.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BUSH-FIRE.

WEARY, footsore and dirty, I trudged along the dusty track, wondering whether it could be possible that I had passed the Traveler's Rest; but as I had

been told that the public-house stood close by the roadside, it comforted me to reflect that even in my dazed and stupid state I could hardly have missed it. When I had walked about three miles the sun rose, and



"There was a terrific blaze."

I felt more done up and thirsty with each step after that. In fact the thirst was becoming most distressing, when suddenly I heard a dear old familiar sound which promised food, water, rest, everything I most needed! Yes, the loud discordant crow of an old cock sounded as sweetest music to my ears and helped me to quicken my pace till I came to a clearing in the forest, in the centre of which stood a cottage.

Yes, here was the Traveller's Rest at last, and never was signboard more appropriately named! There was the traveller himself rudely depicted with a bundle on his back, and holding out a pannikin, but I did not linger to admire this work of art, and lost no time in knocking at the door, which was opened by a bare-footed girl with unkempt hair and bleared eyes. I was too parched with thirst for an unnecessary word, and walked past her into an empty kitchen with a huge fireplace. I threw down my swag and asked for a drink of water. The girl seemed as taciturn as I was, for she merely pointed first to a pannikin and then to a bucket, and told me to help myself. I needed no second invitation, but, dipping my pannikin into the water, drank again and again until my thirst was satisfied.

"My word! but you were pretty dry," remarked the damsel.

"Yes," I replied, "this is the first drink I have had since yesterday afternoon, and, what made matters worse for me, I was chased about the bush in the middle of the night by a drunken teamster."

"That must have been Red Tom," said the girl; "he left here last night about eleven o'clock pretty well drunk and took a bottle with him for the road. It was a good job you were able to give him the double, or you wouldn't have been here now."

"Indeed, and why not?"

"Well, it's just this; when Red Tom's drunk he's mad, and when he's mad he'd just as soon kill a man as not. One day he was on the spree here, and he and another chap had a fight; they both tumbled down, and whiles they was on the ground Tom bit t'other chap's ear clean off and then chewed it up; my word, but he is a brute-beast when he's in drink!"

"Yes, I am very thankful I did not fall into his clutches; and now tell me if I can have a room here and some breakfast."

"Yes, but it's only just six o'clock, and the missus ain't up yet. You can go into that bedroom if you like, and have a wash and a lie-down;" and the girl pointed to a door opening into a lean-to. The room was small, but fairly clean, with a little bedstead, a chair, a tin of water on a box, and a broken looking-glass for its furniture. I caught sight in the latter of a face besmeared with dust and charcoal and a pair of blood-shot eyes, which I hardly recognised as my own property.

A good wash was nearly as enjoyable as the big drink in the kitchen had been, and I can never forget the relief of taking my boots off. I threw myself on the bed, closed my aching eyes, and slept till the girl called me for breakfast. The landlord and his wife were downstairs, and invited me very civilly

to join them at their meal, though both they and their children regarded me, I could see, with some curiosity.

The breakfast was plain but ample, and I did full justice to a dish of capital mutton chops and several eggs—my first meal for more than twenty-four hours, with a tramp of thirty miles into the bargain.

"I suppose you'll not be going any farther to-day?" remarked the landlord as we rose from breakfast. "Anyhow, I wouldn't advise you to try it; the land-wind has set in, and we shall have a regular scorcher before the day is out."

"No, I shall not go on to-day," I replied as I walked to the door and met a blast from the terrible east wind, which was blowing clouds of dust along the road and carrying scraps of paper, straws, and dead leaves high into the air, whilst the fowls stood in the shade of the verandah with their beaks wide open, gasping with the heat.

Presently the landlord came into the room, and, giving his wife the key of the bar, told her not to draw a drop more liquor for any one without his sanction, as he could smell a bush-fire, which must be travelling with the wind in the direction of the homestead. The good woman looked uneasy at this piece of news, and I asked her if she anticipated any danger.

"Well, yes; there is always danger," she answered, "when a land-wind is driving a bush-fire in front of it. But we are pretty clear of the bush here, and the traffic has worn away the grass about the premises. We're obliged to shut up the bar, for it wouldn't do to have the sawyers and other men drunk, as it's more than likely there will be plenty to do before night, and we shall want them all to lend a helping hand, maybe."

The anticipations of the good woman were soon fully realised, for in about an hour's time two teamsters came driving up to the inn like perfect Jehus, and reported that they had been compelled to throw away their loads on to the road and drive as fast as possible with empty carts to save their own and their horses' lives, that the fire was coming along on each side of the road at the rate of several miles an hour, and would be with us in a very short time. Even as they spoke dense volumes of black smoke came drifting towards us, making the atmosphere thicker and hotter than ever.

We were all soon fully employed; every bucket and tub was quickly filled with water, and the men on the place cut down a quantity of green boughs with which to beat out any fire that might approach or be blown on to the homestead. Scarcely were our preparations completed when we heard the crackling and roaring of the flames, and in a few minutes we saw the fire running along the ground towards us. No wonder the teamsters had been obliged to drive for their lives! The flames, driven by the fierce east wind, came racing along, licking up everything before them in their desolating course. Now and again, when a dead tree caught fire, the flames would crackle and roar with increased fury, creating a terrific blaze. Then perhaps the dry

tendrils of a thickly-massed creeper would catch a flying spark, and the fire would sweep right up to the top of a high tree and then pass on, leaving it all black and smouldering.

The terrific roaring of the flames, the dense volumes of smoke, and the occasional crashing of timber, all tended to render the long hours of the night during which we watched and waited awful, but grand beyond the power of words to describe.

It was just before daylight when the terrible enemy came within our reach, slowly, indeed, at first, but with determined fury. Our little band of defenders had each armed himself with a big bough, and a stack of such boughs lay within easy reach. Owing to the timber having been cleared away in the vicinity of the place, the fiercest flames swept along on each side of us. But there was plenty of work to do, for as the wind drove the fire along every blade and twig of the scant vegetation caught light; besides which, fragments of blazing bark, leaves which were one red glow, and even fiery boughs, were blown in our direction, and appeared to set the very ground they touched alight. The advanced guard of bushmen were there, however, ready to meet the foe, and, bush in hand, I joined their line, each man beating with desperate energy at the patches of flame running along the ground towards the little house. Sometimes the fire would resist all attempts in one particular spot to beat it out, and then its opponents would shout for help, and we all rushed to their aid, fighting a desperate battle amid clouds of dust and volumes of black smoke. Then when our united efforts had stopped the danger in that direction, it only needed a glance in another to see the tongues of flame licking up everything before them and gaining on us with frightful rapidity.

And so we fought on till the first sun rays seemed to have more effect in quenching the blaze than anything we had been doing, and there came a moment to pause and rest. The women and children had worked, in their way, as hard as we men had done in ours. All the night they brought us buckets and pannikins of water from the well, as well as fresh boughs from the stack in our rear. Indeed, without their help we must have fallen from suffocation and exhaustion.

At last the battle was over, but the blackened faces, singed hair and whisks, and the laboured breathing and coughing of the men, told how sharp and fierce had been the struggle for even a narrow victory. Yes, it had been a terrible fight. With aching chests, parched throats, and scorched eyes we at last returned to the house. The landlord and his wife were loud in their praises and thanks for the services we had rendered them, and gave practical expression to their gratitude by distributing food and beer in unlimited quantities. I tried a draught of beer, but it tasted warm and sickening, and I felt much too exhausted to take food; so with several of the others I went off to the well, where we enjoyed delightful drinks of cold water, and cooled our heated heads in the horse-trough, regardless of the risk of a chill. How-

ever, there did not appear to be much danger of such a thing, for the heat was so intense that it seemed impossible to obtain relief for more than a few seconds.

We spent the rest of the long day in trying to cool down, and to obtain a little fresh air, but both these objects were difficult of attainment, for the sun was hot, the fires round about us hotter still, and the land-wind drove us into the house, which felt hotter than all, for a batch of bread had just been drawn from the oven.

However, all things must have an end, and after the sun had gone down the land-wind moderated, and we were at last able to take some food and lie down, worn out with fatigue, yet thankful that we had escaped the worst consequences of so terrible a bush-fire and had still a roof over our heads.

CHAPTER VIII.—SHINGLE-SPLITTERS' YARNS.

WHEN I awoke next morning I felt as though some one had given me a good thrashing. My arms and legs were stiff, every bone in my body ached, and my eyes smarted painfully from the heat and smoke of the night before.

The landlord and his wife no doubt saw, as I sat at breakfast with them, that I was suffering from over-exertion, for they kindly invited me to remain for another day as their guest. I gladly accepted the suggestion, for I was quite unfit for anything but the complete rest which the cooler state of the atmosphere now permitted. The land-wind had quite blown itself out, and the temperature, though still high, was no longer suffocating. In the afternoon I made a feeble attempt to do a little washing on my own account, but my barefooted friend, having detected me, promptly ordered me to "get out of that," for she would do the bits of things for me, an offer I gratefully accepted.

Next day, after dinner, the landlord told me that he was going to drive to some splitters' huts about fifteen miles off, but in the same direction in which I was travelling, and added that I might have a seat in his spring-cart so far. I gladly availed myself of this chance of getting a lift along my road, and, packing up my swag, shook hands with the landlady, gave a small tip to my barefooted friend, and was soon jogging along the road towards Fielder's Farm, still thirty miles off.

How different the bush looked that day! Nothing but blackness, smoke, and desolation in every direction; the only relief to the eye coming from a burning or smouldering log, which made a patch of lurid glow amid the surrounding gloom. Occasionally we saw a still burning tree fall with a crash to the ground, or heard a distant thud, which told that some forest giant had at last given in to the fire which had for forty-eight hours been eating out his hollow trunk. About eight miles from the inn we found ourselves obliged to drive round the two heaps of smouldering grain which the teamsters had flung out into the track in order to facilitate their escape, and a little farther on we suddenly seemed to emerge from the

blackened and smouldering bush, and our eyes were once more gladdened and refreshed by the cool green of the shrub which formed the dense growth of the forest.

The remainder of the drive was pleasant enough; and at sundown we reached two small huts, standing a couple of hundred yards back from the track. A cheerful fire crackled and blazed in front of the sylvan-looking little dwellings, and several men sat or lounged near, some smoking, and one absorbed in reading a tattered bit of newspaper: these were the shingle-splitters.

They appeared very pleased to see the landlord, who had not only brought them a fresh supply of provisions, but a couple of bottles of beer, which were very soon opened, and we all fell to talking. The landlord—who never could remember my name—gave the assembled company to understand in a general way that I was a young chap just out from the old country, who had helped manfully to put out the fire at the Traveller's Rest, and was now on his way to Fielder's Farm.

"And how did the fire get started, gaffer?" asked a big bearded fellow; "teamsters, I suppose."

"Yes," answered the landlord, "two of them came driving into the yard with empty carts, and said they had chucked out their loads to save themselves."

"Just so," said the big man, "we saw these same two go by the day before the fire started, and I wouldn't mind betting my bottom dollar that they never took the trouble to put their camp fire out before leaving that same morning. They knew right well what leaving your fire in means, all the same. It means a spark bouncing out, a blaze among the dry grass, and a fire that perhaps destroys thousands of pounds' worth of property. Where would we have been if the fire had chanced to start to windward of us? Why, we should have lost, at the very least, a hundred pounds' worth of shingles."

Every one had something to say on the subject, but the conversation was soon interrupted by the call of "Tea-ho!" and we all gathered round the fire to partake of a regular bushman's meal of tea, mutton, and damper. There must have been some one with a genius for cooking among the men, for the food, plain and even coarse as it was, could not have been better made. After tea pipes were lit, and the landlord produced a bottle; the tea-pauvikins were hastily rinsed out and did duty as tumblers, and the conversation—much to my satisfaction—soon drifted back again to bush-fires. Many stories were told, but the one I found most interesting was of a teamster who on one occasion had left a certain town with a three-horse team and a cartload of general stores for a shopkeeper up country. He had also provided himself with a bottle of brandy, and he acknowledged that he drank away until he went to sleep on the top of his load. That was the last thing he remembered, and the rest of the story is only conjecture. It is supposed that the horses, having no one to guide them, went off the road and upset the cart into an old sawpit. Some lucifer-matches and

kerosine oil were among the load, and they must have ignited, for only a heap of charred rubbish remained of the load, and the poor horses were burned beyond all recognition. (Curiously enough, the drunken brute must have been pitched clear of all danger, and he did not even wake up until the mischief had been done. He had not even a scratch on him, but he lost his horses, cart, and its load.)

Another story was about a shepherd who had camped at the edge of a thicket for the night, and on the following morning made an early start to get through with his flock, numbering a thousand sheep. What must have been his horror when, about an hour afterwards, he perceived dense volumes of smoke following him! It was too late then to remember, with bitterest regret, that he had left his little camp fire still burning; nor was there any loophole of escape for his flock with a dense thicket all around the narrow track on which they were travelling.

In vain did he run to and fro, urging on with shouts and yells his frightened sheep. In vain did the poor collie bark himself dumb, and "work" till he was done up, and fain to lie on the ground. The roaring flames came on before the rising wind, till he could feel not only their heat, but their scorching tongues. Poor fellow! he had well-nigh exhausted himself in trying to save his flock, and now he had to make a supreme effort to save himself. As he ran swiftly forwards he gave one last look over his shoulder at his poor flock. They had rushed close together, as sheep always do when frightened, and were bleating with fear. In another moment they became a mass of struggling living flame, and in a few minutes there was roast mutton enough for an army! Fortunately the poor shepherd and his good dog escaped the fire, although they both nearly died of want of water and of exhaustion.

On another occasion a bush-fire broke out suddenly, and did so much damage to property that the settlers turned out in a body to investigate the cause, and try to find out and prevent its occurring again. After some searching they found the charred remains of three human beings and four small hoops, which had evidently belonged to a spirit-keg. A little inquiry led them to the conclusion that the remains were those of three men, who, having become helplessly drunk, had gone to sleep in their hut, which a spark had set on fire; and so they had perished miserably, besides doing an immense amount of injury to their neighbours' property.

The best story, however, was told by the man with the huge head who answered to the name of Jack. I will try and repeat it as nearly as possible in his own words.

(To be continued.)

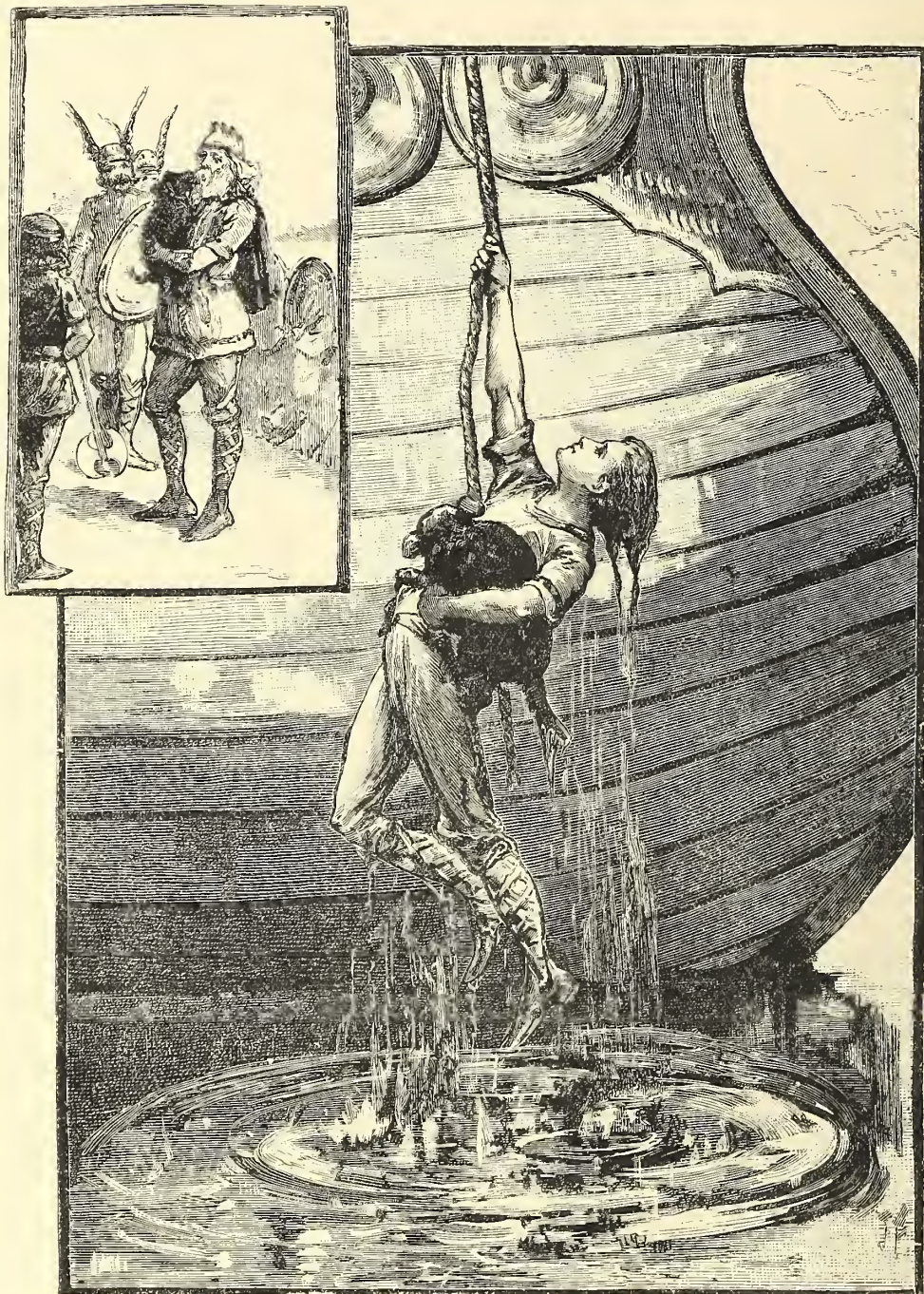


EDRIC THE NORSEMAN: A TALE OF ADVENTURE AND DISCOVERY.

By J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Professor and Crown Examiner at Moscow, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," "Ivan Dobroff," Kormak the Viking," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW EDRIC SAVED A PUPPY.



"Edric was not such a boy as that."

OLD Eirik (or Erik, as the name is sometimes written) was a tremendous fellow. He had discovered Greenland many years ago, and now was banished thither for slaying some one in a quarrel. His term of punishment, only three years, it seems, had long expired, but he cared not to return to Iceland, having got used to the little colony, which he himself had founded.

The Icelanders on quitting Norway a century before the date of our story, had taken with them a grand store of the old Scandinavian myths, superstitions, legends, and histories, which had been handed down from generation to generation in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the Islands. The earlier colonists had been driven to seek shelter from the despotism of King Harold Hárfagra,

or Harold of the Fair Hair, and the Icelanders continue to this day to retain the language of old Scandinavia in its purity, and to preserve many customs which have been long forgotten in what is now called Scandinavia.

Beside this peculiar conservative tendency, the Icelanders cherished a steady aversion to the kingly office. They were and are Republicans, and from the

ninth to the thirteenth century Iceland was the only country in Europe where men could enjoy civil and religious freedom.

During the reign of Olaf Trygvason, however, on account of certain aid which he extended to the Icelanders, he was regarded as a friend and patron by them, and was even appealed to in certain cases of legal difficulty almost as though he were in fact a King of Iceland. Thus it happened that in the case of Eirik the Red he had been appealed to by that turbulent gentleman, and had given judgment, much to Eirik's surprise, against him, so that Eirik was disgusted with the King and with the Republic too, and thus it was more pleasant to him to live a sort of patriarch among his little flock in Greenland than to return to Iceland or to go to Norway.

Leif was the favourite of all his sons; he was not more than thirty years of age, and, indeed, he showed a very laudable amount of filial piety. His conduct to his father was respectful in the extreme, and almost childish in the touching way in which he humour'd all the old man's whims. His object in the present visit was to ask him over to the Greendale house to pass the Yuletide with him and his brother, and also to obtain his sanction for his marriage with a fair young damsel whom he had brought to Iceland with her sister and the priests.

Old Eirik was a pagan of the staunchest kind, a son of Odin of the ancient stamp, and bitter words had left his lips when speaking of his sons and their abandoning the faith and turning Christians. When Leif addressed him gently and suggested that he too should adopt the faith of Christ, the old man broke out furiously, and said:

"What I? Baptized! Yes, I have been baptized, but in the streams of blood flowing from slaughtered foes. Water! would that do more for me than blood? St. Peter! I know him not. I want not his aid to enter heaven to visit gods that I know nothing of. No, Leif, they flourish still, the gods of Valhalla, and Thor in his chariot thundering rides ruling the heavens! And Odin, too, Prince of Valhalla, is still walking in life eternal. When he was man in flesh on earth, and saw that Death would seek to enslave him, then he drew boldly his mighty sword and rent asunder the springs of life, so that his spirit daring, and glad of the reeking blood, sought the eternal fields of Valhalla."

Such a torrent of Scandinavian mythological doctrine closed the young man's lips, but did not shake his faith. He hoped that time and opportunity would come and do the work far better than he could.

It was the evening of the day the morning of which had witnessed the scene between the pagan father and Christian son, when Byarn dropped anchor in the fiirth, which circumstance gave rise to so much pleasure that bitterness of spirit had no room for action.

The crew, of course, were all invited up to Eirik's hall, and soon the tables groaned beneath such cheer as Scandinavian halls abounded with, even in

Greenland. Then it came to pass that one of Eirik's men jestingly observed that all Byarn's crew looked fat and well.

"Well, so they do," said Eirik, "they must have the secret of living upon air, or stowing flesh in such a manner as not to lose its freshness in the summer, eh? Byarn, lad! How is it? Thou dost not look half starved; is it thy Christianity that teaches thee to manage without food? If so, by Thor! I will turn Christian when thou pleasest, and sail the seas with such a well-fed host as shall subdue the world."

This mode of putting it, this sneer at Christianity, proved too much of a trial for Byarn's resolve of secrecy. He blurted out,

"Yarl Eirik Thorwaldson! the Christian, as thou sayest, wants for nothing, but men are nowadays not fed by miracles; means are provided and men help themselves in loving trust and gratitude."

"Ha, ha, ha! tell me what means were found to feed thy sailors and keep up their good looks? Hast thou on board a remnant of thy 'wonder food'? I fain would taste it!"

"Aye, Eirik Thorwaldson, we have some left which thou shalt taste, and welcome. Wilt thou come on board, or shall we bring it hither?"

"Whichever way thou wilt; but this is not an answer. Thou sayest certain means were found to feed thee and thy men; tell me, did animals swim gently to thy keel, crying 'Come, kill and eat us'? Or were they ready roasted?"

This banter settled it. Byarn could stand it no more.

"Yarl," he cried, "I told thee there was not a bit of miracle about it. Dost thou misdoubt me?"

"Not at all, friend Byarn. I only want to know thy secret for getting fresh killed meat at sea!"

"We took our live steck from the land, we took enough to last another month at least."

"What land? There is no land beyond this Greenland—to the west, at least; the world ends here!"

Then said Leif to his father,

"Dear Eirik Thorwaldson, remember that some thirty years ago people in Iceland knew no more of Greenland than we of other lands that lie beyond; and many years before thy own discovery of Greenland, Iceland was found in just the self-same way. Then few believed that it was found at all when news of it first came to Norway—at least I heard so from old men whose fathers had explained to them how Iceland had been found."

This argument appeared to strike the fierce old heathen, for, after a pause, he said,

"Well, the first thing to do is to taste the food and see what kind of stuff this new-discovered country yields."

Leif was delighted at finding his father in so reasonable a temper, and thinking that the lessons in the new faith and new geography which he had received that day were quite enough for once, he led the conversation to matters of general interest, and to Olaf Trygvason, the King of Norway, whose interest in Eirik flattered

the old man, though he was far too proud to show it. The rest of the evening passed in feasting, and then the sailor-soldiers were accommodated with bearskins, sealskins, and the like, to sleep on in the hall.

Next morning Eirik went to view the "Sleipner," of which he much approved. Her strength and build drew down his warmest praise, but what astonished him the most was a group of half a dozen deer upon the deck, of such a kind as had not yet been seen in Norway or in Iceland. They had been caught by Osric when on shore, and seemed quite tame. In form and size they more resembled the fallow deer of English parks than the huge elks of Norway or the reindeer of the Laplanders.

"How! What! Are these the treasures ye have brought?"

"Ay, yarl, but we have more below," said Byarn. "Go, Edric, bring the bird."

Quickly as a modern midshipman the boy descended, but soon returned bringing a mocking-bird, the foot of which had been secured by leathern thongs not unlike what the nobles used in Norway to secure their hawks. The bird could fly but not escape, while the soft leather of the attachment prevented any injury to the limbs. He placed the bird in Byarn's hand, and it seemed quite at home with him.

Eirik regarded it in some surprise, especially when it began to give an imitation of the nightingale and then to coo exactly like a pigeon.

Edric had descended to the hold once more, and now came up on deck with two white doves which had evidently served the mocking-bird as singing-masters. They were so purely white and lovely that Eirik was breathless with delight.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "ye will not surely tell me that ye have *eaten* birds like these? That were as foul as murder! I never dreamed of such rare things!"

Then Edric went below again, and soon came back bringing a fat and funny-looking puppy, entirely black, with all its hair curled like the wool of certain kinds of sheep known in the east of Europe, in his arms. The great good-nature of this curious animal was almost overwhelming. He *would* lick Edric's face and show so much affection in such a boisterous way that Edric scarce could hold him, and, puppy though he was, he was full eighteen inches long, and round and stout as any modern lady's muff. There was a sort of humour in this puppy's eye as if he were so full of fun that he would burst out presently into a hearty laugh.

As soon as Eirik saw him he became infected with the puppy's fun, and laughed a hearty Scandinavian roar, which so encouraged this queer puppy that he wriggled himself loose from Edric's arms and flopped down on the deck and waddled up to Eirik, whose delight was boundless. He picked the roly-poly lump of animated wool up off the deck and nursed it like a baby.

"How did ye come by this?"

"On one of the occasions of our going on shore there was a troop of very large black dogs, some of them black and

white, but most were black; when they saw us they fled to the interior. One seemed to lag behind, this want of speed being caused by having in its mouth this puppy. Oleg of the Scaur shot off an arrow which killed the mother, and little Edric saved the puppy, which he brought on board and fed with his own hand, and now the little monster thinks he is his mother!"

Eirik's delight was as great as Edric's had been. He caressed the dog until it became unpleasantly affectionate, licking the old man's weather-beaten, mahogany face until all on board laughed loudly at its antics, and Eirik let it drop upon the deck again.

But the irrepressible cub took everything in good part. It rolled upon the deck, and somehow came upon its feet again close to Edric, who took it up in his arms to be served as the old man had been.

"By the hammer of Thor!" quoth Eirik. "That is the queerest pup I ever saw in all my life! Dogs I have seen in Lapland used for sledges, wolf-dogs in Norway, and the big yellow-brown doggé of Denmark, but this lump of wool—ha, ha, ha!"

Pup, of course, knew that the big yarl was laughing at him—dogs always know when they are being laughed about or talked of, and this one was no exception to the rule.

"Are there many dogs like this out yonder?" asked old Eirik Thorwaldson.

"Droves of them!" answered Byarn.

"Then I am with you, lads, when ye return to seek that land; it must be better than our Greenland, where animals are scarce except in summer. Was there much ice there, Byarn?"

"Ay, yarl, near the first land we sighted, but afterwards, where we went ashore two days' sail lower down, there were no signs of ice at all, and the rich forests on the hills looked very lovely. That was a Greenland in all truth and earnest!"

"Well, lads, I thought my days at sea were ended, but, by Odin's beard! I am much interested in this thing. That dog has had a share in it. What name has he?"

"I call him Njörd, yarl."

This word, which looks so terrific to English eyes, is not so difficult as one would think. The *j* is pronounced like *g*, and the *ö* like *o* and *e* together; thus it would be fairly represented in English by the combination Nycord. It was the name of the sea-god answering to Neptune, and, as events turned out, this was a singularly appropriate name for the puppy.

Now Edric had a warm, kind heart under his cool exterior of calm blue eye, broad, fair forehead, and almost flaxen hair. He might be likened to his native Iceland, where the surface is in winter-time all snow and ice, while underneath volcanic fires rage, heating the boiling springs, and bursting forth in Hecla! So when he saw how much old Eirik liked his dog, he walked up frankly to him and said, "Please, yarl, accept the puppy. Thou wilt use him well, and I would fain do something to make glad thy heart, so take the puppy."

"Thanks, my brave boy! Thy gift is kindly meant, but I will not deprive thee of thy dog. I see thy offer was

well meant, and so I thank thee, Edric, just as much as though I took it. And hearken, kinsman, Eirik the Red forgets not."

So he turned away and went to what is called the starboard bow of Byarn's good ship the Sleipner and examined the bluff bows and high projecting stern with satisfaction at her creditable state. These bows were well protected by an outer casing of stout oak, plated with bronze, which is not acted on by water as iron is, and is therefore better adapted to sheathing for ships. This bronze, when bright and new, gave the "dragon's" breast the appearance of being covered with scales of gold, while the stout oaken framework underneath was calculated to resist the pressure of the ice through which, in the early summer and the autumn, the Northern vessels had to fight their way.

"Thou hast not had many rubs against the ice, Byarn, my friend," he said, after due examination. "I marvel at that, because Leif had his starboard bow nearly stove in."

"I suppose, yarl, we, not knowing the way so well as Leif, drifted southward in the fog, and so we missed the ice. Still we had plenty of it near the shore where first I sought to land, and then on the return we met some floating icebergs going south, but gave them a wide berth, and here we are with little damage."

"Well, by the beard of Odin, it is very strange! Another land! Saw ye no men ashore? Were there no Laps, no Fms, no Skrellings?"

"Nay, we saw none, and, in good sooth, should not have spoken of this land but for the question of our food when far from shore. I was ashamed of having missed Rolf Kraké, and thought, in speaking of that chance to thee, thou hadst misdoubted me."

"Well, so I did, man, so I did; and, as thou sawest, it was the dog convinced me after all. Ha, ha, ha! Look at the pup! By Odin's raven, how the fellow rolls! Something between a brown bear's cub and a fat black lamb, and yet like neither! Ha, ha, ha! Look at him! See him walk the deck!"

Leif was delighted with his father's joy, and in his heart was grateful to his nephew for bringing off the puppy. He did not know how much Byarn had opposed it, and how much trouble it had cost the boy to get a place on board for his queer protégé. Seeing the old man in such festive mood, he urged his first request that he would come with him to Greendale, and thence to Norway to see Olaf Tryggvason.

"No, boy," the old man said, "I care not now for kings or kaisers. I soon shall tread the brilliant floor of bright Valhalla, and have but little care of land beyond this sea; but I will come with thee to see thy brother Sigvald, and learn how things are going yonder in his happy home."

"Thou hast no wish to see this new-found land when we return to it next spring?"

"My son, I may not be amongst you then; we must not make our plans too far ahead. He who does that is nothing but a fool—an ass of whom the gods make sport, and always disappoint him.

But, all the same, I much should like to visit a country where such dogs as that abound. Look at him! Look, Leif! Look, Byarn! See how he rolls! By Thor, he's over!"

And, in truth, in one of his cub-like antics the animated ball of wool rolled over, splash! into the water.

Excitement and suspense caused every man on board to hold his breath and see what next would happen. Edric threw off his tunic and prepared to make a plunge, but paused in wonder for a moment to see how splendidly the puppy swam. He seemed much more at home in the water than on the dragon's deck, and evidently liked his bath immensely. Next moment Edric sprang in to help him gain the land, and to protect him from the sharks, with which the shores of Greenland are infested.

Just at the moment when the boy plunged in there was a flash beneath the surface, and a monster, more than ten feet long, darted towards the pair. Edric perceived his danger, and the crew sang out, "Beware!" "The shark!" "Strike out for land!" and "Let him take the dog!" were shouted from the deck. But this advice was thrown away, for as the boy plunged in the dog turned easily, and swimming to his side seized in his teeth the stout cloth trousers which clad his nether man (or rather nether boy), and *tried to save him*, evidently thinking that Edric's fall had been an accident, and that it was his duty to uphold him in the water.

The boy was quite unarmed—the shark upon him, and about to turn upon his back to make the fatal bite, when Eirik's spear was launched with such an aim and such good-will that the sea monster's blood tinged all the water near the vessel.

Byarn hove a rope over the vessel's side and cried, "Quick, Edric, seize the rope and let the puppy go!"

But Edric was not such a boy as that. He would not sacrifice his dog which just had shown such pluck in the attempt he made to rescue him, so he grasped firmly with one hand the rope thrown to him from above, while with the other he "held-on" to Njörd (Nycord), and then called out to those on deck to "haul away."

"Throw down the dog!" cried Eirik, much excited with the scene. "Thou canst not hold on so; throw down the dog!"

"Haul away there on deck!" cried Edric; "I wish the stupid little pup would leave off licking me; we shall both drop, I know it."

However, he held on, the rope was quickly pulled, men reaching over took the dog from him, by which means both his hands were free, and in three minutes more he stood upon the deck. Looking down he saw the water full of sharks attracted by the blood of their companion.

(To be continued)



BACK TO LIFE:

A TALE OF THE JUNGLE.

BY REV. J. R. HUTCHINSON, FROM INDIA.

CHAPTER II.—A TIGER'S PREY.

AT early dawn the next morning the whole house was astir. When Irving ran out to the front verandah after hastily dressing, he found the carriage and horses already waiting. Early tea over, the merry party of four quickly packed themselves and their few traps—all the heavy luggage had gone on ahead the day before—in the spacious seats. They had before them a drive of a dozen miles to the foot of the hills, where they were to breakfast and spend the heat of the day. In response to Mr. Stillwell's cheery voice "Lily" and "Merry," the two greys, pricked up their dapper ears, tossed their heads saucily, and pranced merrily down the avenue and along the well-metalled road.

The morning air was fresh and bracing after the close night, blowing direct from the fine range of *ghats* for which they were making.

Just at the foot of the range was a small rest-house, or travellers' bungalow, one of many built at various points on the road for the accommodation of wayfarers. It was not a luxurious dwelling, and under any other circumstances would have presented a most uninviting appearance. But just now it contained breakfast, with promises of a refuge from the fierce heat until the time arrived for the commencement of their long and steep climb up the mountain-side.

Irving and Arthur found the butler bustling about getting breakfast. Giant and Cruncher, accompanied by the other servants, had long before started up the mountain with the tents and the greater part of the furniture.

Though the air had seemed fresh and invigorating to the party while driving, a light, suffocating mist had hung about the river, upon the groves of dusty palm and mango trees, and for a time almost hid the hills from view. By the time they reached the bungalow this mist had disappeared, and the sun was up in all his tropical strength. In the ill-protected verandahs of the tiny bungalow the boys found that the least exertion threw them into a most profuse perspiration and brought on "prickly." Play was out of the question, and sleep, with the prospect of the near journey before them, impossible. A temporary punkah was rigged from a beam of the roof; but its motion only seemed to mock their efforts to keep cool. Even the usually cool drinking water turned traitor, and, going over to the enemy in a lukewarm way, refused to slake their thirst.

It was a two hours' climb to the tents; and after four o'clock tea a start was made once more. The heat had by this time somewhat abated, and there was a faint suspicion of a breeze. At intervals the pathway was shaded by fine tamarind-trees, which grow to great size on the slopes of these *ghats*.

The first six miles was to be done in the saddle, and the boys were in a fever of excitement. Prancer and Spots, with their trim attendants, were in fine spirits, and the whole party was soon mounted and off. Leaving the main road, they struck into a cart track that made directly across paddy-fields and water channels, through tamarind groves and occasional patches of jungle, towards a wooded break in the hills. Up this ravine or nullah the path ran. Just at its foot the boys came upon a purling stream. The water was clear as crystal and deliciously cool. Arthur, who had dismounted, stooped down by the side of the stream and was about to take a drink of the water, when Mr. Stillwell rode up and called out,

"Arthur, Arthur, what are you doing? Don't drink that water."

"Why not, uncle? See how deliciously clear and cool it is. How it sparkles and sings over the stones! I haven't seen such a brook since leaving Devonshire."

"Yes, my boy; but it is like a snake in the grass—pretty to look at but deadly to touch. This is mountain water, and it invariably brings on the worst type of malarial fever. On no account must you drink the water while on the hills. I think I told you this a few days ago, did I not, Irving?"

"Yes, father; but I had forgotten it."

The party had now reached a point where the hills closed in upon them on either hand, and narrowed the nullah down to the rough stony bed of a mountain torrent, now a meek little brook, creeping quietly along among moss-covered masses of stone. Gigantic tamarinds spread their green skirts on either hand, and completely overarched the path, affording a delightful shade. Higher up, the tamarinds gave place to other varieties of mountain trees no less beautiful.

"What is that curious palm-like tree to the left?" asked Arthur.

"That," replied Mr. Stillwell, "is the sago palm. From the pith of this tree the delicious sago that you are so fond of is made. The tree also yields a sort of sap or toddy when tapped, and of this the hillsmen are very fond."

"But how do they get at the pith?" asked Irving.

"The pith? Oh, they must cut the tree down to get that. The hill people make it into cakes and porridge."

"How many beautiful creepers and wild flowers there are!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Yes, and lovely ferns and orchids too. But it would hardly be safe for you to gather them alone. These rocks and thickets abound in poisonous snakes," replied his uncle.

Just at that moment Spots gave a sudden start of terror and stood stock-still. Arthur urged him on, but Spots braced his fore legs up-hill and

refused to budge an inch. Arthur raised his riding whip angrily, and was about to strike the pony, when Mr. Stillwell called out,

"Stop, Arthur, stop; perhaps it's a snake."

And, sure enough, on riding forward a couple of yards, Mr. Stillwell discovered in the centre of the path a huge rusty-brown cobra. The snake was coiled about a small stone, and had its head erect and hood expanded. The hood was quite as large as Arthur's hand, and the flat head was moving ominously from side to side, while the forked tongue darted out momentarily. His snakeship was evidently much excited by the approach of the travellers.

"How shall we get past?" queried Irving.

"Don't frighten it," cried his father in a low voice; "if we drive it into the jungle it may spring upon some poor native as he passes. Boy!" he called out to a servant, who was following laboriously behind, "bring me that gun."

Mr. Stillwell always carried a light shot-gun with him in case he should meet with any jungle fowl or other small game. This the "boy" now placed in his hands. Slipping a cart-ridge into the chamber, he directed the boys and Mrs. Stillwell to keep a tight reign upon their mounts, and, bringing the fowling-piece to his shoulder, took careful aim at the reptile and fired. The ponies, unaccustomed to the report of firearms, capered about for a moment; and when the boys at last dismounted and handed them over to the syces, they found Mr. Stillwell already on his knees examining the now lifeless snake. They inspected it carefully and found it to be six feet in length by actual measurement.

"Why, it has been hit by a stone!" exclaimed Arthur, pointing to a curious mark upon the back of the hood.

"No," replied his uncle, "every cobra has this peculiar mark, like a pair of spectacles, upon its hood. It is for that reason sometimes called 'the spectacle snake.' The Portuguese name, cobra da capello, means 'the hooded snake;'"

"And where is its sting?" asked Irving.

"A cobra," replied his father, "has no sting—it bites. See here." And seizing the limp snake in his right hand, Mr. Stillwell opened the broad jaws and pointed to two sharp teeth. "These are the fangs. At the root of each is a small poison sac or bag, and when the snake bites the pressure forces the poison into the wound through a small channel in the tooth;" and taking out his handkerchief, he slipped a fold of it over the needle-like teeth, and with a sharp jerk pulled them out and exhibited them on the white cambric.

"That is the way the snake-charmers do," he proceeded, "with the cobras you see them carry about. With its fangs gone the snake is quite harmless."

"And is the poison very deadly?" asked Arthur.

"So deadly that there is little hope

a stick with a number of loose iron rings attached to it. They make these jingle by striking the stick upon the ground, and so frighten away any reptiles that may be about. They have a day, too, on which they make *pujah*, or offerings of fruit and milk, to snakes,

"Now, what shall we do," asked Arthur, "walk?"

"Yes, if you wish," replied Mr. Stillwell, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "I'm going to ride, myself."

"But, uncle, you just now said the horses couldn't carry us beyond this."



"Suddenly there was a crash in the thicket behind."

of saving any one who is bitten. The only glimmer of hope lies in the possibility that the cobra may have bitten some animal but a short time before, and so emptied the poison sacs. Thousands of people die every year in India from cobra bite, and no certain remedy is known for it."

"I should think the poor natives would be very much afraid of cobras," remarked Mrs. Stillwell, from her saddle.

"So they are. After dark they carry

placing the articles at the entrances to their holes."

"I'd kill them instead of worshipping them," asserted Arthur, stoutly.

"But a Hindu never takes life if he can avoid it. Besides, he believes that if he were to kill one snake he would be bitten and killed by another. He makes his offerings to gain the snake's favour."

The party now mounted again, and after another half hour's hard climbing reached a point where the horses could carry their riders no farther.

"So I did, but here are our saddles," replied he, pointing to three canvas arrangements leaning against the rocks; "and there," he added, "are our horses for the rest of the journey."

Turning in the direction in which his uncle was pointing, Arthur now saw for the first time a group of queerly-dressed men. They wore only a small cloth about their hips; but their ears and noses were filled with huge copper rings, while a bunch of cock's feathers waved over the head of each. They

were hillsmen. Their lithe limbs and curious flat faces were a constant source of admiration and amusement to the two boys. But the most curious feature of their new acquaintances was the eye. This was never fixed; and they soon found that no hillman could look them in the face without faltering.

The canvas arrangements were now brought forward by these men. To a stout twelve-foot bamboo pole a sort of canvas hammock was swung by strong ropes. Directly above this a bamboo mat was secured to the pole and strengthened by cross-pieces of wood.

"What are they, uncle?" queried Arthur, all agog with curiosity.

"Mancheels," shouted Irving, tumbling into one, and as quickly tumbling out again on the other side, to the great amusement of the hillsmen.

"These are mancheels, and we ride in them the rest of the way," explained his uncle. "Six sāvāras, three at each end of the pole, carry you. You must lie very still, otherwise you may get a sad tumble. The mat above is to protect you from the sun. You observe those cords at the end near the place where your head is to be? Well, they are for turning the mat from one side to the other to suit the direction of the sun."

While this conversation was going on Irving's attention had been attracted by a beautiful flowering creeper in a thicket near. Unobserved, he left the group and clambered into the dense mass of vegetation of which the clump was composed, and was about to seize one of the most beautiful blossoms, when he uttered a sudden cry of pain.

"Father, father, I'm stung!"

"What are you doing there? What has stung you? A bee, I suppose!" laughed his father, running to the spot.

He knew well the danger of penetrating the thicket, and only assumed this light tone to allay the fears of the boy and his mother, who also hurried up in a flutter of excitement.

"What is it? What's the matter, James?"

"Nothing. The boy has scratched his hand on a thorn, and thinks he's stung."

But when Irving was finally extricated from the copse, with a very scared face, it was found that his fears were not without some foundation. A huge tree-leech, as long and thick as his little finger, had fastened itself upon the back of his hand, and was fast gorging itself with blood. His father at once seized it tightly with his strong thumb and finger, and pinched vigorously until the leech slowly relaxed its hold, leaving, however, a livid spot the size of a farthing, which continued painful for some hours.

"Is it poisonous?" asked Irving, in alarm.

"No, not in the least; it only wants your blood," replied his father. "In some part of the ghats they are very numerous, and spring upon the unwary traveller from all sides as he forces his way through the thicket. The natives, with their bare bodies, suffer terribly from them at times. They have been known to attack men in such numbers as to bleed them to death."

"How dreadful!" shuddered Mrs. Stillwell.

"Are there any other bloodsuckers about?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, my boy, there are cheetas, or leopards, and tigers."

"Are they very dangerous?"

"Yes, when you don't expect them to be. There is no special danger from the cheeta, as he is small, and does not attack men unless provoked. But the man-eating tiger is a sly and dangerous animal. He springs upon you unawares, and whisks you off to his den in a moment."

This conversation went on while they packed themselves into the mancheels, which the stalwart hillsmen now held suspended from their shoulders. Soon the order to start was given, and the hardy mountaineers glided gently up the steep hillside to the music of a low-sung song, as though unconscious of any burden. The boys soon began to breathe freely again.

Ten minutes later they turned an abrupt angle in the pathway and suddenly emerged upon a tiny tree-fringed plateau on the mountain-side. The nullah up which they had come skirted one of its edges, and continued its rugged course up the slope. Its sides, clothed with dense jungle, were now thrown into deeper shade by a projecting angle of the hill above. The spot where they alighted was gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, though the slopes below them had long been draped in shadow.

In this delightful nook they found the tents pitched and the furniture arranged. Everything wore that clean, inviting appearance which is one of the most pleasing features of Indian tent life. Arthur and Irving cast themselves upon the soft grass a few yards from the tents, and lay enjoying the delicious evening air, hungry for the butler's "Dinner ready on the table, sar!" They were too tired to talk. Mrs. Stillwell had gone at once to her tent. The head boy approached Mr. Stillwell with a salaam, and addressed him in a low voice. The master started and looked incredulous. The servant reiterated his statement and turned away with another salaam.

Mr. Stillwell stood a moment with a troubled face, and then approached the spot where the boys lay.

"Boys, do not on any account go into the thicket, nor away from the encampment in any direction. I fear there are tigers about. I am going to look at my rifle. There is no danger whatever here."

With these words he turned away and entered one of the tents.

The short Indian twilight was now fast fading, and the shadows on the mountain-sides rapidly grew deeper and darker. The outline of the gorge below grew indistinct, and was quickly lost in the deepening gloom. A solemn silence fell upon the camp, broken only by the occasional whinny of horses or the noise of the distant elephants crunching a branch. The chirping of the birds upon the trees had ceased; nothing was on the wing but a few owls and other night-birds in quest of prey. The grave-cricket sent up its creaking note on every hand, and made the intense

silence the more unbearable. The camp fires gleamed spasmodically through the deepening gloom.

Overcome by exhaustion and the sense of rest that possessed every object in nature, Arthur had fallen sound asleep: Irving was still awake watching the firelight flickering among the trees. Suddenly there was a crash in the thicket behind, an angry roar, a scream of terror, and Arthur woke from his short sleep to find himself alone. He sat up and looked about in affright, forgetting for a moment the events of the day, and wondering how he came there. Then he missed his cousin. Starting to his feet, he shouted "Irving, Irving!" with all his might. The shouts of the servants and other camp attendants, who were already crowding about with seared faces, was the only answer he received to his call. Mr. Stillwell now rushed into the group.

"Arthur, where is your cousin—where is Irving?" he demanded.

"I don't know, uncle," replied Arthur, crying in his terror; "I heard a scream and woke suddenly, but he was gone."

"Perhaps he went to the tent!" gasped his father, hurrying off.

But the boy was not there. Seizing a lantern, he returned to the spot where the two boys had been lying, and, stooping down, examined the ground carefully. All eyes followed the long path of light cast by the lantern, and there in the earth they found the tracks of a tiger's paws and drops of blood!

"My son!" groaned the father; "my boy! my boy!"

They traced the bloody trail to the edge of the thicket, where, in the shape of a bit of the lost boy's clothing clinging to the thorny brakes, they found indubitable proof of his sad fate.

The night settled darker and chillier after that upon the little hill encampment, and the bereaved parents dragged out the hours of darkness with many bitter tears.

(To be continued.)

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1887.

THE cricket season of 1887 is now over, and our readers generally will be glad to see that our perennial champion has once more maintained his position among the amateurs. "W. G." has batted oftener than any of his rivals, has scored more runs, and heads the averages. He has gone to the wickets forty-six times, has scored 2,062 runs, has been eight times not out, and averages 54.10 runs per innings. Messrs. Webbe and W. Read, who come next, are each nearly seven runs behind him, and Mr. Key's total average is only 43.7. In bowling, too, Dr. Grace has done most work, having taken ninety-seven wickets at a cost of 21.4 runs each; and though eight other amateur bowlers beat him in actual figures, only one of them has taken as many as sixty wickets, which number has fallen to Nepean for rather over eighteen runs each. Among the professionals, Shrewsbury alone beats "W. G." in batting, with the magnificent average of 78.15; Hall and Ulyett, who come next, having averages but fractionally over thirty-eight. But in bowling the professionals are far and away beyond the amateurs. No fewer than nine of them have beaten the amateur record, Jones heading the list with twenty-four wickets for 11.18 apiece. Watson, who is fourth, has done very well.

THE BOY'S OWN MODEL LOCOMOTIVE, AND HOW TO BUILD IT.

BY H. F. HODDEN,

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Launch Engine," etc., etc.

PART IV.

Now to commence making the framework. This should be made of one-eighth of an inch sheet-iron, squared up perfectly true and flat, and cut out as shown in Fig. 21, commencing four inches and a half from

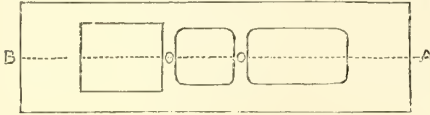


Fig. 21.

A, and leaving six inches at B, and cutting it six inches wide there by eight inches long, and continuing it four inches wide for the rest of the distance. Be careful to keep it quite central on the line A B, and leave two connecting strips one inch wide, as at C C.

The side-frames come next. These must be much stronger, and quite different from those used in previous model, and should be cut from the same eighth of an inch plate-iron to the shape shown in Fig. 22.

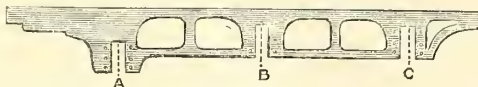


Fig. 22.

The centre of slot B is seventeen inches from one end, the centre of A ten inches from B, and centre of C thirteen inches from B.

In marking out work always measure from a fixed centre, for if you add one measurement to another any slight inaccuracy gets increased with each fresh measurement, and you might finally get the different portions out of place.

The slots are each an inch and a quarter wide by two inches deep, leaving one inch of iron at top as shown. The ornamental spaces can then be cut out, which lightens it considerably without weakening it much.

The frames, after being smoothed up, can be fastened to the bed-plate in the manner described before by angle-irons or knees riveted on. Two end-pieces must also be prepared an inch deep, and the ends hammered square at right angles, and then riveted to the bed-plate and side-frames, as shown by the rivets in Fig. 20.

Then drill three holes in them about an inch and a half from either end, and one in centre by which to bolt on the buffer-beams by means of a couple of screws put in from the back.

The buffer-beams should be mahogany, one inch wide, two inches deep, and ten inches long, squared nicely and sand-papered. A hook can then be made (Fig. 23), and a hole being drilled in the centre of

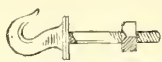


Fig. 23.

beam, you can pass the hook-stem through and into central hole of framework, and screw up tightly with nut at back, which will hold all firmly in place.

The buffers for this model must be made properly with springs to take the pressure should you let it run into anything.

Turn out a wooden mould in the lathe and get four castings in brass made from it. Fig. 24 is an ordinary kind of buffer in

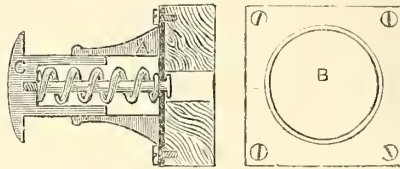


Fig. 24.

general use, and, being in section, shows you the working arrangement of the spring. A is cast with a square base-plate two inches square, as in front view B, and is secured to buffer-beam by four flat-headed screws. The piece C must be turned true, and just the size to slide in and out of A easily.

Each part must be finished up in the lathe. A should be about an inch and a half long.

Drill a hole in beam to allow the head of pin to work in freely, and another hole in base-plate of buffer the size of pin, whose head prevents the spring forcing C entirely away from A.

The spring should be made from thick-steel wire: the buffers can then be screwed on as just mentioned. The wheel-guard, or line-clearer P (Fig. 20), can next be cut out to shape and bolted on to frame, and should just clear the line by a quarter of an inch.

We will now proceed with the axle-bearings and springs U (Fig. 20). The wheels can be finished up in the same manner as previously described, so I need not say anything further about them.

Make a wooden model like Fig. 25 and get six castings in brass made from it. They must then be filed up square and smooth and fitted into the slots cut at A B C (Fig. 22), and either screwed or riveted on by the side holes.

Before finally fixing them prepare six brass bearings (B, Fig. 25). They must fit

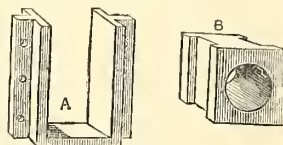


Fig. 25.

exactly, and slide easily in the inner surface of A, and a hole is to be drilled centrally through each five-eighths of an inch in diameter. These take the axles, which in this model are all straight, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, shouldered off to five-eighths for the bearings.

The springs next require attention. Four pieces of either sheet-iron or brass are wanted in each support an inch and a half long by a quarter wide. A hole is to be drilled at either end, as shown at C in Fig. 26. A should be three-eighths of an inch

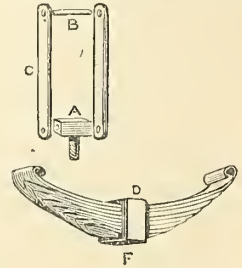


Fig. 26.

wide, drilled through and a pin put in, and all riveted together loosely.

The spring is best made from clock-spring, and cut to shape as at D. The top piece requires to be made hot with your blowpipe, and then the ends turned over to hold the pin B. Each piece of spring must be slightly shorter than the upper, and the ends nicely graduated off, and when ready held together by the brass band F, which has a small hole drilled at F to hold the end of pin by which the pressure is directed on to the axle-boxes, as shown in Fig. 20. A hole is also to be drilled in bed-plate over centre of each axle-box to allow pin to pass through, and also a smaller one an inch and a half on each side for the support A (Fig. 26) to screw into. They can then all be fitted into position.

The cylinders come next, and should be, as previously mentioned, an inch and three-quarters bore by two and a half inch stroke. These should be of the fixed slide-valve pattern, with double eccentrics fitted on middle axle-shaft, and reversing-lever brought to quadrant on foot-plate, as I will show presently, and for the method of making them I will again refer you to my article in Vol. VII., and will simply give you in Fig. 27 the modified form necessary

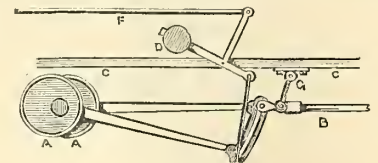


Fig. 27.

to suit a locomotive in which A A are the eccentrics, B slide valve-rod, with guide G attached; C C the bed-plate, D the balance-weight, and F the rod leading to quadrant and lever on foot-plate. The cranks are put on outside the wheels and fastened by keys, as in Fig. 20.

The connecting-rods T should be cut to the form shown in Fig. 28, and the ends



Fig. 28.

squared out and a brass bush filled in with

a hole drilled from top (A) to oil by, and a set-screw (B) fitted to adjust the bearings perfectly.

Although these little things give extra work in fitting a model, they add considerably to its finish and lessen the friction.

If you wish to fit a force-pump it should be placed centrally between the cylinders, and be worked by an eccentric on main shaft, but a pump on a model locomotive is of very slight use unless it is arranged to work by hand also.

In Fig. 29 I have given a practical method

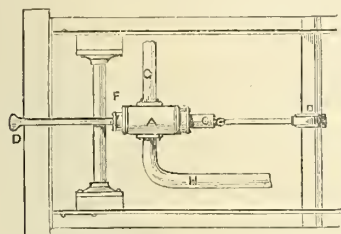


Fig. 29.

of arranging one to be worked either way as desired. A is the pump, B the eccentric on main-shaft to work it by steam power; but when requiring to work the pump by hand you have only to push up hook connection at C, which disconnects it from eccentric, and then by working the handle D, which is screwed into bottom of plunger E, the water is forced into boiler.

This pump is a little more troublesome to make, as it requires an extra stuffing-box at F, but it is very neat and useful, and the handle lying quite out of the way, does not spoil the appearance of the model.

G is the exhaust water-pipe bent up to the back pressure-valve on boiler, and H the supply-pipe carried on to rear of engine.

You will find two small blow-off cocks on each cylinder very handy to get rid of the condensed steam when starting the engine with cold cylinders, as without them the cylinders get choked and you stand a good chance of getting scalded by the hot water being thrown up the chimney with considerable force.

The blow-off cocks, can be connected with a tie-rod, and both worked from the foot-plate by a single handle.

The parts being all finished to your satisfaction, you should paint the bed-plate black, and side frames red, and when dry carefully line them black and white, and also pick out the rivets with black.

Of course individual taste has a great deal to do with the finish of a model, so I will leave it to you, merely suggesting you should get a fine lining tool to finish with, and when all complete put it aside to dry whilst we proceed to build the boiler.

This will require the greatest care, but with due attention you will be able to turn it out well. Some sheet copper will be required one-eighth of an inch thick, and although more expensive than iron, does not rust, and is more suitable for the work in hand.

First cut a piece nineteen inches long by sixteen wide, and bend it round, forming a

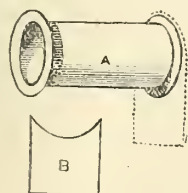


Fig. 30.

cylinder five inches in diameter; the lap must be closely riveted and then the two

ends hammered out into a flange outwards, leaving the body of boiler seventeen inches long, as in Fig. 30: B is the shape of piece to be next riveted on at after end, then take another sheet nine inches wide, and hammer a half-inch flange round it so as to fit over the dotted line in A.

Then rivet them firmly together and also another piece in after end.

It will then have the appearance of Fig. 31, and should be four and half inches deep from A to B, and forming a copper box

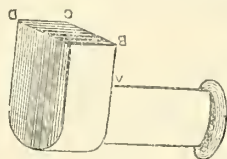


Fig. 31.

six inches wide from B to C, and eight inches from C to D.

Then rivet together another box to form the inner casing four and a half inches wide by six and a half inches long and nine inches deep.

The bottom of this must be hammered outwards to the dimensions of BC CD, as shown in section Fig. 32 at AA. A hole is

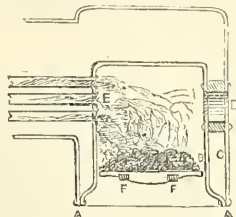


Fig. 32.

next to be cut out in the centre of rear plate and also the rear part of inner casing which comes opposite to it, and one three-quarter inches by two and a half, forming an elliptical opening for the furnace door.

A casting of that shape and three-quarters of an inch thick, which is the distance between the inner and outer casing BC, must be procured and drilled with holes every three-eighths of an inch and firmly riveted in position as shown in section at D.

Two pins or fugs (FF) should project on either side of the inner surface to support the fire-bars and ash-pan, and the bars should be made of cast-iron and small enough to be got out easily by tilting up one side, and the bars ought to run lengthways of the engine.

You next require some hard-drawn brass tubing three quarters of an inch diameter, and must cut the pieces slightly over seventeen inches long, then drill ten holes in the inner plate as at E Fig 32, and in the position and arrangement shown in Fig. 33.

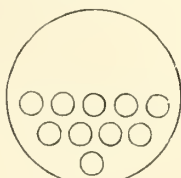


Fig. 33.

These tubes should have a wire ring brazed on about a quarter of an inch from either end, and then being placed in their respective holes in tube-plate, the projecting portion is to be beaded back with a flange, or you can fit them in as described previously, Fig. 16, by each being double-screwed and nutted. These tubes allow the smoke and flame to pass through from

the furnace to the smoke-box (M Fig. 20), and so away up the chimney, and by the large surface they expose to the fire, help to raise steam very quickly.

If you just add together the combined surfaces of these tubes, you will find there is more than two square feet of surface exposed and acted on by the fire, which enables the boiler, although small, to make steam rapidly. In some large engines three hundred tubes are fitted. The steam supply-pipe and regulating lever-handle should now

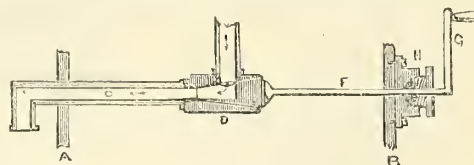


Fig. 34.

be made and placed in position, and Fig. 34 shows the shape to make it.

A B are the front and rear plates of boiler, C is the supply-pipe, bent with a screw end downwards after passing plate A, and then upwards into steam-dome, where it should be securely fastened by a cross-piece; D is the tap, or valve, which can be turned on or off from the foot-plate by means of the long rod E, ending in lever-handle G.

(To be concluded.)

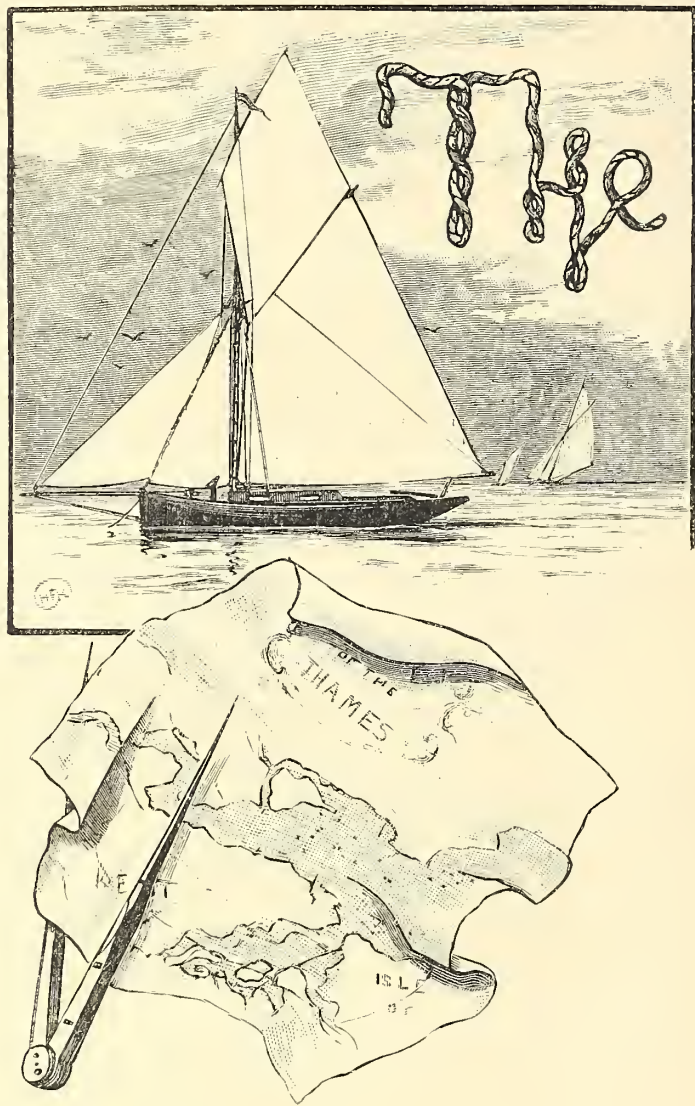
A NEW GAME—"RINGOAL."

A NEW game, called ringoal, is said to be coming into favour. It is an adaptation, or rather a clever development, of the old game of "La Grace." It originated in India, but in its present form the credit of its invention is due to Mr. C. Johnstone, of Kelde College, Oxford, and it has been "brought out" by Messrs. Lunn and Co., of 41, Berners Street, and Horncastle. This new game requires two goals in the shape of nets, eight feet high and ten feet wide, erected facing one another at a distance of twenty-six yards apart. In front of each goal, and six feet from it, there is a crease, forming with the goal-line a base, within which each of the players takes his stand. One player takes a hoop on two sticks, and throws it (swinging it off his right stick and directing it with his left) in the direction of the other player, endeavouring to send it past him through the goal. This the other player tries to prevent by catching the hoop on one or both of his sticks; and if he is successful he throws it back at his opponent, in order, if possible, to get it into his goal. The hoop is thus thrown to and fro between the players, the thrower scoring one point each time that he succeeds in sending the hoop past his opponent into the goal.

From any mere word description of ringoal it might appear that it was rather a monotonous business; but the flat disc-like rings of cane fly backward and forward with the greatest precision and wonderful rapidity. They are so carefully weighted and shaped that they may be made to travel a hundred yards, and in some of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, where ringoal is played with zest, some sharp practice may be seen which is both novel and fascinating. One of its great recommendations is that no carefully-kept lawn is necessary. It may be set up on gravel walks, or in any place where a small, smooth plot for the bases of the goals may be found, and the intervening space may be as rough as you please; that matters not. Then there is exercise for every part of the body, and the catching of the hoops especially is splendid training for the eye. The secretary of the Oxford Sports Committee says he knows of no better training for the eye of a cricketer or racket player.

A TRIP DOWN THE THAMES; OR, THE HOLIDAY ADVENTURES OF FOUR SCHOOLBOYS.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.



water has always had a great attraction for me, and while at school with my brother Frank, my father, after a great deal of persuasion, bought a small cutter yacht for us.

I was then about sixteen, and Frank two years younger; and I can well remember the great rejoicings that took place on the occasion of a first visit to a yacht of our own.

We were both pretty well up in open boat sailing, and had been out on the upper reaches of the Thames several seasons, and so we did not take long to feel quite at home in our new craft: and although she was fully rigged with topmast, etc., as in a larger yacht, I was strong for my age, and found we could manage her easily. Many were the cautions our dear mother gave us, most earnestly warning us to keep the right side uppermost, which we faithfully promised to do, although on several occasions we very nearly broke that promise involuntarily, as a brand-new topsail was more than most boys could resist sticking up, even when the weather was squally and a reef in the mainsail would have been a wiser course.

We would start, say, with the whole mainsail, and wind rather puffy, and get well away, when one or other of our most intimate school chums, some of whom we generally had with us, would fetch the topsail out of the cabin, where it was usually kept, and suggest that he thought she would stand it, and propose trying. I being best steersman was looked upon as captain, but all matters of importance, such as the present, were settled by vote.

The majority generally agreeing with him, up the topsail would go under the united efforts of all spare hands, and by the time it was well sheeted home we would be madly careering along with our lee gunwale well under water, until an extra puff would put her nearly on her beam ends, when she would be shot suddenly up in the wind, and the topsail would be got off in a hurry.

But occasionally a vessel being in the way would prevent me luffing her up quickly enough, and the water has often come over the combing into the cockpit before we could get the topsail off her, and

our promise of keeping right side uppermost was, I am afraid, kept more by the good seagoing qualities of our little vessel than by our own exertions.

And now for a few particulars about our craft. The sketch at the commencement will afford a good idea of her general appearance with all sail set. She measured about three tons yacht measurement, and was twenty-one feet long by six feet six inches beam, and with her ballast (which was iron, and cast to fit the run of her bilge), all her stores on board, and the deadweight of three or four schoolboys, she drew four feet aft and about two forward.

She was very strongly built of oak, and had an iron keel weighing about three hundred-weight bolted through on to an iron keelson inside, and that with the rest of the ballast weighed over a ton and a half. It was twenty-one feet to the top of her topmast (quite a climb for us), and you can imagine we had a good spread of canvas with a main boom sixteen feet long.

There were two things badly wanted which we never had: one was a pump. Fortunately she did not leak at all, but rainwater and spray collected in the open cockpit, and had to be baled out with an old tin pot. The second article that would have added to our comfort was a stove, built so as to confine the heat to the cooking utensils, and not distribute it around quite so much, as the one we had made the cabin so unbearably hot that when the fire was in we generally had to go out. Since then oil stoves have been made which are very suitable for small yachts.

As previously mentioned, she was cutter-rigged, and had a long bowsprit nine feet outboard, and was decked over, with an open cockpit in which to steer and work the head-sheets from. Folding doors led into the cabin, which had a raised roof, enabling one to sit up straight without knocking one's head; and, for sleeping, a sofa berth on either side accommodated two hands, while the third or fourth, at a pinch, had to make up beds on the floor.

There was supposed to be room for one to sleep in the forecabin; but I tried the experiment one night, and after creeping round the foot of the mast I found it such a tight fit amongst the various coils of rope, chain, and odds and ends we usually kept there, that I was glad enough to come out before getting suffocated; besides which, I thought it rather like a trap in case of a collision occurring.

Our pantry was in a locker astern of the cockpit, and with two other long lockers under the sofa berths we could stow away enough provisions to last four of us for ten days or a fortnight, which is saying a good deal considering schoolboys' appetites. Water we carried in a large stone bottle covered with wicker, to prevent it getting broken, and this had to be filled as often as circumstances would permit.

Father had provided us with a good little Trotman anchor, weighing about thirty pounds, and forty fathoms of galvanised cable, so we never had any fear of her dragging when once the anchor was properly down.

A committee of our most intimate companions was called to settle what name to christen her, which took a long time to determine, some suggesting one and some another.

The most piratically inclined of our school

chums wished her to be called the Avenger, and suggested fitting her out with guns, entlasses, etc., and taking—I think they seriously proposed the whole school to man her—a cruise against anything that came across our path.

My brother and I, being the only ones who would have lost by the transaction, did not look upon it in the same favourable light as they, and so, after due consideration, we settled where to lay her, the milder, if not more glorious, name of Heather Bell, as we wanted her for more peaceful pursuits.

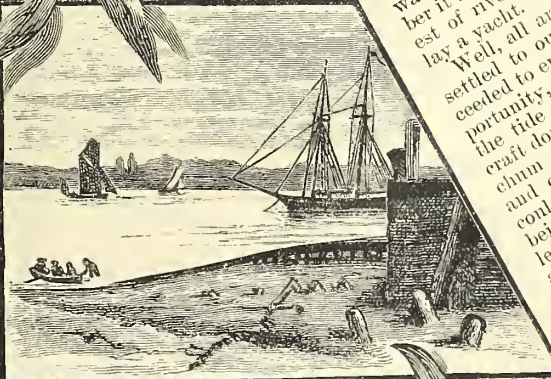
The next question was where to lay her, as, living in London, we wanted her handy and at the same time clear of all the bridges. After some difficulty we found a man at Blackwall who would take care of her for a consideration when she was not being used, and I think all his spare time must have been spent in scrubbing her up, as any one who knows Black-



wall will remember it is not the cleanest of riverside places to lay a yacht.

Well, all arrangements being settled to our satisfaction, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves at every opportunity, and each half-holiday, when the tide would suit, found us out in our craft down the river, generally with a school chum or two aboard, getting the best way and out of them again the best way we could, and on Erith or Gravesend being reached the anchor would be let go, the kettle put on for tea, and after a good meal we used to start back again for home.

After many long yarns with two of our most intimate chums at school, it was agreed that it would be a jolly thing to go away for two or three weeks by ourselves in the Midsummer Holidays, and to tempt the elements on an adventurous cruise as far as the Xore, and to see the start of a yacht race from Southend. We had not been so



far before in her, and therefore looked forward to there being a spice of adventure about it.

Our astute schoolfellows' parents and our own having given their consent to the trip, which was obtained with considerable difficulty, we commenced getting things ready.

Up to this time we had had no dinghy in which to get to and from the yacht, and as in the intended cruise it would be almost a necessity, or at any rate very useful, we proceeded to look out for one.

After some days' search we found a small boat ten feet long, that seemed suitable, as she was lightly built, and looked as if she would tow easily, so we purchased her in a hurry and rowed down from Richmond, where she lay, to our berth at Blackwall.

She turned out a dear bargain, as, among her other peculiarities that we discovered later on, we found she leaked badly, was extremely crank, turning over and pitching the unlucky wight out who did not step exactly in the centre, and she also had a habit of nearly filling herself with water whilst towing, if any sea was on, through being too sharp in the head. But with all her faults she was better than no boat, so we did the best we could with her.

The time drew close when school would be over and holidays commence, and we four began to count the hours when we could get away. Everything that could be thought of had been prepared ready for the start by the time the happy day came, and four fellows more inclined than we were to laugh and enjoy ourselves, by taking the rough with the smooth, it would have been difficult to find.

We started off early one morning, each with bags or bundles containing a varied assortment of things—rugs for sleeping in, sketching tools, fishing-lines and hooks, and the last consignment of fresh provisions from home—mother having prevented the dear boys from starving themselves on the first day by making a huge cake and cooking a leg of mutton which we were to have cold; while amongst the other useful articles I carried was a large supply of matches and a chart of the Thames.

Blackwall reached, we arrived at the yacht and proceeded to arrange our things aboard, as they made a goodly heap when placed down in the bundles; and while they are arranging matters I will take the opportunity of introducing my two school chums, Bunn and George, who were to risk the perils and enjoy the pleasures of the trip with us.

Frank and I you are already acquainted with. Bunn had been for several sails with us already, and so felt himself to be quite an old salt, and was very handy on board.

George had not been out before, and had a certain amount of dread as to his ability to stand the shaking-up we expected to get, but had tried to compensate for his want of experience by dressing himself in a truly nautical style!

All our paraphernalia being stowed away to our satisfaction, we got the after canvas on her, not forgetting to set the noted top-sail, as the light draught of wind from the north-west was fair for us.

She was then lying alongside the quay secured by a turn of a rope round the timber head, which George, who had been standing about with his hands in his pockets, feeling he ought to do something, proceeded to untasten. Just then my brother remarked, "I say, where's our dinghy? We were nearly forgetting it."

"I see it," said Bunn; "the old man has turned it bottom up in his yard. Come along, boys; it will take three to get it down to the water."

As they jumped ashore I watched them getting the boat down, and then went into the cabin to have another look round and

see that nothing else was forgotten. A bump made me look upon deck, when I found myself afloat some little distance down the river hooked on to a barge by an iron eye on the end of our boom.

George had evidently forgotten to make the line fast again, and the tide catching her head had swung her round into the stream. The boom end had caught against a band of iron nailed round the gunwale of the barge, and although I tried hard to get clear from it, the tide was too strong, and the Heather Bell took it into her own hands by ripping off about twelve feet of the band, when it fortunately broke off and sank, letting me go clear.

My crew were by this time standing in a row looking on and shouting to me to return, but with the light wind and strong tide I knew it was more than I could manage, so shouted for them to come in the dinghy while I dropped anchor and waited their arrival.

They soon pulled up and made the dinghy fast astern, Bunn remarking that the sooner we got under way before the barge-man came round for his iron band the better! All being of one opinion, the jib was set, and hoisting our mudhook she gently turned on her heel and we were fairly off on our cruise.

"You are the lightest, George," said my brother, "and therefore ought to do the going aloft when anything goes wrong up there."

George, who had his hands in his pockets as usual, promptly refused, saying he wasn't used to climbing, and certainly wouldn't try it while she leaned over so much.

Then Bunn asked who was to do the cooking, and as no one volunteered for the berth as cook, I suggested we should take it in turns each day. All agreed to that as being quite fair, and drew lots for first day's cooking.

That fell to Bunn, so he dived below at once to prepare the vegetables for dinner, and very soon a small blue wreath of smoke came floating out of the stove-pipe.

"I say, we shall have to boil our roots in the river water," said he, coming out of the cabin with a saucepan in his hand. "Our stone jar of drinking water won't last us long if it's used to cook with."

So, dipping the saucepan over the side, he filled it with water and shot a lot up his sleeve at the same time.

Whilst he was wringing out his coat-sleeve George had been looking attentively into the saucepan, and failing to see to the bottom of it, he remarked that the water looked rather thick for cooking purposes, at the same time picking out various bits of straw, etc. It was handed round for inspection, and we unanimously agreed to defer the cooking until in clearer water lower down.

"I suppose that's Bugsby's Reach we have just passed through," said George, looking at the chart. "What a name to give it."

"It's called Bugsby's Hole too, after a noted robber of that name, who years ago had a cabin, or hut, in the middle of a bed of osiers, and used to secrete his spoils there for a long time, until discovered, when he jumped into the river and was drowned," I observed.

"Thanks," said George. "Where did you get all that from?"

"Never mind the source," said I, laughing; "if I impart any knowledge to you gratis, you ought to be thankful, and ask no impertinent questions."

"Well, let us have some more, Mr. Stump Orator," said Bunn, trying to balance himself on the edge of the combing, and going over backwards with the basin of potatoes he was peeling at the time.

"It is hardly necessary to tell you that

the old town we are now opposite is Woolwich," I observed.

"Of course we all know that; tell us something fresh," said George.

"Well, did you know that the noted man-of-war of thirty guns, named the Harry Grace de Dieu, was built here in the reign of Henry VIII., and in the year 1637 the Royal Sovereign, another well-known vessel, was also launched from here? She was curiously carved and gilt; and the Dutch, from the havoc she made among them, gave her the name of the Golden Devil. And now, my gentle audience," said I, "please to stir your stumps, or, in other words, take a pull at the main and head sheets, as we shall have to be close hauled to lay through Gallions with this wind."

Just then Frank pointed to a large box that was wobbling down with the tide, and one of us suggested it might be filled with all sorts of valuables, and that it would be good fun to secure it, so we steered for it, but shot past it without laying hold, and found it broken and empty.

"Never mind," said Bunn, who was evidently bent upon distinguishing himself in the culinary line; "it will do famously for firewood; let us get it."

So we shot her up to it again, and was more fortunate this time, George getting hold of it, while Frank held his legs to prevent him toppling over. They then chopped it up and stowed it away for use.

"It would be a good plan to secure everything useful we come across," said Frank, and we did so during our cruise, as it was not only a source of amusement, but kept us well supplied with fuel.

George, who had been looking at the chart again, said, suddenly, "I say, here's a conundrum for you. What parish in England has the most commerce passing through it?"

"Woolwich," promptly replied Bunn, "because the parish extends across the river to the opposite side."

"Right you are; I'll ask something more difficult next time," observed George.

The wind by this time had freshened considerably, and we were staggering along with rather more sail than required, but on getting into Barking Reach we had the wind more aft, and were able to slack off the sheets. Here the water seemed clearer, so Bunn had another dip with his saucepan and put the potatoes on to cook.

The sheets were eased still more as we ran before the wind down Halfway Reach, and Bunn read the words, Dagenham Dock, painted on some boards fastened to a few old wooden piles.

"It doesn't look much like a dock though," said he.

"It's nothing more than a lake, or pond, of about fifty acres now," said Frank.

The river wall gave way in 1707, through some extra high tides in the winter-time overflowing the land and washing a great deal of it into the river, which nearly stopped the traffic, so they made a toll of threepence per ton on all vessels coming up to London, to raise funds for removing it, and after one or two persons had tried and failed, a man of the name of Perry started on it ten years afterwards. Of course the damage had largely increased in that time, and it took him five years to complete the job, which he finally did; but as he had undertaken to finish it for £25,000, and it cost him nearly £50,000, it was not a paying speculation, and nearly ruined him. Since that a company started to turn what remained of the lake into a dock, but it never came to anything, and those old piles have been there for years.

(To be continued.)

BOWLS: THE GAME AND ITS LAWS.

PART I.

WE are told that when the Armada was in sight, Drake and Hawkins and their companions were playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe, and Mr. Lucas has done his best to make the scene live for ever. And all through our history the game of bowls crops up, and always in some pleasant form.

At a little place called Collins End, out Goring Heath way, on the Oxfordshire side of the Thames, there is an inn with a sign that used to run thus :

"Stop, traveller, stop! in yonder peaceful glade
His favourite game the royal martyr played;
Here, stripped of honours, children, freedom, rank,
Drank from the bowl, and bowled for what he drank;
Sought in the bowls in vain his cares to drown,
And changed a sovereign ere he lost a crown!"

For to this inn Charles I. rode over under escort from Caversham, where he was captive, and, finding the green, played "his favourite game" on it. In Charles's days one of the best bowling-greens in England was at Mr. Shute's house at Barking, and thither the King went often—rather too often, some folks thought. During the Commonwealth times bowls went out of fashion. Bowling-greens and bowling-alleys became the resort of very queer folk. They were celebrated, according to Bishop Earle, for three things being wasted on them—the said three being "time, money, and curses;" but the bishop was rather prejudiced against the bowler, and apt to say unkind things. He objected to the game altogether. "No antick," he says, "screws men's bodies into such strange flexures, and you would think them here senseless to speake sense to their bowl, and put their trust in intreaties for a good cast." In spite of the bishop, however, the game survived, and even grew more popular. But it was not everybody that could play bowls. Strange to say, by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Henry VIII., none but the gentry and well-to-do were allowed to play bowls, and this Act was not repealed until 1845, when by 8 and 9 Vic., cap. 109, bowls and other similar games of skill were permitted to be indulged in by the people. It was in the time of Henry VIII. that the bowling-green became an almost invariable adjunct to the country mansion, and it is not going too far to say that no Tudor manor-house was without it.

Up to 1409 bowls were made of stone, hence the "in jactu lapidum" of Fitz-Stephen, which led many to think that the London citizens used to amuse themselves by stone-throwing. Now bowls are made of wood—lignum vite generally—costing about a sovereign a set, the "bias" being got by their not being turned perfectly round instead of being loaded with lead, as used to be the custom.

Bowls is not a complicated game. It requires only a green, two bowls for each player, and a "jack." The jack is a smaller ball, often made of white crockery, which serves as the mark to be played at. The game is begun by "setting a mark," the mark being the jack, which is thrown on for at least twenty-one yards from the "footer," the footer being a small piece of carpet or mat, on which the player has to stand when delivering the jack or bowl. The object, as in quoits and curling, is to get as near the mark as possible; but this can be done by either bowling close to the jack or by knocking it away. The bowls are not round, and hence have to be held

in one particular way to "cheat the bias;" if the bias is not cheated the bowl will take a curved course instead of a straight one.

The best way of describing the game would seem to be to take the laws in order, and comment on them as we go. Law I. then deals with the game generally :

"The game may be played by several single players, or two or more partners on each side. The players shall play alternately until each shall have delivered both his bowls. In case of partners, one on either side shall play alternately both bowls, the others following in like manner."

The jack has first to be set. The object of the first player is to get his bowl as near it as possible. The second player can get nearer if he can, or he can knock away his opponent's bowl, or he can knock away the jack, and practically begin the game again. And each succeeding player has the same option, so that the whole complexion of the game can be altered by the last shot.

Law II. refers to the choosing of partners and the lead :

"At the commencement of each game the players may cast lots or toss for partners, the lead, and for the choice of the jack, which shall be one of the jacks belonging to the green, and not one belonging to an individual."

This stipulation as to the jack is to prevent loaded jacks being introduced. How the jack is delivered is dealt with in Law III., which lays down the proper way of setting the mark, and runs as follows :

"The leader shall set the mark, but he shall not deliver the jack without allowing his opponent following the opportunity of seeing its delivery and watching its course from a point near the footer. If the leader in two trials shall fail to deliver the jack a mark, his opponent is then entitled to set the mark, but not to play first at it. The defaulter must play first, after an opponent has set the mark. If the opponent at one throw of the jack do fail to set a mark, the jack is again taken by the first defaulter or his partner, subject to the original penalty."

Than this nothing can be clearer. If you cannot throw the jack twenty-one yards some one else must. The fourth law settles the size of the bowls and jack :

"Each player shall have two bowls, which may be of such size and bias as he shall think fit. The jack shall be not less than 3½ inches, nor more than 3¾ inches in diameter. The jack shall not be changed during a game except by mutual consent of the players. The bowls may be changed, but not during the playing of an end, or after the jack has been delivered for an end."

The choice of the bowls as to size and bias depends on what may be found in the set, for "first come first served" is the only motto applicable. It would be better for the law to read "as may be available" instead of "as he shall think fit," but the old wording has lasted for so long that it has not been thought worth while to alter it. The "end" is of course the round, when all the players have each had their two shots. Law V. deals with the footer :

"Each set of players shall have a footer. Every player must place his foot on the footer whilst in the act of delivering either the jack or his bowl. If a player deliver his bowl with the right hand, his right foot must be on the footer; and if he deliver his bowl with his left hand, his left foot must be on the footer when playing. In case a bowl be played in contravention of this law, such bowl may, at the option of the opponent, be declared a dead bowl. In case a player shall have taken up the footer after playing his bowl, which by reason of a rub or set has to be replayed, the footer shall be replaced as nearly as possible in its former position, by or with the consent of an opponent."

A "dead bowl" is a bowl played or knocked off the green, or against a bowl

lying in a ditch. No bowl after becoming dead is allowed to remain on the green; and if fencing exists at any part of the green, the bowls touching the fencing are considered to be dead. When a jack or bowl in its journey strikes or touches anything on the green which alters or hinders its motion, it is said to meet with a rub. Hence the proverb about those playing with bowls having "to expect rubs," and also such allusions as "ay, there's the rub," etc., with which we are familiar in Elizabethan literature. In fact, some people have gone as far as to derive "rubbish" from this very rub, an example of what we may be excused for regarding as rather bold philology!

In Law VI. we again meet with the management of the footer. The phrase "void end" simply means that after the round things have been so equal that neither party has scored. The law, at length, is as follows :

"After each end is concluded, the footer shall be placed by the last player at the jack. The leader in the succeeding end may, before playing the jack, remove the footer anywhere he pleases within the space of one yard from the spot where the jack lay at the termination of the preceding end. A void end shall be included in this provision. When the jack is knocked off the green, the footer must be placed a yard from the edge of the green, and within a yard on either side from the spot where the jack is taken out of the ditch; provided that if more than half the bowls have not been played, the jack and the bowls actually played shall be returned, and play resumed from the spot where the footer was then placed."

(To be continued).

Correspondence.

F. C. M.—St. Paul's School is now at Kensington, and its old site in St. Paul's churchyard is covered with warehouses and offices. It is not a "boarding" school, as you suppose; and the school fees are some £20 a year, unless you win a place, by examination, on the foundation.

N. N. and Others.—(PERPETUAL CALENDAR, Vol. IX., page 763.) The key No. for September, which is not visible in your copy, is 1.

F. R. C.—The Isle of Sheppey is about eleven miles long. In it are Sheerness and Queenborough.

FALCHION.—1. The simplest way is to disuse the phrase, and say that there never was a decisive battle. It would be possible to prove every battle useless if you are allowed centuries enough to discount its results. 2. Troy was taken, or is assumed to have been taken, in B.C. 1184. Salamis was fought in 480, Arbela in 331, Cannae in 216, Pharsalia in 48. The Romans were routed by the Germans in the Teutoberg in A.D. 9, and again under Decius in 251; Alaric took Rome in A.D. 410. 3. The German nations—Franks, English, etc.—were not beaten by the Romans at all. Caesar conquered the Gauls, and they became Romano-Gauls, just as he conquered the Britons, who became Romano-Britons. The Romano-Gauls were conquered by Franks, and the Franks adopted their language. The Romano-Britons were conquered by English, and the English forced on them their language, as the other German races did to the nations they conquered. The truth is, that the conquest of Gaul by the Franks ended in a compromise. It was under Charles the Bald that the Franks adopted the Romano-Gaulish tongue.

STEWART.—Apply at the Mercantile Marine Office, St. Katharine's Docks, Tower, E.

G. L.—Yes; other papers on stamps will appear in due course.

W. H. (Bristol).—The names and addresses of writers are never furnished to correspondents without permission; but we shall be happy to forward any letter you may send us.

T. W. C. L.—Out of print.

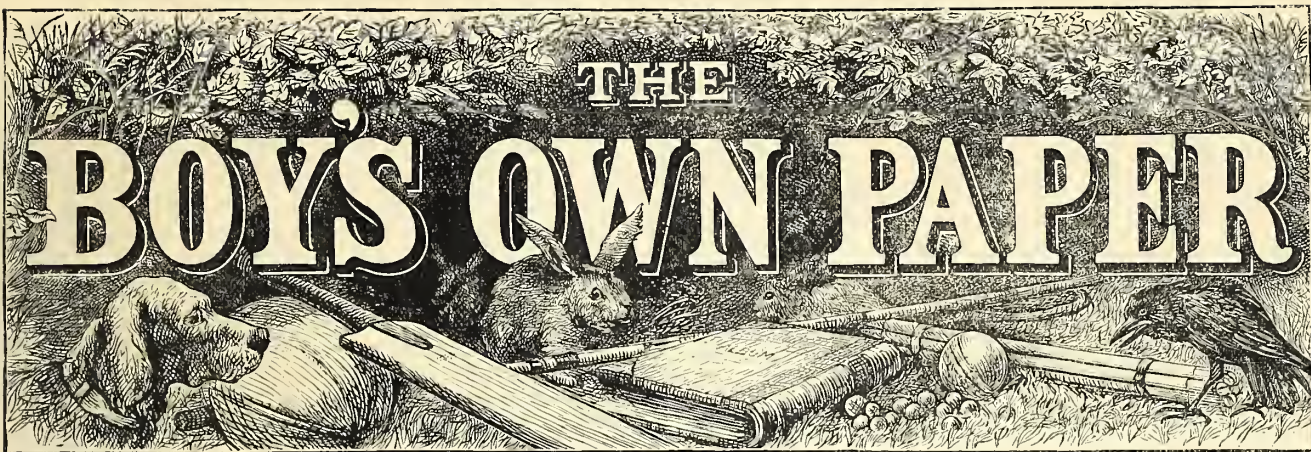
C. B. A.—Any box, cardboard or otherwise, will do to keep the silkworms in. Perforate the cover with small holes for ventilation.

J. P. B. K.—We are hoping shortly to issue, as a cheap handbook, in our "Boy's Own Bookshelf" series, all the principal articles on fishing that have appeared in our pages from the first, with additions by the editor. Our "Cricket" and "Football" handbooks are now ready.

ALCAR.—Articles on the microscope will appear in due course. We are glad to learn that your telescope, made from our instructions, answers so well. Many other of "our boys" have written to the same effect.



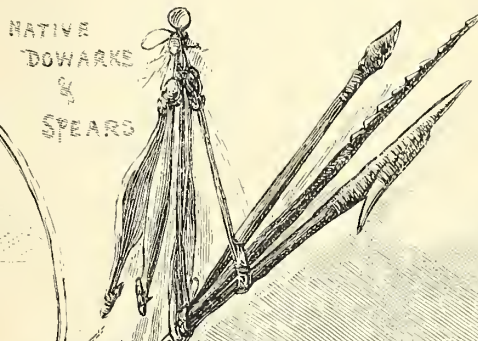
Jottings by our Cycling Artist.



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HARRY TREVERTON : A STORY OF COLONIAL LIFE.

BY LADY BROOME.

CHAPTER IX.—JACK'S YARN.

"TALKING about bush fires reminds me of a black fellow named Bob, who was 'wanted' by the police, and used to come to my hut and tell me and my mate that if we did not give him baccy and grub, we might expect a bush-fire to come along some fine day when we least expected it. Now, me and my mate, Bill Smithers, had been working hard splitting posts and rails, and a fire would have swept at least a hundred and fifty pounds' worth of work away, if it had chanced to come on us unawares, as the stuff was lying about all over the place.

"Got hold of the 'nigger' with both hands."

"You see this chap Bob was an awful scoundrel, and was 'wanted' for a murder, which happened this way: Bob was one of those half-civilised blacks who would do anything for a drink of grog or a bottle of colonial wine, and he'd just carry on according to the number of glasses he had taken. If he'd had only a glass or two, he'd perhaps run his spear through some woman's leg by way of a lark; if he was about half drunk, he'd run her through the thigh; but if he was quite drunk, nothing short of murder would satisfy him.

"Well, one day Bob and some friends of his were at one of their bush camps, when a half-caste girl named Kitty Bell joined them. She was a fine-looking girl, had been brought up mostly with white people, could talk English as well as I could, and had a regular place of service, but now and again the black blood would show up, and nothing would suit her but a run in the bush along with her old mother and the other natives. This time Kitty had not been long in the camp before she pulls out a bottle of rum she'd bought with her wages, and they had one drink all round, and then another. Bob, as usual, considered he had a right to a double share, so when the bottle came to him the second time he just polished off the lot, and then Kitty let him have the length of her tongue. In a few minutes the grog and the slanging together began to take effect on my gentleman, who got hold of his spear in one hand, and Kitty's hair in the other. Before any one could move, he had jerked her head back and driven the spear right into her throat, working it up and down like the piston of an engine, till the poor girl fell dead.

"I suppose he did not reckon much would come of it, as he'd killed several women and had escaped scot free, for the other natives were too much in terror of the scoundrel to round upon him. However, he had made a mistake this time, for the girl's master and mistress came to hear of the murder, and took out a warrant against Master Bob. One fine day a white policeman rides up to him and holds a revolver to his head, while the native bobby, who had tracked him down, clapped a chain round his neck and marched him off to gaol.

"Well, you bet, he felt a bit uncomfortable, for he says to the policeman, trying to grin, but looking rather anxious, all the time, 'You think-um* white fellow hang-um mine?'

"Only one time hang-um you,' says the policeman, 'and then let-um you go.'

"I suppose Bob didn't quite see the joke, and came to the conclusion that to be hanged even once would be once too often, for he did not ask any more questions. They got him safe to gaol and locked him up, but when the funny policeman went to give his prisoner some breakfast next morning, he found nothing in the cell but a bit of a hole under the door-sill and a heap of earth thrown back where our friend Bob must have burrowed himself out, for all the world like a coney. Any way, he was gone, clean and clever.

"There *was* a row then, you bet! Every policeman on the station reckoned he'd been insulted by this fellow getting away from under their very noses, and they vowed he should be taken again before the week was out. But this was easier said than done; they went out day after day, week after week, and month after month, till they got disheartened, and their horses knocked up, when I believe they received orders to lie by and let matters cool down a bit.

"Yes, Bob was one too many for the police for a while. He and his woman used to keep to themselves; one day he'd be here, and on the very next twenty or thirty miles off, but he had some narrow escapes. One day he was up a tree when a policeman rode right underneath him, and another time a police horse shied at the very bush under which he was lying. The brute had a better nose than the rider, and knew the scent of a black fellow, but the policeman just dug the spurs into the animal and rode on, little thinking that the very man he'd ridden hundreds of miles after was lying hidden within a few feet of his horse's nose. It was uncommon lucky for Master Bob that the white police were out alone that trip. A native tracker would have made short work of finding the man they were after both of those times. Now you see, mates, it was just while this caper was going on that my gentleman would come down and do his cadging, and as I tell you, one day he thought he'd not got quite enough, and began to talk about bush-fires. My mate got savage, and told him he'd put the police on to him, but the scoundrel laughed in our faces and said he knew every police horse's track in the district, and that not one had been after him for two moons.

"Policeman fool too much,' Bob would say; 'walk-about, walk-about all day: night time walk-about, can't catch-um mine. My word, horse very near kill-um; too much tired. Policeman near dead; too much walk-about, walk-about. Nothing catch-um Bob; nebber catch-um mine, policeman fool too much.'

"Why didn't you take the rascal yourself, Jack, and hand him over to the police?' asked one of the splitters.

"Well, we didn't do it because we hadn't so much as a bit of rope on the place, and we didn't exactly fancy having to march the ruffian a matter of forty mile, with only the hair of his head to hold him by. No, we did better than that, as you shall hear presently. Matters had been going on like this for about three months, when one evening a rough looking chap walked up to our hut, threw down his swag, and asked leave to shake down by the fire for the night. Of course we made him welcome and gave him some damper.

"Next morning the stranger followed me and my mate to where we were splitting, and sat on a log for a good while, talking and watching us work. At last he says, 'If you've got a spare maul and a few wedges, I'll just try my hand on one of these logs.' So we handed them over to him, and in a few minutes he had opened up the log, and was knocking out the rails in first-class

style. By the time we went to dinner he had quite as many to show as Bill or I.

"You seem pretty much at home with the maul and wedges,' says I to him as we were having a bit of dinner.

"Yes,' said he, 'I've split a few thousand posts and rails in my time, and as I feel a bit footsore, I don't mind if I spend a few days with you, and I'll guarantee that if you and your mate will open up the logs, I'll split them fast enough to double the number you are now serving.'

"Very good,' says I; 'and what wages will you want?'

"Well, you see, I'm not very particular about wages; in fact I don't want any. Perhaps you and your mate might do me a good turn some day.'

"That depends,' says Bill, 'upon what sort of a turn it might be.'

"Now look here, lads,' says the stranger, 'I've just come along here to meet a very dear friend. I've a nice chain and locket for him, and, my word, we shall hug each other when we meet!'

"This is some escaped lunatic,' thinks I, and I could see by Bill's face that he was of the same opinion.

"Does this friend o' yours know you'll be here to meet him?' asks Bill, very serious-like, and staring the stranger hard in the face.

"No, poor fellow; I just want to give him a little surprise.'

"As mad as a March hare,' thinks I to myself. 'And what might your friend's name be?' I asked him.

"My friend's name,' said he, looking round cautiously, speaking the while in a very low tone, 'is Bob, and mine is Bobby.'

"We were surprised above a bit, but, mind you, it wasn't so bad to have a policeman for a bush-mate as a madman: so we made a bargain. He was to work for us just as if he was on wages, and when Bob turned up we was to help to take him.

"The bobby was as good as his word, and worked as hard as either of us, till a fortnight had passed away, when Bob's woman put in an appearance, and after watching us at work for a while went off again, when we told our new mate who she was, and that Bob would probably be at camp directly to cadge for some food.

"All right,' says he; 'now look here, mates, if the fellow gets one yard start of us we shall be done for. Keep cool, watch my game, and if I'm not very much mistaken we shall have him by the heels safe enough before he's many hours older.'

"Sure enough, in about half an hour my gentleman marches into the camp, with half a dozen spears in his hand, a dowark* in his belt, and a kangaroo skin cloak over his shoulders.

"Halloa, Bob!' says I, 'policeman nothing catch-um you?'

"Policeman nothing catch-um mine,' says he, sitting down on one of the logs that was ready for splitting; 'me big fellow hungry, me want-um grub.'

"I looked over at the policeman, but he was hammering away at his wedges as if to save his life, and took about as

* A flat piece of wood, oblong in shape, used for throwing the spear, sometimes called a "throwing-stick."

* The natives of Western Australia always add 'um' to the verb.

much notice of the nigger as if he had been a chip of wood. By-and-bye he takes up one of the rails and began spanning it with his hand as if he was measuring it.

"I say, Jack, these rail: is not full length," he calls out.

"They measure nine feet, anyhow," says I, a bit sulky-like, maybe.

"You musn't tell me that," says he, shaking his head very knowing-like.

"But I do tell you so," says I, "and I'll bet you ten shillings I'm right."

"Done with you," he sings out, "I'll take you up; just bring the two-foot rule, will you?"

"So we started measuring, first one log and then the other, as we went along, till we came to the log where Bob was sitting, when the policeman says, 'Here, Jack, give me the rule, I'll measure this one,' so he lays the rule along it; 'two, four, and—Bob' says he, as he got hold of the nigger by the hair with both hands.

"Well, mates, such an up and down tumble with the fellow you never saw. He jumped and kicked and fought and bit just like a madman, till I really thought he'd ha' got away from the three of us, and I expect the policeman began to think so too, for he put his hand inside of the breast of his shirt, pulled out a pair of handcuffs, and hit Master Bob a crack on the head that would have killed a white fellow on the spot. However, it only put Master Bob to sleep like for a few minutes, and when he came round he found a chain and padlock round his neck and his hands behind his back, with a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"To make a long story short, we took Bob to gaol; he was tried, convicted of wilful murder, and hung. 'How often?' asked the witty man of the audience. 'Only once,' replied Jack, grimly, 'but it was often enough to put him past murdering helpless women and children, and threatening to burn up honest men's property.'"

"That's a very good yarn, Jack," remarked the landlord; "now we'll just have another little nip all round, a smoke, and then turn in."

In half an hour's time every man lay on the ground, rolled up in his rug, and all was silent save the crackle of the fire and the souging of the south wind, as it murmured pleasantly overhead among the forest trees.

CHAPTER X.—DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Now then, lads, turn out, if you don't want the sun to burn your eyes out!"

I looked up from under my blanket and saw big Jack stalking about, rousing up the sleepers; but there certainly did not appear to be much danger from the sun, as the day was only just breaking. However, Jack's threat appeared to have the desired effect, and the bushmen unrolled themselves from their rugs and blankets and began to dress. In most instances this appeared to consist of the very short and simple process of putting on their boots and hat. Others, more fastidious, joined me in a good wash out of a bucket first, and then we all sat down to breakfast.

How bright and pleasant everything

seemed as we lounged round our camp fire, the smoke from which was curling upwards in the still morning air, sending forth a sweet incense from the "black boy" resin and the eucalyptus leaves. The group of splitters, with their different gay coloured rugs hung over branches, made a back-ground, which gave animation and colour to a perfect picture of Australian forest life.

Yes, all looked very pleasant, but it was only early morning time, and the heat and burthen of the day was yet to come; for my share of such burthen I had yet to tramp another fifteen miles of weary road before I should find myself at my journey's end. In an hour's time my good friend the landlord had shaken hands with me, mounted into his spring-cart, and trotted off, "homeward bound." The splitters had gone to their work in the forest, and I was once more marching along the road with my swag over my shoulder, in the direction of Fielder's Farm.

After travelling about ten miles or so I observed an improvement in the country: the forest became less dense, grass—or, properly speaking, a white, dried up looking herbage—took the place of scrub, and graceful wattle-trees grew here and there, whilst a huge flock of white cockatoos sailed over head, with their crests up, startled at the sight of a stranger. I thought them very beautiful, but the screeching chorus they set up was deafening, and as long as I was in sight they only alighted for a moment on a bough to start off again immediately with discordant yells of alarm.

A little farther on I met a wild-looking old man, wearing a large slouch hat over a head of the longest imaginable hair. The crook in his hand and the sheep-dog at his heels proclaimed him at once to be the shepherd of the flock which I saw spread out over the hillsides, grazing, and making pleasant music with their bells.

"Good morning, shepherd; can you tell me how far it is to Fielder's?" I asked.

"Fielder's is about six miles from here, mate, but if you are not in a hurry you may as well come to my hut and have a drop of tea and a bit of grub. It's getting too hot for the sheep to feed, so I'll lay them up."

Yes, it was certainly getting warm, and the invitation to the drop of tea (which probably meant a couple of quarts) sounded inviting; so I gladly accepted the shepherd's offer, and the next moment he placed his fingers to his lips and blew a long shrill whistle, which was at once answered by a chorus of bleating from the scattered flock.

"Now, Jack, old man," said he, speaking to his dog, "go behind and fetch 'em in; and work steady, old man, work stea-a-a-dy."

The good dog looked up at his master with an intelligent human expression in his beautiful eyes, and after apparently getting a still more exact idea of what was expected of him, from this gaze, trotted quietly off to obey orders.

"That's as fine a dog as ever worked a flock of sheep," said the shepherd as we left the road and struck off in the direction of the hut, which had been

built by the side of a dismal-looking swag.

"Yes, he looks like a clever dog," I assented, turning my head to watch the collie's intelligent carrying out of his master's orders to "work 'em steady."

"And so he is; look here, mate, a man as owns a dog like that, and a set o' bells like them on my flock, is worth a hextra twenty pun a year to any master as knows the valley o' good shepherding, aint e' now?" asked my new friend, as eagerly as though the increased wage depended entirely on my opinion and answer.

Of course I assented warmly, though a more ignorant opinion was never expressed; and we walked on amicably towards the hut, which was not far off. I gladly sat down on the shepherd's "bunk," or rude bedstead, whilst he hospitably busied himself preparing the dinner, which consisted of fried chops, tea, and damper. We had hardly begun to eat with our excellent "bush" appetites, before the flock came into camp and settled themselves quietly in little groups beneath the trees, whilst Jack, having so well discharged his duty, was rewarded with a good dinner.

I remained with the shepherd for several hours, during which time he talked incessantly, evidently glad to have the opportunity of hearing the sound of his own voice. He was anxious for me to remain as listener, but I declined the invitation to shake down with him till next day, and started again in the cool of the afternoon.

I had not walked far before I came to the brow of a hill, from which I saw a clear valley stretching far away in front of me, with farmhouses, barns, and haystacks dotted about here and there, giving evidence that I had done with the forest, and had reached an agricultural district.

As the sun was still high, and I had only four miles to travel, I sat me down to rest for a while. I am afraid that I also experienced a sort of dislike to presenting myself at Fielder's in broad daylight, with my swag over my shoulder, so I determined not to make my appearance at his house until the sun had gone down. True, I had often taken walking excursions in the old country with my knapsack on my back, and never felt any reluctance to knock at a door and ask for a night's shelter or an hour's rest; but those were tramps for pleasure, with pleasant companions, and very different from forced marches in search of employment. However, I need not have distressed myself on the score of appearances, for the few people I met as I plodded on after sundown took little or no notice of me beyond wishing me "good-day," or giving me a civil answer when I asked if I were in the right track for Fielder's. The fact was, a dusty, footsore lad, shy and sun-browned, and asking his way to a prosperous farmer's homestead, was by no means an uncommon person to meet, and it spoke well for the morals of the little community that I was not suspected of a desire for possessing myself of anything except employment.

It was rapidly getting dark when I reached the place I had so hoped to

make my future home, but there still remained light enough for me to see that Mr. Fielder owned an uncommonly comfortable homestead, with stables and cowsheds behind a substantial though low-built dwelling-house, and tops of haystacks and corn-ricks in the background.

With some trepidation I ascended a few steps, which led me on to a broad verandah edged with kerosene tins painted green, and serving as flower-pots. It all looked gay and pretty enough, no doubt, but my heart had sunk somewhere into my shoes, and no genuine tramp ever knocked with greater hesitation than I did at what I presumed to be the entrance door. The maid-servant bounced out so instantaneously that I was vexed with myself for starting awkwardly back, and I could not keep my voice as steady and clear as I desired while I asked if Mr. Fielder was at home.

"Yes, he is!" the damsel answered, snappishly; "but you must go round to the kitchen," and she slammed the door in my face.

I really think if the girl had boxed my ears I should not have felt so hurt or so indignant as I did when she said the word "kitchen," and I stood for a moment absolutely stupefied. Of course, it was very silly of me; I ought to have remembered that, to all appearance, I was nothing more or less than a common tramp. How could the girl possibly know that I was an English gentleman, and not an Australian swagsman? I ought to have taken all this into consideration, but I did not. Why, I cannot tell you. Perhaps it was because I was poor and proud, weary and footsore, and altogether utterly wretched and miserable.

I turned from the door, descended the verandah steps, and was walking rapidly back to the road with the intention of sleeping in the bush, when a man walked past me, stopped suddenly, turned round, and asked, "Who's that?"

"A traveller who wishes to see Mr. Fielder," I replied.

"Well, my name is Fielder; what do you want, my man?"

"And my name, sir," I replied, "is Treverton. I have a note for you which concerns myself. If you have time to

read it I will wait here for your answer," and I gave him my letter of introduction.

"Have you had any supper?" he asked, hospitably, before he had even opened the letter.

"No, sir, I have not."

"Well, go round to the kitchen and tell the cook to give you some."

The tone of the man's voice was very different from that in which the servant had ordered me off, and as I could see that he meant kindly, I took no offence, but declined the invitation, saying I would rather wait until he had read the letter, which he proceeded to do without further parley.

In a few minutes he had finished it, and turned to where I was seated on my swag, saying, kindly enough,

"Come to the house, Mr. Treverton; you must excuse me for not asking you in before, but of course I could not know who you were till I had read my friend's letter."

Mr. Fielder was very kind and civil, and I congratulated myself on having been recommended to such a nice place; but, alas! my hopes were very soon to be dispelled. A good wash and change to the decent clothes I carried in my swag made me look much more presentable at the comfortable supper to which I was soon summoned; but, after the meal had ended, Mr. Fielder invited me to join him in his particular sheltered nook of the verandah, and, lighting his pipe, began of his own accord the conversation I had been longing for ever since I followed him up the steps. His first remark sounded encouraging enough.

"So you wish to learn to be a farmer, Mr. Treverton?"

"Yes," I replied; "I am sure I should like the work, and I'm not too old to learn, as you see. I'm young and fairly strong, and at all events I can promise to do my best."

Mr. Fielder puffed away in silence for a moment, and I was beginning to fear I had said something hopelessly wrong and ignorant, when he showed me he had scarcely heard, and certainly not heeded, my neat little speech, by asking abruptly, but with a certain shrewd yet kindly twinkle of his eye,

"Have you any means, my boy?"

"No, sir, I haven't, not a penny of means," I answered, desperately, but determined there should be no mistake about the matter.

"Humph! I'm sorry for that, because, you see, my terms are fifty pounds a year, and unless you can afford to pay me that sum for the first two years I could not receive you into my house as what we may call a parlour boarder, nor would I wish to see you in the kitchen."

"Fifty pounds a year!" I exclaimed, "why, I understood that you would probably teach me farming in consideration for such services as I might be able to render you."

"And so I will," Mr. Fielder said, nodding his head, "but you can hardly expect me to receive you into my house as a member of my own family, and provide you with board, lodging, and washing into the bargain."

There was quite a pause, for I could not help seeing the fairness of his argument, but the short silence was broken by my exclaiming desperately, "And this is what I have travelled sixty miles on foot for! It is very unfortunate for me, Mr. Fielder, that your friend did not tell me what your terms were before I left Sandtown. It would have saved me a long journey and a severe disappointment."

"Oh, I do not suppose he knew anything about my terms," Mr. Fielder said, rising from his chair, "but as there really is nothing more to be said, I won't keep you up now; I will see you again in the morning, of course, and between now and then, I will turn things over in my mind and see if we can't hit on any plan to put you in a good track."

I thanked him warmly, for his manner was as kind as possible, although his words had dashed all my hopes to the ground, and saying "good night" went off to bed, wondering how many more miles I might have to tramp, and how it would all end. However, at my age it takes something more than uncertainty about the future to keep a man awake, and in a few minutes I was as sound asleep as though I had been Mr. Fielder himself, and master of all these fields and barns.

(To be continued.)

EDRIC THE NORSEMAN:

A TALE OF ADVENTURE AND DISCOVERY.

By J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Professor and Crown Examiner at Moscow, Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," "Ivan Dobroff," "Kormak the Viking," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—FEASTS AND FESTIVALS.

THIN ice was gathering round the coast at Reykiavik at the close of autumn, or rather summer, for that short season comes to such a sudden end that there is hardly time for autumn when the winter begins. The long days of the glorious Northern summer, in which the sun remains the whole day in constant watch over the fiords and skars, were soon to be followed by

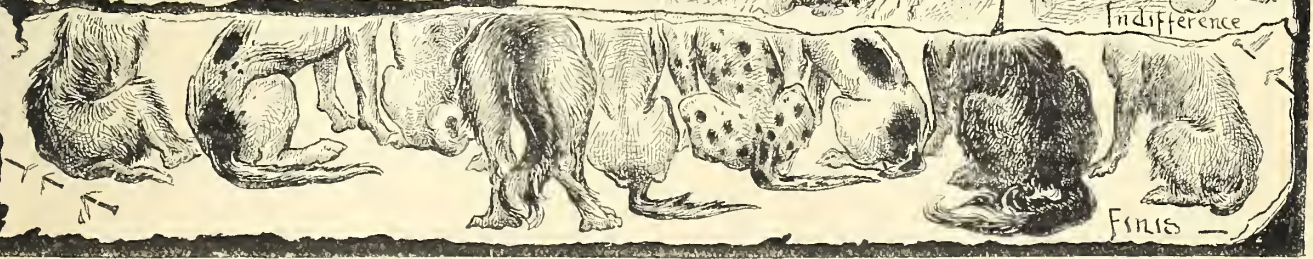
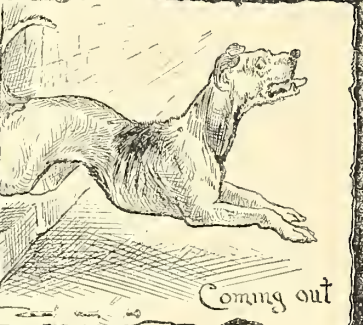
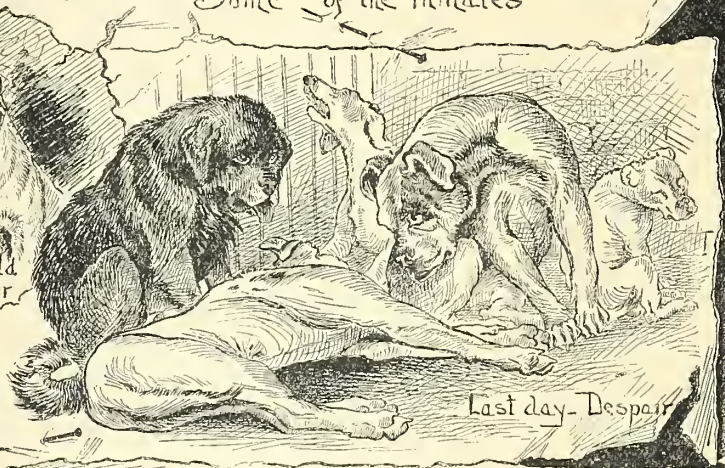
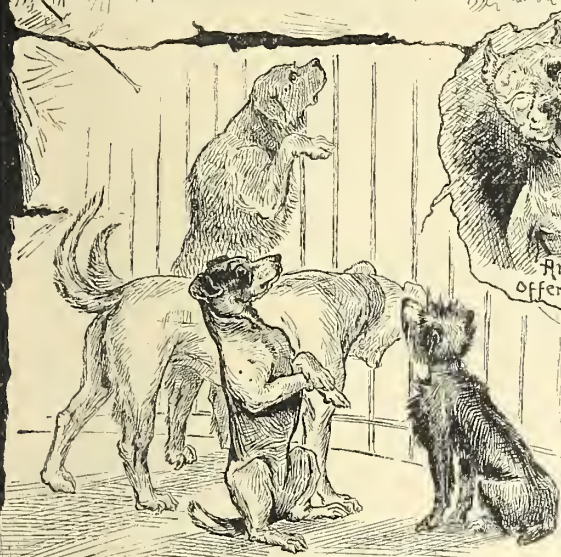
the Polar nights, which, when not lighted up with "Northern Lights," and stars of greater brilliancy than those in the south appear to have, are black and gloomy to excess.

It was the last day of September when three bluff-bowed and metal-plated ships appeared, prepared by extra strong defences to battle with drifting blocks of ice, should they be forced against

them, well manned with stalwart warriors, to judge by all the shields that graced the vessels' sides, and owned by men of wealth, to judge from all the costly gilding of the figure-heads which graced the rising prows. They were the Sleipner, the Rolf-Kraké, and the Nagelfari, bringing the pagan warrior of the bygone time to the almost Christian town of Reykiavik.

[As the

BOY'S OWN DOGS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM—I.
 SKETCHES FROM THE BATTERSEA CASUAL WARD.
 (By A. B. O. P. "SPECIAL.")



As the ships enter the bay Eirik the Red is astonished to hear the cheerful sound of church bells calling good people to the worship of the God of Peace, for in the short time of two months the priests, aided by the workmen sent over by Olaf Tryggvasen, have done wonders. True the church is little more than a big barn, but it is a church for all that. The Norwegians have brought many things with them for decorating the first actual church in Iceland; and altar-cloths, silver vessels for the Sacrament, bells, and other things abound.

It is on Sunday morning, and the unwonted sound strikes old Eirik with surprise. "How now! he cried. "What is the matter yonder? What a clash and din; it must be close at hand to sound so clearly here. 'Tis a rare music. Look at the puppy! How astonished *he* seems. He would prick up his ears, but no, they are too large and heavy. Look at him! What a bark! Thou funny bit of living wool. How I have laughed at thee!"

But the inhabitants of Reykiavik were not all Christians yet. They had not been *urged* to join the church, but rather shown the way and left at liberty, which, amongst such worshippers of freedom, was the surest mode to get them. Thus some, who were not of the church at all, were plying various trades, or strolling on the beach, or drawing up their ships and boats upon the shore. Some were mending nets. But when the dragon ships appeared in sight all labour ceased, and even some of those upon the way to church, who caught sight of these interesting objects, abandoning their intent, rushed to the inlet from the bay up which the ships would sail to reach the town.

Among the persons thus arrested on their way to church were Sigvald, Thorfrida, and Freydisa, with her husband, Thorward; and they, instead of going into church, turned back to meet the visitors.

And skiffs and yollies are launched again, and men row to greet the dragons. The statue-like old man who holds the steering oar on board the Nagelfari is recognised by Sigvald as his father, and telling Thorfrida to wait on shore, he runs down to the beach to launch a boat to be the first to greet him. But she runs too, and runs so quickly as to reach the little vessel as soon as he himself. She is accompanied by Thorward and his wife Freydisa.

"Now, Sigvald," said his wife, "it is no shame to have my boat rowed by thy wife and friend—for surely Thorward is thy friend; and if his wife will take an oar, so much the better. Here comes Oleg Arvidson with Brenda; let them join. Six oars we want, for thou must steer. Oh, jump in, little Knut, for thou canst pull a fair good stroke, and see, the dragon nears us. It were a shame if he should land before we greeted him. So now give way, we're off."

A few strokes brought them alongside the Nagelfari, and the old warrior was touched by the filial piety that brought his son to meet him in such zealous haste. The stout, long oars, or sweeps, which rowed the dragon were all laid in and placed upon the crutches on deck for their reception, the sail was

lowered, and the party in the boat were soon on board the ship.

"Welcome to Reykiavik, dear father. Oh! it will gladden all the island to see thee back again. How strong and sturdy thou art looking! Thou hast grown young again, my father!"

"Nay, Sigvald, lad; that's nonsense! No man grows young again, and if I be not weak and broken, it is not that my life is in the spring, but in its winter, and we know an Iceland winter is a thing of strength, warlike to the last."

"Well, thou must have it as thou wilt; with thee there is no disputing. But hast thou news?"

"Ay, lad, wonderful news! Byarn there has found another land nearer the setting sun than Greenland, and rich in everything, especially in dogs. Look at that lump of wool there! That's a puppy! And such a puppy! See him walk! I have not laughed so much since I was young as I have at that puppy. Thy son there found it."

Eddie was in his mother's arms, and in his delight at seeing her again had quite forgotten Njord, who now came waddling, rolling, shuffling, gambolling along the deck, anyhow and everyhow, to join his younger master, to whom he had attached himself exclusively.

The news of Byarn's discovery was soon made known throughout the district, and, as most of the principal householders in Iceland had been attracted by the beauty of the new service, the little town of Reykiavik was very full of visitors, who, when church was over, came flocking to the hall of the little stadhur, where it had been decided to receive the visitors.

The two fair sisters, Guthrida and Hallfrida, who had come over to do missionary work, were present in the hall. They had their duties in the church, and would not fail, and their bright locks, their fair complexions, and their clear blue eyes—blue as the heaven from which they seemed descended—made them appear like angels gracing a holy rite.

When they were all assembled, Eirik the Red, as eldest of the "Pontiff-chieftains," in whose hands the civil government of Iceland rested, addressed the meeting in a sort of speech announcing Byarn's discovery, for, as nowadays, whatever may be done on board a ship, the captain has the credit of it. So in those strange old times the leader of a dragon's crew obtained the glory of each deed done by the men. He told the men of Iceland what lovely dogs the "new-found land" produced, and as a proof of this assertion he bade his grandson show his puppy Njord, the sight of which was greeted with immense applause. Then he expatiated on the deer, which he described as very small and gentle. He then requested Byarn to tell his story for himself.

Byarn, with the bluntness of a sailor, disclaimed all merit in the new discovery, which he attributed to Eddie. He went into the history of the trip, and said that the whole voyage, as far as he had been concerned in it, was from the very first a blunder. He had missed his way, lost sight of Leif, and, steering onwards blindly, had come to this new country, which he took at first for Greenland. Indeed, he added, he

should not have gone much farther, but should have "gone about" and turned his stem back to the point he steered from but for the boy, who, tired as he was, had stoutly insisted upon having seen the land.

Byarn's modest speech won much applause, and every eye was turned to little Eddie, who, with a group of youngsters near the door, was talking of the battle with the sharks, which seemed to interest their minds much more than the discovery of other lands.

Then the good priest addressed the assembly thus:—

"Beloved friends, Christians, and also such as have not yet received the light, ye hear what has been said by Byarn touching these western lands. I see much cause for very great rejoicing; I hope to see new fields arise before us, in which to spread the knowledge and the love of Christ. For there will doubtless be upon that land many poor souls in utter darkness as to spiritual things. But, friends, if we rejoice in finding other lands of rock and clay and earth, what should be our delight at hearing of that blessed country which has been revealed by the bright light of heaven? The land discovered by our friends shall pass away, but that now promised by our blessed Lord shall never pass away. There we shall all be happy in His love, 'for such as come to Him He will in no wise cast out.'"

Then up rose Eirik the Red, and said:

"Good priest, it ill beseems me to say a word against the fair good promises which thou hast made. Thy words are gentle and thy heart is just, of that I am assured. But there are many who have lived and died in the old faith of Odin—many who still live on, especially in Iceland—who do not care to change that faith which seems so thoroughly bound up with us and our beloved North that, to take one from us, deprives us of the other. I will not change, for one. I am a Northman; like the Northern star, I remain fixed, whatever others may decide on doing.

"To me it seems that Christian teachings suit not with the North. They are too soft, too gentle. We are hard as ice, firm as a rock, and gentle—ha! ha! ha!—gentle as Northern bears! Yours is a soft religion, teaching peace, forgiveness, love. We have been bred in war, despising gentleness and scorning peace. Forgiveness is a plant of Southern growth; it will not bear our Northern snows. We may forgive a foe after his death, but not before! To do so were to yield our families and homes to any evil-doer. No, priest, that is no true religion which disarms the homestead and encourages the spoiler!"

"How can a Southern prophet, born beneath summer skies, and brought up like a golden lily, judge of us—men born in ice and storms, and brought up like our hardy Northern pines? How shall the olive teach the fir? No, sir priest, much I respect thee, much I admire thy thoughts—at least, that is, I should say *some* of them—but I can never leave the faith of Odin for that thou teachest till I see the world all round become more peaceful!"

The pagans loudly cheered when Eirik ceased his speech; the Christians all

looked sad and troubled, but there was no sign on either side of an appeal to arms. Nor was there any angry argument. Freydisa looked as though she sided more with Eirik than with the Christian priest, and gave the ancient warrior a look of approbation that argued little for her Christian sentiments.

Then other speakers rose to ask Byarn questions about his sailing, and his general opinion of his new-found land;* and as his answers showed much knowledge of his subject as a sailor, the meeting was unanimous in praise of his discovery.

At last Leif Eirikson arose and thus addressed his father,

"Dear father, noble Eirik Thorwaldson! I fain would seek my fortune on these distant shores. Have I thy full permission to attempt the adventure?"

"Ay, my good lad, go thither, thou hast my leave, and more than that, I think I shall go with thee. From what our good friend Byarn reports touching the droves of dogs in yonder island—or whatever it may be—it surely must be worth a visit. Nagelfari will, I fancy, serve my turn, and Byarn shall come with us in Sleipner and show our ships the way. That is, of course, if he be so inclined."

"Thanks, Eirik Thorwaldson," said Byarn, "but I must beg thee to excuse me; I want next summer to repair my house, which must, I think, be grievously in need. I shall ask Sigvald Eirikson to furnish me with horses, and ride away in two or three days time. I long to pass the winter 'under the sooted roof' and the glad Iceland summer in my pleasant home at Ragnarvik. Of course I am quite ready to afford thee all the help I can, but really I know nothing save that I lost my reckoning in the fog and went astray."

"Well, Byarn, this is the land of freedom. Thou shalt do just what thou wilt; but if it be thy earnest wish to give up sailing for a time, what sayest thou, wilt sell thy ship? May be—ha, ha, ha!—a rare good joke! May be she knows the way, having once travelled it!"

Byarn took this joke in better part than might have been expected; he joined the laugh and answered:

"As thou wilt, Yarl Eirik. The bargain shall not be a hard one. Thou wilt not give too little, nor I ask too much. The ship is thine. But listen, yarl, forget not to provide thyself with ravens, they are the surest pilots. I found the way to Stoneland by their help."

The price was settled for the ship, which was made over to old Eirik in a curious way. The whole assembly left the little stadhus and walked in grand procession to the shore. Eirik and Byarn, with two important chieftains, went in a boat on board, accompanied by twelve well-known and tried acquaintances to act as witnesses. Before these champions, Byarn, at that portion of the deck which we now call the stern, took in his hand the steering oar, or rudder, and solemnly gave up the grip to Eirik, saying as he did so:

"Take thou this ship with mast and sail and oars, just as she is, without a further claim on me shouldst thou in any way be disappointed. I accept in payment three hundred marks in gold, equivalent to fifteen thousand ells of stoutest wadmál cloth."

"I take thy ship," said Eirik, "as she stands; whether she prove a better vessel or a worse, I shall not come upon thee to make good a fault, nor shall I give thee more if she turn out a better ship than ever yet was built."

Then they drank wine together, and before they went on shore Byarn cut an inch or so from off the end of one of the ropes by which the sail was trimmed and gave it into Eirik's hand, who then presented Byarn with half a yard of thick blue cloth, called wadmál, similar in quality to what we now call pilot-cloth. This clenched the bargain quite as well as all the host of legal writings and lawyers' fees could do at present.

The company then visited the other ships, and the two deer which still were left were brought on land. Then Sigvald asked the whole assembly to come with him to dine and stay the night at his poor home of Greendale, adding that those who came from distant parts of Iceland would stay much longer to recruit their strength.

With shouting and rejoicing all the company marched on to taste this lavish hospitality, and the great hall of Greendale was equal to the strain. The serving-men worked hard to please their master; the maidens of the bower did all they could to make the lady guests feel happy and at home. The bluff old yarl was in such high good-humour that men and women seemed to catch the bright contagion.

As we have shown, there were among the guests more of the sons of Odin than of Christian men. The foremost champion whom we mentioned as leading the train of Christians from the second ship brought to the port by Leif was Yalto (Hjalto in Icelandic), a sturdy pagan, who, however, had been banished by the priests of Odin for uttering a wretched doggerel verse against the gods. The elder priest was known as Gizur, called the "White," not only on account of his long white beard and hoary locks, but because his life and actions were acknowledged as pure and holy. These men are sometimes called the first introducers of the Christian faith into the little island. They certainly did play a most important part in making known the doctrines. But with so many pagans on the island, and forming part of the community, it was impossible to do away with all the heathen customs of the race. Indeed, the Christians did not dare to try. Just as in England four hundred years and more before our tale begins, the Christian priests were induced to temporise and use the pagan feasts as Christian rites. Easter, Christmas, and the like, are Christian forms of ancient pagan feasts.

There were two famous temples on the island, and one of these was not above an hour's ride from Greendale, and thither went a number of the pagans the morning after Sigvald's mighty banquet, to ask the fates—Past, Present, and the Future (Urður, Ver-

dandi, and Skuld), what they should do to win the favour of the gods. Among the persons visiting this place was one called Ingvar, son of Thassi, who, the reader may remember, tried to murder Leif just when our tale commenced. Thassi had been banished by the great assembly called the Ting, and had to leave the island; meanwhile his son, determined to avenge the blot cast on the family by this decision, resolved to waylay Thorward, kill Leif Eirikson, and kidnap little Edric; and as the visit of the brave old chieftain Eirik became the cause of much rejoicing, he had resolved to add that venerable champion to his list of victims.

Of course this Ingvar kept away from Sigvald's hall; but he had friends near Reykjavik on whom he could depend for any kind of aid. To these he went, and stayed with them until the morning of the festival on which the pagans would resort to this old temple and all the Christians go to church.

The temple was a noble house, in which the figures meant to represent the gods were kept. Outside there were the mighty sacrificial stones, like those in Kent, now called "Kitt's Cotty House."

Ingvar put on his armour and his helmet with the eagle pinions, denoting him a son of Odin, girt on his sword and dagger, and, with his battle-axe upon his shoulder, prepared to "go to church," as we might call it, seeing he meant to worship in a temple and vow some sacrifice to Thor, the deity he loved the best.

There was a bustle in the house where Ingvar lodged, and the good people in their hospitality vowed to go with him to the temple and share in the adventures which might follow. So, armed like him, they walked to the dread temple, where human sacrifices often had been made, and gained the entrance to the grove.

But a tremendous storm came on, with hail and thunder, while the lightning played—not as it plays in England, but just as if the whole surrounding place were one electric lamp, of which the scared beholder was the central burner! Then came the rain—not like an English shower, but like a deluge: the thunder roared as if each tree within the grove had been an eighty-one ton gun placed upright in the earth, and all had been discharged at once.

Now Ingvar and his friends were not by any means such milksops as to be scared by thunder, but they did not want their dazzling mail rusted by too much water. Of course it could be dried and burnished, but the process of the polishing tended to weaken the rings and make the coats less useful. They therefore liked to keep them dry, and so sought shelter in all haste within the temple-house.

It was as dark as pitch when they at last reached the wide door, which was revealed to them by lightning of the curious kind which we have just described. They hastened through the door, and all was dark again.

(To be continued.)

* In the saga the newly-discovered country is thus referred to, but the words are not used as a name for the territory, but only as descriptive of it.

THE BOY'S OWN MODEL LOCOMOTIVE, AND HOW TO BUILD IT.

By H. F. HOBDEN,

Author of "The Boy's Own Model Launch Engine," etc., etc.

PART V.

THE rod must be fitted with a stuffing-box, the same as those used on the cylinders, and packed with cotton to prevent loss of steam by leakage; and when this is all firmly fixed, the forward end of the boiler can be furnished with tube-plate riveted on and the tubes flanged over.

You should now take the boiler to a practical brazier and have it properly hard-brazed in every join and round each tube, and you might cut the hole for steam-dome and have it brazed on at the same time. If this is properly done you never need be in fear when the water runs low, as the boiler might get almost red-hot without injuring it much. Of course it is not advisable, as it would blister and spoil the appearance of the paint outside. This is a good opportunity to test the boiler before fitting it up, and you should fill it with water through a hole drilled in top of dome, and then fix on the test-pump, which you could borrow from any engineering-shop. If too far away from town to do that you must make use of the force-pump attached to your model, and work it by hand, watching the pressure-gauge in the meanwhile. Test it to 100 lb. per square inch, which will be sufficient, as 50 lb. will be a fair working pressure. Should you have to test it with your own pump the pressure-gauge will have to be bought then, as that is an article you cannot make yourself. A small gauge of Bourdon's make, of an inch and a half diameter, will cost about twenty-five shillings, and although it may seem a rather high price for such a small thing, it is absolutely necessary to have it, as you could not tell what dangerous pressure you had raised in the boiler without it.

This being done, proceed to make the smoke-box, which should be three inches deep, and of the shape and dimensions shown in Fig. 35. This and the chimney

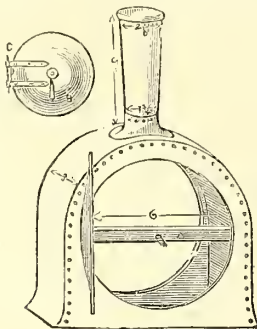


Fig. 35.

can be made of iron, hammered up to shape and finished with a brass ring. The smoke-box can be screwed to the forward flange on boiler. The door is drawn open to show the amount of bulge it should be hammered to.

In the centre a hole should be drilled through which to pass the screw used to close it, which is attached to the loose bar A. The handle B is then screwed up tight.

The door is circular, and must be large enough to overlap the opening about half an inch, and have a couple of bright iron or brass eyes (C) riveted on to form the hinge.

We can now make the back pressure-valve (Fig. 36). A is a front view, with plate by which it is bolted on to boiler, as at W (Fig. 20).

It is very simple to make, and consists of

the casting A with the top and bottom covers, and the ball-valve B, which ought

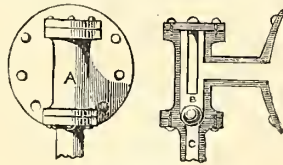


Fig. 36.

to be ground with a little emery-and-oil to fit perfectly. It acts in this manner. The water being forced up C from the pump, raises B and passes into the boiler. On the up-stroke of pump the pressure is removed from under B, and pressure of steam in boiler causes it to fall back and close opening entirely, preventing any water passing away from boiler. A small flange can be put on each outer side of boiler near furnace to support it on bed-plate level with smoke-box.

The boiler should now have a coating of flannel, cut to shape and wrapped round the body part, and a casing of sheet-iron put over it and secured by brass bands and small nuts underneath, as shown in Fig. 20.

The steam supply-pipe can now be connected with the cylinders, and it should be made forked, as in Fig. 37. A leads from

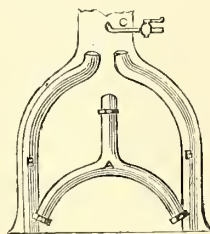


Fig. 37.

steam-pipe, and branches off to each cylinder, where it must be screwed up with white-lead.

The exhaust-pipes (B B) should be of larger tubing, and bent round up the sides of smoke-box, so as to be out of the way when you require to clean the tubes. A small brass pipe (C) must also be passed through chimney, and bent upwards and fitted with tap, which should take steam from top of boiler, and be used as shown at D and F (Fig. 20). This helps to raise steam very quickly.

Fig. 38 is a rear view of the foot-plate, and shows the necessary fittings you must either make or buy to complete the model. The cocks you can manage easily, but the water-gauge is beyond most amateurs' skill to turn out satisfactorily. A is the furnace-door, B two gauge-taps, C starting lever-handle, D spring-balance safety-valve, E wind-guard (with two look-out hobs), G steam-whistle handle, H pressure-gauge, K steam-blast handle, M glass water-gauge, N the quadrant and lever for reversing the engine, O the rear buffer-beam (with buffers), P the wheels showing axle, R R the springs for same, and V is the safety-guard rail on either side.

When these fittings are made holes must be drilled in rear-plate for each, and then firmly screwed in place with white-lead; and the glass tube in water-gauge, and the stuffing-box in gland of starting-lever,

should be packed with tallow and cotton wick.

The entire engine can now have another coat of paint.

The smoke-box chimney and rear-plate should be black, and the body any colour, according to fancy, leaving the brass bands bright.

When lined and quite dry it should have a coat of the best hard, clear varnish, and again be allowed to dry thoroughly before using it, which by this time, I have no doubt, you are anxious to do. Whilst it is drying you will have time to make the lines for it. And you should get some square bar-iron, cut it into six foot-lengths, if you wish the lines to be portable, and drill a hole in each end half an inch deep. They can then be joined end to end by a wire, pin, or plug.

The lines must be kept at a proper distance apart by being secured to pieces of wood placed transversely underneath by screws passing through holes drilled in the rails at about every six inches. You can then lay them down end to end and form a long line. If you want a circular line each section must be bent to a portion of a circle; one of about thirty feet diameter is suitable for this model.

When finished, place the locomotive on them and get up steam. Fill the boiler with water by means of a funnel until you see it rise up three parts of the way in the glass water-gauge. Then see that all taps are turned off and light the fire. Charcoal forms the best fuel to use, as it gives a clear, hot fire without smoke.

Try occasionally if you have any steam by lifting safety-valve, and when there is any turn on the blast-tap, which will soon draw up the fire, and you will presently see the pressure rise, and be indicated in the pressure-gauge.

When showing 30 lb. of steam you might start her, turning on the cocks on cylinders until no more condensed steam issues from them. Then shut them off and turn on steam

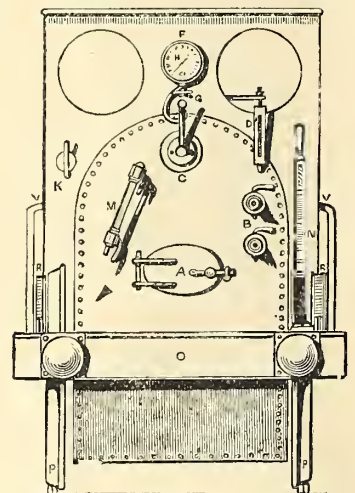


Fig. 38.

full power, and watch it travel, gradually increasing its speed, and I hope you will have many pleasant hours' enjoyment in running your model locomotive and showing its action to your friends, which will well repay you for the time spent in building it.

(THE END.)

THE BROTHERS MACLURE:

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE PAMPAS.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

FIVE of us there were altogether in that pleasant month's tour in the Hebrides. Five of us, and all University men, except bluff old Captain Joliffe. What a jolly sailor he was, to be sure, with his weather-beaten face and those brave blue eyes that his heart looked through, eyes that seemed always twinkling with mirth and good-nature! Where in this wide world of ours, I wonder, lay the sea in which he had not sailed, the land he had not lived in?

He was uncle to one of our party—little Tom Wright—and seemed like a father to the lot of us. And he it was who had proposed this highly promising expedition.

"We'll get our guns and fishing-tackle and things here in Aberdeen," he had said, "then go right away to Portree in Skye and hire a herring-boat, and I'll sail her for you, lads. Fun? Yes, any amount of it!"

So here you find us, sitting after supper around our log fire near the beach. Our tent is pitched close by, and out yonder rides our big boat. The everlasting hills rise over us, the waves are lipping on the sands, and the sea is alive with phosphorescent light, while the stars look so near that we feel as if we could stretch out our hands and catch them. There isn't a sound to break the stillness, except now and

then the tu-whit-tu-whoo of a great white owl, or, away in the offing yonder, the sullen, booming splash of a caa'ing whale.

"What am I going to tell you to night, eh?" said Captain Joliffe, in answer to a query of Gordon's. "Why, lads, I'd need to be a kind of Arabian knight to please you! But never mind. Well, you know, I've been thinking—"

"Thinking what?"

"Yes, that was a happy time."

"Thinking that if I were going to write a book for young men or boys there should be some sense in it. I wouldn't send my heroes skipping across the salt seas for no end or purpose, fighting with wild beasts or wild men, without a cause, and merely for skins or scalps. Bother it, no! Let young men, I say, who love adventure unite pleasure with profit, and try to advance themselves in life in an honest way, while they enjoy sport with a spice of danger in it to their hearts' content."

"But how?" queried Gordon. "Give us a hint, Cap."

"Well, I'll tell about the Brothers Maclure. Three of them there were, and they weren't rich, I can assure you. The eldest about twenty, the youngest barely seventeen. Heigho! it makes me a young man again when I look back to the dear old days when these boys were children. No matter where I had been, or in what distant lands I might have sojourned, or how long I'd been away, I was always at home when I got to Maclure's fireside. Let me recall one scene. It is in one of the long forenights of winter, and we are all seated in a big semicircle round a cheerful fire that is burning on the low hearth. The fire is peat and wood, so I need hardly tell you that Captain Maclure's house was in the far north of bonnie Scotland. There is no lamp; we don't require it. The flickering blaze is light and warmth too, and we care little for the wind that goes roaring round the chimney in "howthering" gusts that shakes the doors and rattles the windows. The mother—fragile and fair and English she is—is knitting by the light; the father, a half-pay captain, is telling a story to which the boys and pretty Effie, the sister—Effie with eyes of blue, and hair like golden sunbeams—are listening.

"He is telling them a wild story of La Plata, where, when a free lance, he had served and fought the Indians on the borders.

"He little knew then what a deep and lasting impression his story was making on the hearts of his lads. By-and-bye I myself tell a story, then Mrs. Maclure sings, and so does Effie. And thus the evening wears away, and the lamp is lit at last, that a chapter from man's great life-guide, the Book of Books, may be read. Then to bed.

"Maclure had retired and taken a small farm—a mere croft—only it was enough to keep his boys busy when not at school, and to teach them the value of activity. So the lads were all as hard and tough as a mainstay.

"But grief came at last, for the father was borne away to his long home in the auld kirkyard. And some time after the boys formed the resolution to go in search of fortunes. They had been left a few pounds each, and they determined to make it more. With the help of Sister Effie and one man-servant the little farm could be managed till the boys had settled in the new land.

"And where were they bound to? To Australia or to Canada, think you? No, for the old Scotch blood was playing dance through their veins, and their father's love of adventure was their heirloom.

"They chose a border land, a land hardly yet reclaimed from nature, still overrun with wild beasts and wilder men—the Pampas.

"We'll pay you for taking us out, Captain Joliffe," they said to me one day.

"I won't have a penny," I answered. "I'm going that way, I'm going to Buenos Ayres, and never a farthing of your money will I touch as sure as you all three stand there."

"Then," said the youngest, "as sure as we all three stand here, we won't go in your ship unless you let us handle the ropes and work our passage out. Brothers, am I right?"

"Right you are, Willie."

"So I gave in, for I loved their independence. It spoke well for their future welfare.

"I went with the lads to get their outfit and guns and tools and things, and I'm sure we bought nothing that wasn't useful, and some rare bargains we made too.

"Buenos Ayres was not then the big town it is now, nor was Rosario very much of a place. But the boys' elaim lay far to the west of this and to the south of Frayle Muerto, 'the town of the dead friar.'

"They were full of life, and as happy as birds in spring, for weren't they like the birds in one way?—they were beginning housekeeping, so there was a real pleasure in roaming about the strange semi-deserted streets of Rosario, finding shops and purchasing household utensils.

"We hired servants, too, and bought an extra dog or two, cross-breeds they were, but suited to the country. We had brought from Scotland two beautiful collies and one young gigantic mastiff. The animal stood thirty and two inches at the shoulder, was as gentle as a lamb, but could almost have pulled down a lion when roused or in his master's defence.

"Our servants were five in all, and their united wages came to very little: three were natives, or Guachos, the other two, Donald and Ronald, were, like ourselves, wiry sturdy Scots, but alas! for them though good for us, they were sadly out of luck, owing to the curse of drink, the seeds of which once sown in the system are so difficult to eradicate.

"Our caravan reached the boys' elaim after several adventures on the road, one being caused by a puma springing at the horses. In an instant the dogs were on him, and the scientific way they set about breaking the huge and dangerous brute up, shows how great is the sagacity of man's best friend. They went in at once for the division-of-labour plan of operations, and while Magnus the mastiff went for the throat of the foe, the collies attacked the hind legs, and the Guaheo dogs set about attacking the stomach. A well-aimed shot, however, quieted the puma and saved the blood of our faithful dogs. After this Donald and Ronald rode on ahead, armed, to make sure of our safety.

"We arrived all right after many days of roughish travel, and were a little disappointed at finding the country so flat; but it was fertile. It looked a

cattle country—ay, and it looked something else, lads! It looked as if gold was buried there, and only wanted sturdy arms and the plough to get it out.

"Gold!" we exclaimed.

"Yes, gold!" said Captain Joliffe; "golden grain!"

"I think that the brothers Maclure looked somewhat saddened by the sight of the country, and that they turned their eyes wistfully to the far-off sierras. Never mind, they were not disheartened. I lived with them for a month, entirely under canvas, a wild, free life, for to rod and gun we were indebted for nearly all our provisions. Then I went away, and ere long was once more following my avocations on the salt sea wave.

"Years passed by—one, two, three, four—and I'd never heard from my young friends, and could not tell whether they were dead or alive.

"Once only, about the end of the third year, I had gone out to the little Aberdeenshire farm, but found the nest 'forhuit.' Nobody there, the windows boarded up, and weeds growing rank and wild all over the garden. I got no satisfactory information from the neighbours; they could only say that the bad time had come, and Mrs. Maclure and her daughter had gone to the city to live.

"Some months afterwards I found myself once more back in Buenos Ayres, where, however, I had been several times since leaving our boys. To my joy, on going into my office one day on shore I found a letter and a pressing invitation from the young brothers Maclure to come and see them.

"It was in early summer; it would be four months yet before I could complete my cargo, and, as I could trust my mate to do everything, I determined to start off at once and spend all my spare time with the lads I loved so well.

"They met me with a team at Frayle Muerto, the whole three of them. I wouldn't have known them; even the youngest now was a brown-faced, broad-shouldered man, and the oldest, though only twenty-four, had a beard like our friend Gordon Cumming. But when they spoke and laughed—ah! then I could see they were my lads after all.

"The team was a crack one as far as the horses went, and Donald, who looked younger, was the driver. My friends were dressed in loose Garibaldi shirts, with knives and revolvers in their belts, and broad straw hats with ostrich feathers. They looked like a trio of romantic brigands.

"Well, boys, I was glad and surprised to see them, but when I came to the land where I had left them under canvas I had far greater reason to be surprised. Fortune, they say, favours the brave; it had favoured these boys, and no mistake!

"Why, I said, as I looked abroad and saw smiling fields where erst the woods had waved—the nandubay, the algaroba, the tall and yellow-flowered ehanyar, were to a large extent cut down, except round certain fields, which, much to my surprise, were green with rising wheat and maize, and these fields were also surrounded with snake fencing. Beyond

were droves of sheep and cattle and horses, pasturing out with Guacho herd-boys and dogs innumerable. The roads were good everywhere, but rough, and the principal and broadest of these conducted us to the house.

"House? Why it was a castle—a fort! The whole enclosure could not have been less than three acres in extent, entirely surrounded with a rampart of logs, and a ditch over which went a broad drawbridge. The stables were at one corner, screened from the gardens and shrubberies with low, green, thorny trees. The grounds were lovely lawns principally, with many ornamental trees and flower-beds and parterres, and terraces rising one above another to the square house itself.

"This house was indeed a thing of beauty, and strong enough in appearance to be a joy for ever. It was almost entirely surrounded with verandahs, and these in beauty could only be compared to gardens in the sky. No words of mine—uncouth old sailor that I am—could convey to you any idea of the gorgeous beauty of the trailing, climbing flowers and plants. To add to my enjoyment, it was a beautiful evening, and as I stood on the terrace and drank in the healthful, bracing air my eyes rested on the distant hills, with their tops of golden yellow, and the purple and crimson clouds among which the sun was slowly sinking.

"I had to turn round and shake hands once more with my young friends, just to relieve my feelings.

"Dear lads," I exclaimed; "you must be already wealthy!"

"Not so," said Jack, the eldest, "we are only just getting our heads above the water. The markets are far away, you see, and we even have to kill cattle for their skins; but we do well with wool, and I *know* will do better with grain than anything else. Ah! but," he added, with a bit of a sigh and a bit of a laugh, "we've had to rough it. We've had to work like New Hollanders, and make bricks without straw, so to speak, and fight only too often."

"Fight?" I said.

"Yes. The Indians—thieving scoundrels!—sweep down on us every now and then, but we have many servants now, besides Donald and Ronald, and they are mostly faithful."

"And your mother and sister?"

"Jack's eyes shone with a gladder light now.

"Yes, he said, 'they have been roughing it at home, the dear old mum and Effie, but it is over, and they'll be out here before you go.'

"Well, lads, I settled down now seriously to enjoy my summer in the Pampas. There was plenty of time before me, so days and days were spent in doing little except strolling leisurely round the fortified estancia and the farm, admiring the horses, sheep, and wild-looking cattle, as well as the nimbleness of the Guacho herd-boys. Meanwhile the lads, at every spare moment, were devouring the newspapers I had brought from Buenos Ayres and from England with me. As for the latter, I do most sincerely believe they read every word, from the title of the journal right away all through the advertisements and news, births and deaths and

marriages, down to the printer's address at the foot of the last column.

"But the more I walked about over the beautiful farm and clearing, and the more I saw, the more I admired the pluck and endurance of my boys, as I called them, in turning part of a wilderness into a smiling and fertile estate—literally hewing for themselves a fortune with hatchet and pickaxe. Why, the labour seemed to have been Herculean! Down yonder, for example, is a brick-kiln, and other farm-buildings are being erected beside it, rough and tight, strong and sturdy. The men labour away, and sing as they work; Donald, the reformed Scot, is seeing after this department, while Ronald is superintending the digging of a great well, for the boys have set their minds on having pure spring water.

"Other men are busy at the ditch which communicates with the river, and can be filled or emptied at pleasure. But it is kept nearly always full, as a precaution against gangs of roving Indians.

"Then there are busy men in the stables, and busy men in the gardens. We see a mill, also, and I find that the boys grind their own flour and make their own bread, as of course they are bound to do. I meet a lad coming up towards the house from the river with an immense basket of beautiful fish, including eels, and another carrying eggs, which he has gathered far away on the plains and in the *montes*. In the forenoon another lad comes towards the drawbridge with a gun over his shoulder, and laden with game. I fear there is no close season here for birds or beasts, feather or fur; but, then, creatures of all kinds are in such abundance!

"I do not really know what portion of my life I enjoyed most while in the Pampas. I learned to ride and hunt like an Indian, and throw either bolas or lasso as well as any Guacho.

"After I had been about three months in the Pampas, the boys proposed a week's hunting in the plains and billands, and I was delighted.

"I can assure you that a prince of the royal blood in our country hardly ever rides abroad with such a retinue as we had now. And everybody was on horseback. I almost wondered that the dogs didn't ride.

"Just the day before we started I was standing by the drawbridge with some of the servants, and noticed that the chains and blocks were rusty. I have a sailor's eye, and this state of matters fidgeted me; so, with the help of some of the servants, I put everything in working order, and it was well I did."

"Three days brought us to the hunting-grounds, and sport began in earnest. We chased and lassoed wild horses from the herd. We brought down the rhea, or ostrich, and the llama, on the plains. We had days of duck-shooting, and more than one adventure with jaguars and wolves, but saw no pumas.

"We encamped in the open or under trees, breaking branches to make us a bed. We were always tired by night-fall, and slept like infants, awaking in the morning more fresh, more hungry and happy than ever I have felt since.

"We had plenty to eat, and plenty of choice; but as for our Guachos, they seemed to devour everything. The wild pigs that lived in the ponds, steaks from dead ponies or donkeys, armadillos, and great, ugly lizards—indeed, I believe they would have devoured snakes had they been hard-pushed.

"But our enjoyment came to a sudden and disagreeable end, for one bright moonlight night the Indians attacked us in force. They killed our sentries, routed our Guachos, and compelled us to fly, leaving everything behind us.

"It was a rout, and a fatal one to many of our poor fellows who fell into the hands of these savages. Early in the morning of the second night we were back once more at the gates of the estancia. The moon was declining in the west, and the stars were very bright and clear. And all inside the fort were sound asleep. We rattled over the bridge, for we were hard pressed; it was indeed but touch-and-go.

"And here a deed was done that puts me in mind of the days of old Rome; for the eldest brother, sword and revolver in hand, positively stood single-handed, and kept those Indians at bay till the drawbridge was raised. Had he not done so, every soul in the camp would have been massacred.

"But see, the bridge is up, the estancia is safe! And now brave young Willie, with one wild slogan shout of 'Scotland forever!' dashes his revolver at the head of the foremost Indian, plunges into the moat, and next moment is safely across and over the rampart, all unscathed.

"But the camp was soon all astir, and by daylight a sortie was made and the Indians thoroughly routed. Those that were not slain attempted to get away on their fleet horses, but were intercepted by a band of Guachos, led on by some Englishmen from a neighbouring estancia, so that not a savage ever went back to boast of the attempt to destroy the estancia.

"Just three weeks after this warlike episode the mother and Effie arrived at Rosario, and we all went to meet them.

"Straight out from Britain, straight from the grinding poverty of city life at home, it was no wonder that Effie and her mother were delighted with the freshness and beauty of everything they saw around them—the lovely farm, the charming verandahs, the flowery lawns, the strange, bright birds that flitted from bough to bough on the blossom-covered trees, the blue, blue sky, with its fleecy clouds, and the healthful, bracing breeze that blew across the plains.

"Yes, that was a happy time—a happy summer to me!"

"And whatever became of Effie?" asked Gordon.

"Effie, my boy!" replied the jolly Captain Jolliffe, laughing; "why, Effie is my wife!"

We turned in after this, and I don't know what the others did, but *my* dreams were all about chasing horses, hunting llamas, rheas, and savages, and all the various occupations of a wild life on the Pampas.

(THE END.)

BACK TO LIFE:

A TALE OF THE JUNGLE.

BY REV. J. R. HUTCHINSON, FROM INDIA.

CHAPTER III.—SAVED.



"The still insensible boy was placed upon the litter."

EARLY on the morning following the sad event with which our last chapter closed, Mr. Stillwell organised the whole body of his servants and peons, with as many sávaras as could be gathered on so short a notice, into a search party. Scattering in all directions, they surrounded a tract of the hillside some half dozen miles in circumference, and gradually worked their way through the jungle towards the camp as

a centre, beating the thickets and shouting at the top of their lungs. Mr. Stillwell had prepared his enfield overnight and now mounted his horse and accompanied the largest division of beaters, in the hope of getting a shot at the tiger should it be dislodged from its lair. The morning wore on and the slowly converging groups of beaters gradually neared the encampment; but no success rewarded their efforts. No certain

trace of the tiger could be found, as it was impossible to follow the trail of the previous night through the dense jungle. Mr. Stillwell amply rewarded the members of the search party for the assistance they had rendered; then, heartbroken, returned to his tent to hide his anguish as best he could that he might not add to that of the stricken mother.

When the tiger sprang from the

thicket upon the two boys he seized Irving by the arm near the shoulder. The boy was clad in thick tweed, which prevented the flesh of the limb from tearing as it would otherwise have done. But the arm was crushed and terribly lacerated. So great was the pain, and so sudden the fright, that Irving swooned almost immediately after uttering the loud cry which had awakened his cousin and alarmed the camp. He afterwards remembered only the tremendous spring the beast gave into the thicket, the sharp thorns tearing through his clothing and flesh, and a horrible sensation as though his arm was being torn from its socket. Then he became insensible.

The tiger, lashing its striped tawny sides with its supple tail, and growling angrily at every movement of its prey, dragged the now insensible boy over the rough ground and through the thick undergrowth with astonishing rapidity, and made straight up the nullah. After loping along in this way for nearly half a mile it suddenly emerged from the thicket upon a small clearing in the jungle, in which stood only one or two trees. A number of *sāvaras*, belated in their return to their mountain homes, and exhausted by the toil of the day, had stopped here close by the stream that wended its way down the gorge, to cook and eat their simple evening meal. Fearing the attack of wild beasts, they had kindled a second fire at their backs, between themselves and the surrounding jungle. Upon this at intervals they threw huge armfuls of dry brushwood and grass which they gathered by the light of the smaller fire. The twigs and grass, dry as tinder, shot up a great fiery tongue into the black night, wavered from side to side as though licking greedily for prey, and then died down into a hot mass of glowing embers.

Just at the moment the tiger burst from the thicket one of the hillsmen threw into this glowing bed a great bundle of dry twigs. For a moment there was a brilliant eruption of sparks, and then the dry thorns cracked and blazed high, sending up a dense cloud of white smoke and making the tiny clearing as light as day. Dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, and startled by the loud shout which the jungle-men raised at sight of him, the tiger dropped his prey and made off again into the jungle with drooping tail, not, however, before one of the little band by the fire had drawn his bow and sent a swift arrow after him.

This bow was made of stout pliant bamboo. The string was simply a tough ligament of the same material, and a second or spare thong always encircled the bow in many sinuous folds. The arrows, of a light cane, and carefully feathered, were straight and unerring in their course, but whether this one had taken effect upon the tiger or not it was impossible to determine in the darkness. To make them effective they were tipped with sharp iron points. In the hostile feuds of the mountain tribes, and in shooting at such animals as tigers, these arrow-heads were usually dipped into a deadly poison, so that a slight wound from one of them was generally sufficient to cause death. The *sāvaras*, accustomed from infancy to climbing the steep mountains, were

possessed of great muscular strength, and could shoot one of these arrows with great velocity and certainty. In shooting at long range, or when special force was required, they would seat themselves suddenly on the ground, swing the bow upwards, and, catching it on the toes of the right foot, draw the thong to the ear, and let fly a bolt that nothing could withstand. So quickly was this movement executed that the spectator's eye was bewildered. A quick drop to the earth on the part of the bowman, a backward roll, and with the twang of the cord he was on his feet again watching the effect of the shot.

The mountaineers, unable to ascertain whether the shot had taken effect on the retreating tiger or not, now turned their attention to the prostrate and apparently lifeless boy. Raising the body with a degree of gentleness foreign to their natures, they bore it to the fire. Water was quickly brought from the stream in an earthen pot, and a little poured down the lad's throat. The blood-stained face was laved in the remainder of the water, and the limp and lacerated arm bound up tightly with a cloth. Even the hard expressionless features of the mountaineers wore a look of pity as they handled the delicate limbs of the lifeless lad and gazed upon his regular handsome features. One of the number stooped and laid his ear to the boy's breast. A moment's silence and he raised his head again and turned towards his expectant companions.

"Huh?"

"Huh."

That was all. No word passed between them.

Their simple meal ended, the hillsmen hastily constructed a rude litter by tying together their sticks and a few bamboos cut from the bush. Upon this they spread some long grass gathered from the brook-side. One of their own coarse cloths was laid over all. The still insensible boy was then lifted and placed upon the litter. Four of the group raised it from the ground, and, led by another of their number bearing a torch, proceeded, not down the nullah to the encampment, but up the steep mountain-side into the murky depths of the jungle.

Once only that night did Irving regain consciousness. He opened his eyes to find himself in dense darkness. He felt hot, and his lips were feverish and parched. A terrible numbness, dissipated now and then by swift darting pains, like the stabbing of a knife, possessed his arm. He slowly turned his head and strove to peer through the ebony darkness. But not a glimmer of light could he see. A cool breeze seemed to be creeping through the thick night from overhead. He turned his hot eyes upwards. Oh, joy! A star, a solitary star, met his gaze. Then his mind wandered for a time, but he awoke again to a sudden consciousness of raging thirst. Then the sound of falling water. He stretched out his right hand. It touched a wet rock and came down with a splash into cool water. He scooped up a little in the hollow of his hand and carried it tremblingly to his lips. Its coolness revived him. Then his mind wandered again,

and he thought that "Prancer" was dragging him through a thorn-brake by the stirrup. He thought, too, he heard his father calling to him, and then—

When he woke again the place where he lay seemed flooded with light—seemed, for he soon saw that it was really in deep shadow. But the sunshine lay hot on the landscape without. How long he had lain there he knew not. The spot in which he found himself was a small cave-like cleft in the rocks of the mountain side, the entrance hidden from without by overhanging vegetation. The rocks did not quite meet overhead, and he could see the blue sky between them. A tiny rill of water trickled down the back of the grotto into a small natural basin of rock only a few feet from where he lay. He could touch the water with his hand, and it seemed to him that he had done so some time long long ago. The cave was deliciously cool and quite deserted. Glancing down, Irving perceived that he lay, not on the bare ground, but on a rude litter, and, to his astonishment, a coarse cloth had been folded and placed under his head for a pillow. This, then, was evidently not a tiger's den. But how he had escaped from the jaws of the tiger, or how he had come here, he could not conjecture.

While he lay wondering at his marvellous escape he was startled by a light footstep. Turning his head, he saw a Khond enter the leafy mouth of the cave. The hillsmen approached and knelt in silence by his side. Irving felt no fear of the man, for he had all his life been surrounded by natives, and had already spent two seasons on the hills with his father. Besides, there were several Khonds among his father's peons, and Irving had, with the proverbial quickness of children for picking up the languages spoken about them, acquired quite an extensive vocabulary of Khond words. In this way he was able, without difficulty, to hold communication with the hillsmen who now knelt beside him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I one Khond man," replied his companion.

"Where am I? How did you get me away from the tiger?"

"You in Khondman's cave. Tiger running away. Khondman light one big fire. Tiger see. 'Fraid got. Dropping young *dora*. Running away."

"What did you bring me here for? Why didn't you take me to my father—to the camp?"

"Camp very far got. No able take then. Take afterwards."

He then proceeded to examine the lad's arm. The handling of the limb gave Irving such exquisite pain that, after setting his teeth and trying to bear it in vain, he begged the Khond to desist.

"All right. Bone no broke. Flesh bad hurt," said his companion, as he carefully bound up the limb again.

Just then a young woman entered the cave. Her dress was of the simplest—a long cloth tied about her hips in such a way as to form a kirtle that reached to the knee. The end of this cloth was brought up under the right arm, drawn across the breast, and thrown over the left shoulder, thus forming a complete

costume. Her neatly-combed hair was done up in a curious *queue* at the side of her head, just behind the right ear. Her hair and all the exposed parts of her body glistened with oil. Saffron, ground into a yellow paste with oil, had been plentifully rubbed upon her face and arms for good luck. Great copper bangles, or bracelets, adorned her ankles and wrists. About her copper-hued neck were strung several strings of cowrie-shells, another of tiger's-claws, and still another of cheap glass beads—probably her greatest treasure. Her ears were loaded down with rings of copper, each as large round as a saucer. Her flat nose, too, as though unwilling to be behind in any particular, was pierced in three different places, and adorned with as many copper rings.

This young woman was evidently the hillsmen's wife, for she approached him without hesitation, and set down by Irving's side a rude earthenware dish containing food.

"The young *dora* will eat?" half queried the hillsmen, pointing to the dish.

In spite of the terrible events of the past night, and the excruciating pain of his wounds, Irving really felt hungry. He raised himself upon his right elbow with the Khond's help, while the girl pushed the food closer. It was a mess of a peculiar kind of porridge, or *genji*, called *ambali*, red and uninviting in appearance. The black earthen dish containing it added nothing to its temptingness, and Irving turned from it in ill-concealed disgust.

"Have you no rice?" he asked.

"Rice no got. Poor Khondman how rice eating?"

"I can't eat this," said Irving. "Besides, there's no spoon. Can't you fetch a fellow a spoon? I might taste it."

The Khond looked puzzled.

"Oh," Irving laughed, even in his pain, as the ridiculousness of the situation suddenly dawned upon him, "you don't eat with spoons, do you?"

The hillsmen, accustomed from infancy to making the five fingers of his right hand answer all the purposes to which we put spoons and forks, nodded and pointed again to the food.

"Little eat. Strength come. Then young *dora* home going."

The hillsmen, Irving knew, never wasted a word if they could help it. He also knew that what his dusky companion said was true—that he must eat if he wished to gain sufficient strength to return to camp. So with a grimace, at which the girl laughed a low, musical laugh in her wide-eyed wonder, he gingerly dipped his fingers into the mess and conveyed a portion of it to his mouth. It tasted sweet and wholesome, and, with the aid of an occasional draught of water from the rocky basin at his side, he at last succeeded in disposing of the whole of it. As the last mouthful disappeared the girl laughed again, and her husband indulged in a low grunt of satisfaction.

Irving washed his face and hand in the cool water. When he turned again towards the entrance of the cave the man and girl had disappeared, and he was alone. An hour passed slowly away, and he grew impatient of the long delay. Why not start for camp at

once? He rose to his feet and tottered slowly to the entrance, but the cave began to whirl around in a curious manner. The rocky floor seemed to wave and rise towards him, and he was glad to make his way back to his rude couch. He now observed that the sun was high in the heavens—it shone almost directly into the narrow cleft in the rocks above his head—and he recollected that he must not expose himself to its effects. He remembered, too, what his father had said about drinking the mountain water, and wondered whether he would have fever and die. Next he fell to wondering what his father and mother and Cousin Arthur were doing, and started and looked around, half ashamed to find the tears slowly coursing down his cheeks. But he was alone, and half an hour later, when the Khond crept softly to the cave's mouth and cautiously peeped in, Irving lay upon his side wrapt in profound slumber.

The same night Mrs. Stillwell lay awake hour after hour, weeping for her lost boy. She knew there was no hope of his escape, except by some wonderful interposition of Providence. In this thought she at last found peace; and as she gradually grew calmer under the soothing influence of her implicit faith in a Higher Power, the impression grew upon her that she was to see her boy again. So strongly did this idea fasten itself upon her mind, that she at length called softly to her husband, whom she could see stretched upon his cot near, in the dim light of the tent.

"James, James! Are you asleep?"

"No, dear, what is it?"

"I have been thinking—thinking—and I believe we shall see our child again. I can't believe—with a little sob—" that God will take him away so soon."

"Why, Annie, how singular; that is exactly what I have been thinking about. The same impression, too—nay, conviction—has fastened upon me so strongly, that I cannot shake it off, do what I will."

"Hark! What is that noise, James?" Both listened breathlessly. A lighted lamp, shaded towards the tent side, had been so placed in the doorway as to afford a faint light to those within, and throw a long bright ray out into the darkness of the grove. The sound that now fell upon the ears of the listeners was a singular one. Once heard in the awful stillness of the night, it could never be forgotten. *It was like the canter of a good-sized pony over soft sand.*

The long peculiar lope came straight through the grove, then, apparently terrified by the light, turned and made a circuit around the large tent, and so off to the south side. As it passed, the tent shook to the centre. Their prowling visitant had come in contact with one of the corner ropes. Mr. Stillwell sprang excitedly from his cot and seized his rifle.

"A tiger!" he cried, making for the door, where he shouted in the native dialect, "*Ho! Lascari! Pālli vuchai—pālli vuchai!*" ("Ho, Lascar! A tiger's come! A tiger's come!")

In a moment the whole camp was in a hubbub. The native servants ran hither and thither in the darkness until, fully awake, they learned for a certainty

what the matter was, when they huddled together in shivering terror. Mr. Stillwell called for a light; and, when the lantern had been brought, proceeded to the corner of the tent near which the tiger had passed, to examine the ground. A tiny rivulet had, in the previous rains, washed down from the higher ground and deposited here a small bed of sand, and in this the prints of an enormous tiger's paws were distinctly seen, even by the dim light of the lantern.

At that moment the butler gave a cry of alarm. "Marster! marster! Come, see," he said, pointing to a dark object upon the ground, just beyond where they stood.

With a rapidly beating heart Mr. Stillwell hurried to the spot, and turned the full blaze of the lantern upon the mysterious object. It was a sheep, all mangled and bloody, but still alive! When he turned it over with his foot it bleated piteously. It was one of the three that had been brought from the plains for slaughtering. The tiger had seized it in the dark, and, while making off with his prey, had come in contact with the strong corner rope of the tent. The sudden concussion, together with Mr. Stillwell's shout from within, had terrified the beast, and he had there and then dropped his prey and beaten a hasty retreat.

(To be continued.)

THE "BOY'S OWN" HOME OF REST FOR WORKING BOYS.

(Contributions received up to September 17th, 1887.)

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	525	16	8½
June 13.—Collected by C. H. H. Commios (Tavistock)	0	3	0
June 17.—Collected by Francis H. Ewens (London, W.), 6s. 6d.; Rev. C. Fitzgerald (Bahamas), 2s. 6d.	0	9	0
June 29.—Dryland Haslam, jun. (Reading)	0	3	0
July 4.—"An Ayr Academy Boy"	0	2	6
July 11.—Collected by H. C. L. Brodhurst (St. Heliers)	0	8	0
July 12.—Collected by E. Brooks (Rugby)	0	16	1
July 20.—A. Buck (Ashby)	0	6	9
July 22.—Collected by W. J. Geary (Birmingham)	0	6	0
July 26.—Collected by F. Allfrey (Burgess Hill)	0	8	6
July 28.—Collected by H. D. Marshall (Holmfirth), 13s. 7d.; Collected by E. W. Cotter (Yonghal), 11s. 6d.	1	5	1
July 29.—Collected by S. W. Graham (Liverpool)	0	17	0
August 4.—Collected by H. Ollis	0	3	3
August 15.—Collected by Alfred Anger (London, N.W.), 5s.; Miss Richards (Hythe), 3s.; Collected by Chas. G. Hopkins (Tewkesbury), 1s.; A. W. (Sheffield), 6d.	0	9	6
August 22.—Collected by H. J. J. Perle (Shrewsbury), 3s. 6d.; Collected by P. J. Tucknell (London, N.), 1s.	0	9	6
August 31.—Collected by W. Perry Brown (Walsall), 6s.; Collected by Alfred H. Cowley (London, E.), 3s.; D. J. Hunter, 6d.; G. W. B. (London, E.), 4s.	0	13	6
September 15.—Collected by William Moreton (Maidenhead), 13s. 8d.; Collected by Robert L. Ibbis (London, N.W.), 5s.	0	18	8
September 17.—Collected by G. Manley, jun. (Nettlebed), 6d.; "Golden Sword" (Brighton), 2s. 6d.	0	3	0
Carried forward	£533	19	0½

*. Collecting Cards may still be had. It is particularly requested that all cards which have been out more than a month must be returned immediately. Readers wishing to continue the good work will gladly be supplied with fresh cards.



NOVEMBER.

THE POULTRY RUN.—What are the DOINGS for November? Well, with lively recollections of the severity of last winter, it is surely well to be prepared for this. If fowls are to do any good at all, they must be made comfortable as to housing. If they suffer from cold or wet, or their blood is ren-

dered impure by foul smells and injudicious feeding, depend upon it you will not have an egg. Do all repairs at once, then; and, if you can manage it, make them a shelter-run, where they can take exercise and do a bit of scraping among garden stuff you throw in on purpose, and let their food be warm and stimulating, but not over-fattening. Table scraps and hoiled pluck, with bits of liver, do wonders sometimes in egg-producing. Have you killed or cleared out useless stock? If not, do so at once. This is one of the secrets of success. A fowl, after her second season of laying, had better be fattened for pot or market. When you have thoroughly renovated your fowl-house, and all that pertains thereto, and made everything snug against the coming storms, lay in your supplies of needfuls in the shape of grain, and straw, and gravel, then you can afford to be happy in mind because you have done your duty.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—In last month's DOINGS we recommended thorough cleaning and disinfecting. This work, and that of repairs, ought to be finished by now. It will be wise, now that cold weather is commencing, to keep a good look-out for cases of sickness, diarrhoea, cramp, etc., and to remove any ailing bird at once to your hospital-pen. This must be clean, and dry, and warm. Warmth has a wonderful effect in restoring the sick pigeon to health. Feed on the best, and give appropriate remedies. In colds, with running from and swelling of eyes, a dose of castor-oil should be given, and the head frequently bathed with hot milk-and-water.

On cold, frosty days a little hemp-seed may be given to your birds with advantage. At all events, you must feed extra well during inclement weather; and, if you keep the loft clean, dry, and free from draughts, you will be but little troubled with sickness.

THE AVIARY.—If you have finished weeding, or selling, and giving away birds that you do not see your way to keep with advantage; if you continue to keep your cages clean and dry; if you feed plainly, giving a little green food, and perhaps putting a rusty nail now and then in the water; if you keep your favourites in a dry, warm room, avoiding draughts at night, but valuing sunshine and fresh air by day, then you are doing well, and may rest content. The same rules will hold good as to the *foreign aviary*, but you must have a good supply of clean food suitable for the different kinds you keep. Cold is more easily borne by foreign birds than many imagine, but damp and draughts kill surely enough.

THE RABBITRY.—Read last month's DOINGS, and complete your repairs this month, and also your stock of dry bedding. Cleanliness is most essential to the welfare of your bunnies, so is room to run about. It is your dirty-kept and closely-confined rabbits who are always bad in skin and ear, and no amount of good feeding will keep them free from such complaints if they cannot have exercise sufficient to keep their blood in rapid circulation. Let the bedding now be ample, and the food sufficient and clean. Feed regularly. A boy who only feeds his bunnies when he happens to think about them should himself be kept for a month on bread and water.

THE BEE WORLD.—All is or ought to be quiet now. Bees will be in their winter quarters, and so sung that the stormiest day that blows cannot injure them. Now is your time to study bees in books; and, if well grounded in scientific bee-keeping from what you read, next summer's practice will or ought to make you perfect in this money-making hobby.

THE KENNEL.—November's cold, and rain, and sleet are fatal to many of our canine friends, but these can be guarded against by attention to very simple rules. Always take a dog out for a good run after he has been fed.—We are talking especially about outdoor dogs.—Always see that he has abundance of dry straw, for a dog likes to bury himself on cold nights. Never permit him to go to bed with a wet jacket. Keep a coarse towel to rub him well down. Let him have a snack of something to eat last thing at night, and give him a run first thing in the morning.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—The principal part of the work of the month will consist in thoroughly tidying up immediately after the leaves have fallen. Walks and bushes should be trimmed, and beds and borders freed of weeds and litter of all kinds. Rough-dig ground not in use, that seeds of weeds may die by frost. Plan new beds and borders; make and mend roads. Earth up celery. Store carrots and potatoes if not already up. In sheltered spots you may plant the earlier kinds of broad beans, and even sow peas. You may also plant potatoes by way of an experiment.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Fuchsias, hyacinths, and tulips, etc., may be put down now. Put them in as thickly as you can afford. Such spring flowers are the beauty of suburban and village gardens. Get ready and trim all beds and borders, and kill or root-up weeds. Plant spring flowers of all kinds; even the simplest are lovely. Do not forget—violets, pansies, primroses, forget-me-nots, and the charming anemone and squill.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Trust for a show to pots borrowed from the greenhouse. If you have blooms still, carefully remove dead leaves and all decaying stumps. Trim and tidy everything. Remove mould, and manufacture new window-boxes, and look forward to spring.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "B.O.P."

Friends should make a note of the fact that this year, as hitherto, we intend to issue a

SPECIAL EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER

of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, to consist of sixty-four pages, devoted to Seasonable Stories, Acting Charades, Music, Games, etc., etc., the whole fully illustrated by the best Artists.

This CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be issued with the December Part of the "Boy's Own," and will cost 6d. All our readers should endeavour to secure a copy.

As it is intended to print only a limited number, and it will be impossible to reprint, readers who would ensure obtaining copies are strongly advised to give their orders to the Booksellers AT ONCE, by which means they will of course obtain precedence over the ordinary purchaser. It may be remembered that many readers who failed to do this in regard to our previous Christmas Numbers found themselves unable to obtain them; and the same thing is of course not at all unlikely to occur in regard to THIS YEAR'S NUMBER, which will not be included in the bound volume.

Correspondence.

UPSALA.—There is a history of Norway and Sweden, by Dr. Dunham, in the same series in which Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals" first appeared, published originally by John Murray, Albemarle Street.

EGG COLLECTOR.—Apply to Mr. Bartlett, Superintendent, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. He will tell you if you can buy the eggs of the foreign birds.

NEMO.—Join a Science and Art Department class, and work up for a scholarship at the School of Mines. Get the "Science Directory," price sixpence, from the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W.

T. P.—To call a magistrate a beak is not respectful. At the same time it is very old English, for beak is the beag, or collar of office magistrates used to wear.

BUCEPHALUS.—The text-book now in vogue is "Armataque on the Horse," published by Messrs. F. Warne and Co., 15, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

BOOMERANG.—Any gunmaker can supply you with a Morris tube mounted as you require, but we cannot tell you the nearest, as you do not give your address. We have no means of knowing whether a reader is weekly, or monthly, or yearly, and if we had it would not be worth our while to inquire. All correspondents are given an equal chance of reply.

P. L. RAYNES.—As a rule the h is not aspired in the few words of Latin derivation; but, as authorities differ, your best plan is to buy a grammar, follow the list it gives, and quote it as your authority. All are agreed in not aspirating the h in their, honesty, honour, and hour.

"VICTORIA REGINA" COMPETITION.

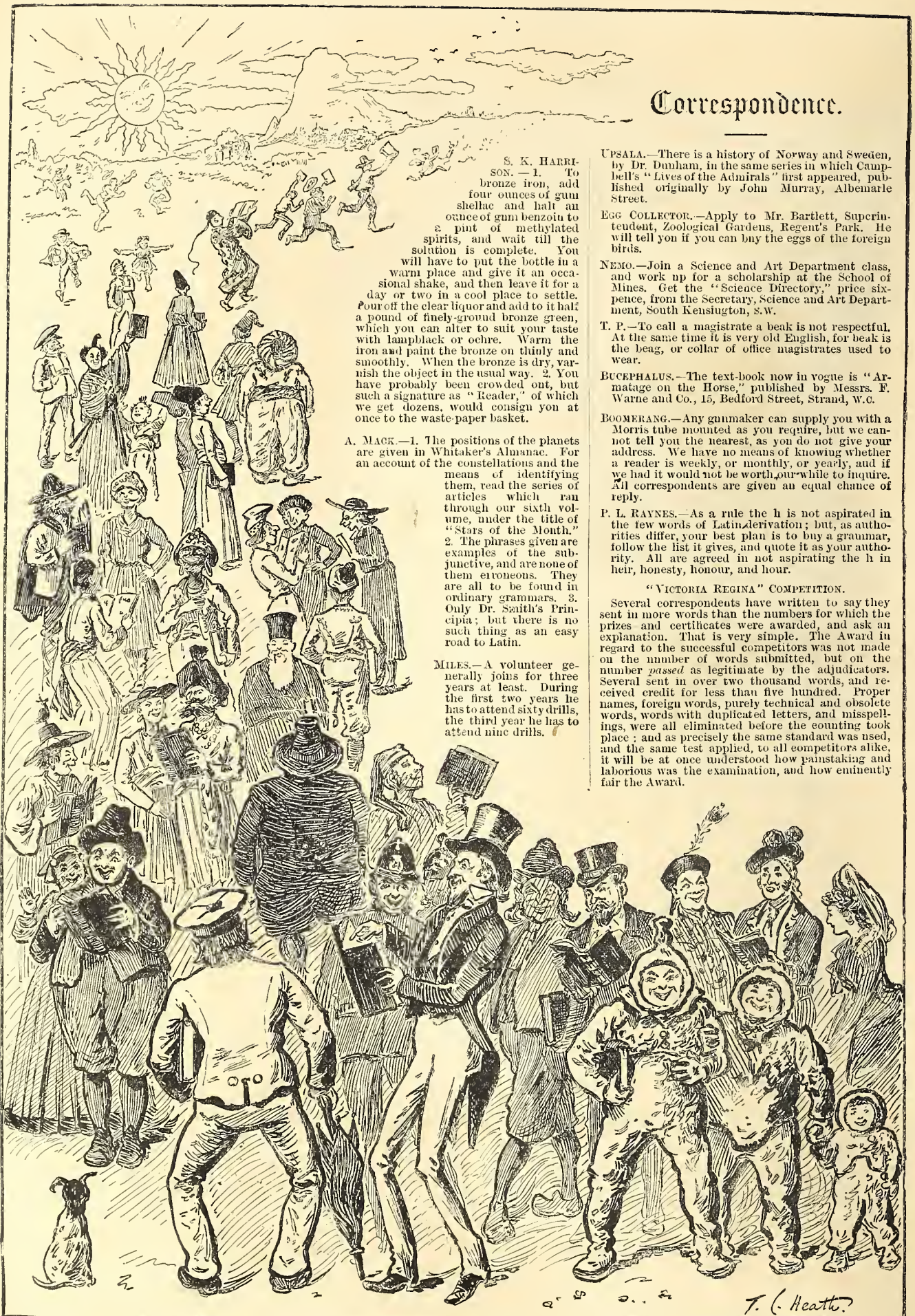
Several correspondents have written to say they sent in more words than the numbers for which the prizes and certificates were awarded, and ask an explanation. That is very simple. The Award in regard to the successful competitors was not made on the number of words submitted, but on the number passed as legitimate by the adjudicators. Several sent in over two thousand words, and received credit for less than five hundred. Proper names, foreign words, purely technical and obsolete words, words with duplicated letters, and misspellings, were all eliminated before the counting took place; and as precisely the same standard was used, and the same test applied, to all competitors alike, it will be at once understood how painstaking and laborious was the examination, and how eminently fair the Award.

S. K. HARRISON.

—1. To bronze iron, add four ounces of gum shellac and half an ounce of gum benzoïn to a pint of methylated spirits, and wait till the solution is complete. You will have to put the bottle in a warm place and give it an occasional shake, and then leave it for a day or two in a cool place to settle. Pour off the clear liquor and add to it half a pound of finely-ground bronze green, which you can alter to suit your taste with lampblack or ochre. Warm the iron and paint the bronze on thinly and smoothly. When the bronze is dry, varnish the object in the usual way. 2. You have probably been crowded out, but such a signature as "Reader," of which we get dozens, would consign you at once to the waste-paper basket.

A. MACK.—1. The positions of the planets are given in Whitaker's Almanac. For an account of the constellations and the means of identifying them, read the series of articles which ran through our sixth volume, under the title of "Stars of the Month." 2. The phrases given are examples of the subjunctive, and are none of them erroneous. They are all to be found in ordinary grammars. 3. Only Dr. Smith's Principia; but there is no such thing as an easy road to Latin.

MILES.—A volunteer generally joins for three years at least. During the first two years he has to attend sixty drills, the third year he has to attend nine drills.



T. Heath.

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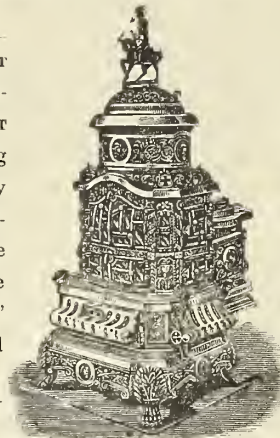
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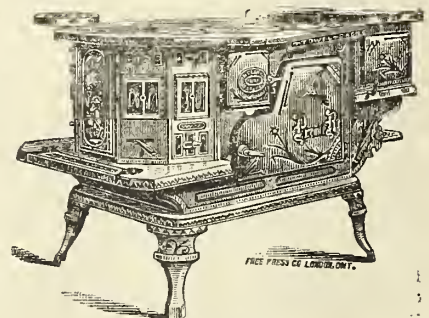
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The Century Magazine.

WITH the November, 1887, issue, THE CENTURY commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption

Lincoln in the War,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

Supplementary War Papers.

following the "battle series," by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventure, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

Kennan on Siberia.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by THE CENTURY than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred State exiles.—Liberals, Nihilists and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

A Novel by Eggleston

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fictions will appear every month.

Miscellaneous Features

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of the Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism and Clairvoyance; essays in criticism, art, travel and biography; poems, cartoons, etc.

By a special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for \$6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, \$7.50

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The Editor, Mary Mapes Dodge,

author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks,—and for grown-up folks,—too, has a remarkable faculty for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skilful leadership, ST. NICHOLAS brings to thousands of homes on both sides of the water knowledge and delight.

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The fifteenth year beginning with the number for November, 1887, will be one of its best, and the publishers can announce: Serial and Short Stories, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Professor Alfred Church, William H. Rideing, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Harriet Upton, and many others. Edmund Alton will write a series of papers on the "Routine of the Republic,"—how the President works at the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Island Continent"; Elizabeth Robins Pennell will tell of "London Christmas Pantomimes" Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadow and Woodland Talks with Young Folk," etc., etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be, the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS.

Why not try St. Nicholas this year for the young people in the house? Begin with the November number. Send us \$3.00, or subscribe through booksellers and news-dealers. The Century Co., 33 East 17th St. New York.

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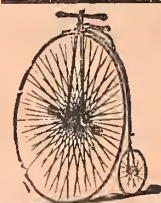
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